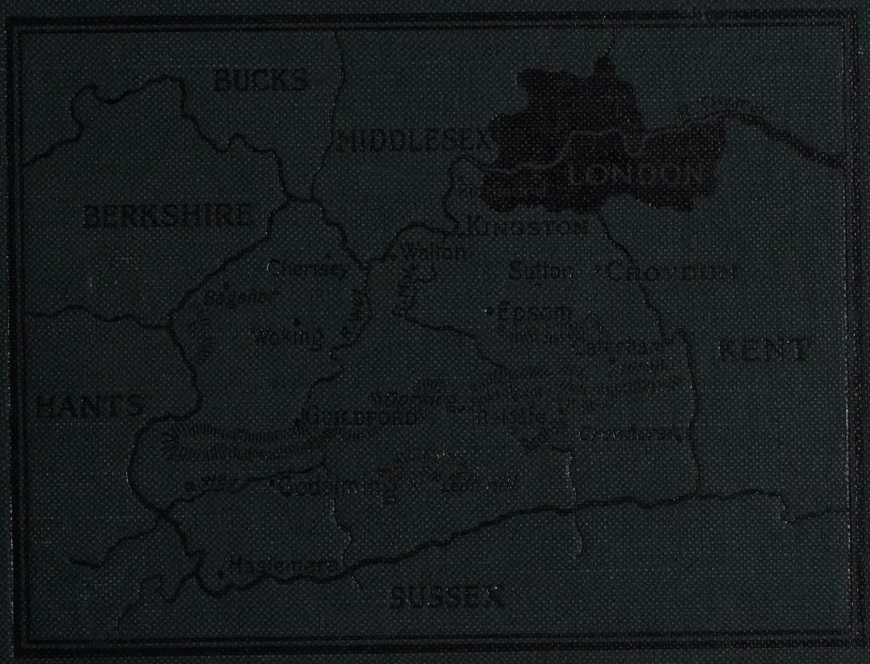
A PILGRIMAGE IN SURREY



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A PILGRIMAGE IN SURREY

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A PILGRIMAGE IN SURREY

By JAMES S. OGILVY

AUTHOR OF
"RELICS AND MEMORIALS OF LONDON CITY" AND "RELICS AND MEMORIALS OF LONDON TOWN"

WITH 94 COLOURED PLATES BY THE AUTHOR

IN TWO VOLS.
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PREFACE

IN these days of much travelling by land and sea, the little pilgrimage here described may appear a thing of small account, a week-end sort of journey and hardly worth making, yet I have not found it so; there was as much to be learned and enjoyed, and as many small discomforts to be suffered, as if I had travelled over a kingdom or a continent.

A considerable acquaintance with parts of Surrey, and some knowledge of its history, made me incline to the belief that there was little more to see or to tell,—certain points of interest being common knowledge,—but it is far away from these that one finds out how infinite are the variations of the scenery comprised within the county, and how an involved and intricate history penetrates into its remotest corners.

No human being is ever likely to follow in my footsteps, or tread the devious course of my wanderings, but for the sake of simplicity these have been put in the form of a continuous narrative closely following my movements, and passing from one place to another without returning over the same ground. I have not walked every road in Surrey, but know what is at the end of them all; some were traversed on many occasions, and others, revealing little of general interest, have either been noticed briefly or passed without comment. Wherever it was possible, I used footpaths, there are many of these, generally more direct than the roads and infinitely more pleasant for the pedestrian;

they are little trodden except by the workmen in the morning and evening, and to follow them an ordnance map in the one inch scale is necessary, this shows most of the paths, but not all. With trivial exceptions the presence of railways neither influenced nor benefited me in my work; many of the places I wanted to see are remote from these and from the main roads; the method of progression adopted by Francis Grose and by William Cobbett was, in their time, an ideal one, and would still be so in some parts of Surrey where the paths remain as bridle roads, but generally there are too many fences and stiles for a pony to be of much benefit nowadays; the pedestrian, though slower, is unfettered; all paths are possible, and if his object is understood, little restriction is placed on his movements. Unfortunately many people from towns are unreasonable, uncivil, and destructive, with disagreeable consequences to themselves, and added restrictions on every one who may follow them; too often one has reason to wonder that these are so few.

In selecting the subjects for illustration I tried to obtain characteristic views and yet to avoid, as far as possible, what has become more or less stereotyped in the public mind. I have not painted nearly all the beautiful old houses, nor any of the large number of fine modern mansions built on old sites or entirely new; if these are left alone, time and the sun will ripen them to material for painters in the future, and no doubt they will gather some history unto themselves; it will be different history from that of the older houses, and quieter; perhaps in time men may come to like that best; each generation develops its own sort of "back-looking curiosity," and as the years recede it is often the most unexpected figures who arise from

the haze and take their places among the accepted great ones of the earth.

The abbreviated accounts given of the descent of manors and estates have been collated from the works of Aubrey, Evelyn, Manning and Bray, and Brayley and Britton, eked out and supplemented a little occasionally by information derived from residents, gleaned from inscriptions on tombs and monuments in other districts, and also by noting some things which have become of interest since their time. The researches made by these men were so exhaustive that they left little to be done, and provide not only the standard for comparison between past and present conditions, but the main source of detailed information from which every succeeding writer must glean. In all their works, however, the references are sometimes very scattered and entangled, and I have endeavoured to make some of them a little plainer. The task of giving a fixed form of spelling to family and place names I have found insuperable; one cannot use the modern names for the old, or the old for the new,—one cannot be familiar with them all,—and they vary with the passing of time, the eccentricities of old writers, the taste of the owners; the sculptured inscriptions on their monuments, the dictionaries of the peerage and county families and standard works of history are no sure guide; they differ from each other, and they differ in themselves. A typical example is afforded by the thirty-two signatures attached to the deed certifying their owners' presence at the birth of the "Old Pretender"; it is evident that many of these great personages either did not know how to spell their own names, or else they spelled them differently from printed books of the same period. I have tried to give the modern

forms in the Index; it is an old and legitimate grievance against topographical writers, but it is one for which I have not been able to find an effective remedy either for my own guidance, or to suggest to others. The works of many writers are referred to, quoted, and acknowledged in the text; beyond these I have used my own eyes and formed my own judgments.

My gratitude is due to the following ladies and gentlemen who gave me permission to enter and work on their private ground:—Mr. Lowther Bridger, Walton-on-Thames; Baroness Halkett, Great Fosters; Lady Northcliffe, Sutton Place; Mr. W. Brass, Moor Park; Mrs. Molyneux M'Gowen, Losely Place; Lady Ponsonby, Great Tangley Manor; Mr. Ralph Barker, Alfold; Mr. Chase, Ewehurst; Mr. D. Henderson, Vachery; Mr. T. J. Waller, Baynards Park; Mr. Hamilton, Volvens; Mrs. Chappell, Crossways Farm; Mrs. Leslie Moore, Smallfield Place; Mrs. Leigh, Old Surrey Hall; The Duchess of Marlborough, Crowhurst; Mrs. MacKenzie, Tenchleys; Mr. Chas. Hoskins Master, Barrow Green Court; Mrs. Anstee, Leigh Place; Mrs. Rate, Milton Court; Miss Watney, Haling Park; Mr. Jones, Whitgifts Hospital.

I wish also to thank numberless residents in Surrey, men and women in all grades of life, from whom I have received much courtesy and kindness during the last three years while tramping, painting, and studying in that pleasant land.

J. S. O.

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A PILGRIMAGE IN SURREY

OF all the counties surrounding London, Surrey is now the only one which brings any of its rural charms near to the heart of the Metropolis. There is little enough of that among the miles of modern houses south of the Thames; but along the river side some fragments of open land remain. The park of Lambeth Palace is part of the old marsh land, and in Battersea Park many of the trees are in the lines of the hedgerows existing when this was Patricesay or Petersey Fields, taking their name from the Abbey of St. Peter at Westminster, who were the owners. In later days they were equally celebrated as market garden ground, where asparagus was first cultivated in England; and as a place for duels. The last of these here, took place in 1829 between the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Winchelsea; no blood was shed. Even so late as 1850 there were 390 acres of common land, and the parish contained less than seven thousand inhabitants.

There is little break in the houses until Putney Bridge is passed; above this, until a few years ago, the towpath remained picturesque and willow-fringed exactly as when James Stark painted his picture showing the old wooden bridge, with the twin towers of Putney and Fulham churches at either end. Now, although the land remains open and some part of Barns Elms remains, the greater portion of the space is occupied by reservoirs which extend past Hammersmith, almost to Barnes.

By Chiswick Eyot a fisherman may still be seen at times casting his nets, or laying eelpots in the stream; he is the last of his ancient calling who has the right to do this as a free fisherman; and his little gains are regarded somewhat enviously by the anglers on the banks, who now begin to be a permanent feature of the scene. These spend their leisure hours in peace and quietness, catching few fish, and these very small, but beguiling the time with stories of the great ones which in other days have fallen to their lot.

Beyond the "Ship" at Mortlake and the finishing point of the University boat racecourse, the towpath again becomes picturesque, with fine old willows all the way to Strand-on-the-Green, where in normal weather there are often more painters and etchers than anglers.

Above Kew Bridge one passes from the town into the country at once. At low tide the river becomes a mere creek, and the wading angler adopts predatory habits, pursuing his prey with fly and bait instead of waiting for a bite. Trout have been caught below this bridge in recent years, but it is not yet possible to lean on the parapet and watch the salmon poise in the eddies, though long sustained efforts have been made to attain that desirable end.

The quick flowing tide sends bathers and anglers hurriedly to the shore, and in a few minutes their places are occupied by tugs with strings of barges, passing noisily up on the turbid flood which fills the banks and slops over the towpath. Much of this traffic now goes to the large docks which have been opened near Brentford Ferry in recent years, but a considerable portion is bound for the quiet inland waters

far up the Thames, the Grand Junction Canal, and the decayed water-ways leading to Guildford and Godalming. As quickly as it rose, so the tide recedes with all the fret and fuss of tugs and barges, the angler resumes his sport, and the dainty pleasure-boats flit past on the quiet stream.

KEW AND SHEEN

Kew has a long, if uneventful history; in the time of Henry VII. it was part of the Manor of Richmond; and the ferry was of considerable consequence. The first bridge was built in 1758, by Robert Tunstal, the owner of the ferry; the centre span was fifty feet wide, and had piers of brick and stone, the rest of the structure was of timber; the rapid deterioration of the woodwork entailed heavy cost for repairs, and Robert Tunstal, son of the original builder, applied to Parliament in 1782 for sanction to build a bridge of stone about eighty feet lower down the river; this was completed in 1789, the designer being James Paine. The bridge was sold by Tunstal to Mr. Robinson for £22,000, and remained private property until it was purchased by the Metropolitan Board of Works in 1872, for £57,000, being then made free from tolls. It was high-backed, narrow, and inconvenient for the heavy traffic of modern times, but decidedly picturesque, a term which can hardly be applied to the present fine structure.

Kew Church is of no great antiquity or beauty, the copper-covered bell-tower being its most striking feature. At first it was a chapel of ease belonging to the vicarage of Kingston; the present church being built by subscription on a site given

by Queen Anne in 1714, and dedicated to St. Anne in her honour. Kew became a separate parish in 1770, and the church was patched and added to by George III., George IV., and William IV.; several alterations have been made since their time.

The gallery was added by George III. for the use of his family, and the organ—said to have been the property of Handel—is the instrument used by that King in his dark days.

There are several monuments of interest, an elaborate one to Lady Capel, one to Elizabeth, Countess of Derby, both good friends to Kew; others to Sir Charles Eyre, Governor of Fort William, Bengal; Brigadier William Douglas; Sir John Day, Advocate General of Bengal; and memorial windows erected by the late Duke of Cambridge and his sisters, to their parents, who are buried here; and by the parish to the Duchess of Teck.

In the churchyard are buried Meyer, the miniature painter; Bauer, the microscopist and draughtsman; William Aiton, the botanist, for many years head of Kew Gardens; John Zoffany, the painter, who resided at Strand-on-the-Green; and, greatest of all, Thomas Gainsborough, who was buried here at his own request by the side of his friend, Joshua Kirby, the architect. The plain slab was restored and railed in by E. M. Ward, the painter; it bears his name with the dates of his birth and death only, a sufficient memorial to one who conferred immortality on so many of his contemporaries by the magic of his brush.

Two of the clergymen may be mentioned. The Rev. Caleb Colton was vicar of Kew, but extravagance and gambling com-

pelled him to fly to America; from there he drifted back to Paris, where, in two years, he accumulated a fortune of £25,000 by gambling; he also wrote *Lacon*, a book of moral maxims; but the combination of precept and practice in different directions proved too much for him, and he committed suicide at Fontainebleau in 1832. The other and better man in a humble way was Stephen Duck, an agricultural labourer, self-educated; his verses attracted the attention of Mr. Spence, who brought him to the notice of Queen Caroline, who gave him a cottage on Kew Green, and made him librarian at the Palace, assisted him to obtain holy orders, and was kind to him in every way. He preached at Kew Chapel, and fashionable crowds flocked to hear him. His poetry is not of much account, but circumstances may condone his style when celebrating the improvements made by his Royal patrons.

"Not so attractive lately shone the plain—
A gloomy waste, not worth the Muse's strain;
Where thorny brakes the traveller repelled,
And weeds and thistles overspread the field,
Till Royal George and heavenly Caroline
Bid nature in harmonious lustre shine
The sacred Fiat through the Chaos rung
And symmetry from wild disorder sprung."

As a protégé of the Queen he had to suffer the attacks of other literary men, some of whom would fain have filled his shoes. Pope liked him, and Swift hated him; though, after all, Stephen Duck was doing the work allotted to him, and was no more a parasite at Kew, than Swift was in the household of Sir William Temple. None of the attacks had any influence on his patroness, who was an educated and sensible,

if not a brilliant woman; both she and the King were quite experienced in the gentle art of libel which was so strenuously pursued by many literary men of the time; and her kindness was extended to his four children until their deaths, many a year after Duck ended his own life in the Thames at Reading. He and they are all buried in the churchyard.

Kew is mentioned before the middle of the fifteenth century, and there must have been one considerable house there in 1522 when a private chapel was licensed by Bishop Fox for Thomas Byrkis and Anne his wife, but it probably did not assume anything of the character of a village until the reigns of Henrys VII. and VIII. Its situation, about a mile across the park from Richmond Palace, made it a convenient spot for courtiers and wealthy hangers-on at Court; and various houses were built here by them. One of these early settlers was Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who brought trouble on himself by marrying—rather unwillingly—Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII. and widow of Louis XII. of France, a lady of some spirit who informed her brother that she had married once to please him, but intended to please herself on the next occasion, or enter a convent. The house occupied by them, and then called Suffolk Place, had been built in the fifteenth century, and was pulled down after the middle of the sixteenth. Charles Somerset, Earl of Worcester, had a house here in 1524; Jane Seymour's brother, Lord Beauchamp, lived at Kew and exchanged his house here for that of Roland Lee, Bishop of Chichester, in the Strand, at the forcible instigation of Henry VIII. Other houses were occupied by the Earl of Devonshire and the Marchioness of Exeter. Sir John

Puckering, Keeper of the Great Seal, was visited here by Queen Elizabeth in 1594 and in 1595. The entertainment was elaborate, and the many presents of great value, but that did not prevent the avaricious old lady helping herself to a salt-cellar, a spoon, and a fork of fair agate; those who entertained Queen Elizabeth were supposed to smile and appear delighted when she pocketed the things from the dinner table.

About the same time Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, had a house at Kew, where he was living when Amy Robsart, his wife, was mysteriously killed at Cumnor Hall. This house had been the property of Sir Henry Gate, and stood on the site of the present Kew Palace; it was sold by Leicester to Sir Hugh Portman, a Somerset gentleman whose name survives in Portman Square, and afterwards came into the possession of Samuel Fortrey, a city gentleman of Dutch extraction, who built the present house in 1631; one of his descendants sold it in 1697 to another city gentleman, Sir Richard Levett, who lived here for eleven years—he also owned another house a little to the south which was leased to Sir Charles Eyre. The leases of both houses were ultimately secured by Queen Caroline, who retained Lady Eyre's house for herself and put her daughters in occupation of Fortrey's house.

This mansion occupied by the Queen appears to have been the same as that owned by Richard Bennet, whose daughter and heiress married Sir Henry Capel, a descendant of Sir William Capel, a member of the Drapers' Company, who was Lord Mayor in 1503,—Sir Henry was a brother of that Earl of Essex who was implicated in the Rye House Plot, and died by his own hand in the Tower; he afterwards became Lord Capel of

Tewkesbury. Both brothers were friends of John Evelyn, who in his diary notes several visits to Kew; he describes the house as of timber, the garden with an orangery and myrtles; the methods adopted of having pallisades of reeds to shade the orange trees in summer are remarked on and generally approved of, but "there are too many fir trees in the gardens."

Lord Capel was afterwards appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and died there in 1696; his widow continued to reside at Kew until her death in 1721.

The property then passed to Samuel Molyneaux, who had married Lady Elizabeth Capel, a grand-niece of Lord Capel. This gentleman had been private secretary to George II. before he came to the throne, he had been a member in the Irish and English Parliaments, and a Lord of the Admiralty; much of his time was devoted to the study of optics and astronomy, and he worked with Dr. Bradley in the improvement of the telescope. In his observatory here the observations conducted by Dr. Bradley and himself led to various discoveries; these are recorded on a sun-dial placed on the spot by William IV. in 1830, "the first positively direct and unanswerable proof of the earth's motion."

Perhaps his wife thought he was too much devoted to science, as she eloped with the doctor who was blamed for poisoning him, on the night of her husband's death, in 1728. Three years afterwards, a lease of the house was taken by Frederick, Prince of Wales, from Lady Elizabeth and Nathaniel St. Andre—the doctor whom she eloped with and afterwards married,—and Kent was employed to repair and decorate the place. The Prince had quarrelled with his parents, and kept

an opposition Court at Kew. It was a period of political animosities and sordid squabbles, loose life, and coarse language, that carries little credit for any of the parties; he died here at the age of forty-five. The lines written on his death perhaps show more of Jacobite sympathy than dislike to the man himself:

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I had much rather.
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But, since 'tis only Fred
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

The seven acres of land surrounding the house had been laid out by Kent, and both the Prince and Princess were interested in gardening; they worked themselves, and made their friends work. After his death the widow devoted her time to the education of her son George, who was installed in the Dutch House under Lord Bute, and to the further adornment of the gardens; employing Sir William Chambers to form the exotic garden which was the parent of the present one. The craze for sham ruins, temples, and other absurdities was at its height, and Chambers was one of its principal exponents; he published an account of his works at Kew, illustrated with forty engravings. Many of these monstrosities have been swept away, but the pagoda and several others still remain;—the pagoda has been

shorn of much of its ornament; it has no longer eighty dragons covered with coloured glass and bells in their mouths, and time has modified the others.

After the death of the Princess Dowager in 1772, there was still nine years of the lease to run, and the fee simple was purchased by George III., who continued his mother's work. William Aiton had been appointed head gardener in 1760, and some of the hot-houses were built by Chambers. Many of the Duke of Argyll's rare trees and shrubs were removed here from Whitton, near Hounslow, and new plants were collected from all the corners of the earth.

George III. liked the place and lived much at Kew in his happier years, and in the sadder days when his reason became clouded. It was a simple Court, fully described during one period in Fanny Burney's diary. "Farmer George" was no fancy name for the King, his experiments in agriculture were boundless. A large part of Richmond New Park was ploughed and cultivated; he leased and worked Keels Farm in the adjoining parish of Mortlake, and took an interest in the experiments made at Duckett's Farm, near Esher; he imported a large flock of merino sheep—until then a jealously guarded product of Spain—and assigned for their pasture the old deer park and a large part of the present Kew Gardens. They did not prove a success here owing to their slow growth, but their descendants have enriched Australia and New Zealand in the nineteenth century, far more than all the gold dug from their mines. In the earliest years of that century it had been found impossible to raise sheep or cattle in any quantity in Australia, and when Captain John M'Arthur of the 102nd Regiment proposed to

do so, he was ridiculed as a visionary; but, undeterred, he resigned his commission, and succeeded in obtaining some of the merino sheep from Kew. These natives of Spain took kindly to the Australian climate, and he obtained a grant of 10,000 acres of land on which to continue his experiments, and so founded the great pastoral industry which for wool alone now amounts to about £35,000,000 per annum.

George III. and Queen Charlotte took a warm interest in the Botanic Gardens, and secured the assistance of Sir Joseph Banks, Captain Cook, and other distinguished wanderers to bring specimens for its enrichment wherever these could be found. After the King's death the gardens were comparatively neglected until 1838, when a commission was appointed to inquire and report. This led, in 1840, to the adoption of Kew Gardens as a national establishment, Sir W. Hooker being appointed director; they were then only eleven acres in extent, but much ground has been added to them, and they now cover a space of about three hundred acres.

The increasing family of George III. began to overflow into various houses, and in 1802 he formed plans for building a new palace. Wyatt prepared the designs, and a large rectangular structure began to arise opposite the west end of Brentford Eyot; prints and descriptions of it show a place with considerable affinities to Strawberry Hill. The shell of the place was built, but the King's madness stopped further work, and after his death it was pulled down by his successor. The Dutch House survived all the others, and was occasionally occupied by George III. and his Queen until 1806, and, after his insanity became permanent, sometimes by the Queen alone.

After the death of Princess Charlotte, the Dukes of Kent, Cambridge, and Clarence were married somewhat hurriedly to strengthen the hopes of succession; these ceremonies all took place at Kew within ten days in 1818. Queen Charlotte died soon after in the old house, and it remained desolate until it was thrown open to the public by Queen Victoria in 1897. It contains a few pictures, some good old furniture, and some panelling, but considerable alterations were made by Kent.

The liaison of Prince George with "Perdita" Robinson began here; it can hardly be described as romantic. The lady was brought down from London, and various interviews took place; these ended in "Perdita" selling herself for a bond of £20,000, to be paid when the Prince came of age; before that time he had transferred his affections and repudiated the debt, though ultimately Mrs. Robinson obtained a pension of £500 per annum.

Various members of the royal family lived occasionally at Kew until near the close of the nineteenth century, and there still remain a few large houses around the green; some of these have been appropriated for the scientific work of the gardens, others have become refreshment houses. Lely and his descendants occupied a house on the north side until about 1750, but this building has not been identified, if it still exists.

For the great multitude the gardens are a pleasure resort; they take little notice of the great scientific work that is done there; the attractions for them are the magnificent display of flowers, the green turf and the woodland glades where they can wander at will; there they can forget the crowded streets

and dusty pavements, and be dwellers in Arcadia until sunset and closing time.

From a short distance above Kew Bridge the towpath provides the most charming walk anywhere near London in winter or summer. Kew Gardens and the old deer park on one side, and the great level stretch of Sion House Park on the other, keep the houses at a distance. The trees on the eyot hide some of the ugliness of Brentford, and the old portion of Isleworth visible only adds to the charm. Since the opening of docks at Brentford it is not so quiet as in former days, but tugs and barges never seem out of place, and even now the voice of the carrion crow can always be heard, and in the evening the herons drop quietly like grey shadows beside the farther bank, or move with slow-winged flight towards their home in Richmond Park. The moat and backwater provide an inexhaustible supply of tadpoles and very small fishes which the children transfer to bottles and glass jars, and carry home as subjects for "nature study"; flowers have become scarce owing to the same reason, but among the tangle of sedges, reeds and willows, which line the bank, loosestrife, willow-herb, and meadow-sweet may still be seen. As a hunting ground for salads it is well known to the poorer members of our alien population, though I do not suppose any great harm is done, as much of the bank is submerged for an hour or two at high water and thus is self-protected.

It does not appear to be known when this raised bank was constructed, or by whom, but judging by the great size of the horse chestnuts and other trees growing on it opposite Isleworth,

it must have been made long ago, possibly by the monks of Sheen as a protection to their lands. Before this was done the ground all the way from Richmond Palace to Mortlake must have been subject to floods, and the character of the land is still indicated by some parts of the town bearing the name of Marsh.

The old park, with the observatory in the centre, built by Chambers about 1760, is now used as a recreation ground. Golf, archery, football, and cricket have taken the place of the King's deer and the merino sheep; and it is with something of a grudge against George III. and his Queen that we recall how much their agricultural experiments swept away on this piece of ground.

We must remember that the Sheen of history was not the East Sheen, lying between Mortlake and Richmond New Park. The name applied first of all to the village surrounding the palace, and this continued until Henry VII. altered the name to Richmond, in memory of the fact that before the battle of Bosworth he was only Earl of Richmond in Yorkshire. The name was spelt in various ways, Syenes, Schenes, Schene, and Sheen; probably another variation still remains in Syon or Sion House, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland at Isleworth; while the nunnery existed there, and for some time afterwards, that name was always spelt Syon, and the nuns, though until recently domiciled in Portugal, are still known as the Sisters of Syon.

In 1414, when Henry V. founded the House of Jesus of Bethlehem at Sheen, the great monastery was erected a quarter of a mile north-west from Richmond Palace, that is, within

the old deer park, near the observatory and Isleworth Ferry; around it a hamlet grew up known as West Sheen. The endowments were of great value, and it was an important religious community—how important may be judged by the fact that at the dissolution the annual revenue exceeded that of Chertsey Abbey by more than £100.

A convent had been founded by Edward II. at Sheen, but this was removed to Oxford two years afterwards. When Henry V. founded this priory of Carthusian monks, he endowed it with the lands and revenues previously held by the alien priories of Lewisham, Greenwich, Ware, and others, the fisheries at Sheen and Petersham weir, and four pipes of Gascony wine; by his will he bequeathed to them one thousand marks to enable the brethren to enlarge their house; many other estates were added to the original endowment, and Henry VIII. gave them liberty to have a coroner within the house.

Perkin Warbeck sought sanctuary here; Cardinal Pole spent some of his early years within its walls; Dean Colet contemplated retiring here when his worldly tasks were done, and prepared rooms for himself within the monastery while he was still in middle age. At fifty-three, broken in health, he proposed to carry this resolution into effect, but died of sweating sickness before it could be done.

It was to this monastery that the Earl of Surrey brought the body of James IV. of Scotland after the battle of Flodden, carrying it "like butcher's meat" through the streets of London. Nearly forty years afterwards John Stowe saw the body here, and it must have remained untouched in the lumber-room all through the reign of Mary—who re-established the house in

1557—until the days of Elizabeth, when Mr. Young, a glazier of Wood Street, was employed to remove the glass of the windows for use elsewhere. He came upon the body, and being charmed by the scent of the spices used in embalming it, he cut off the head and carried it home to his house in London, where, as a sweet-scented ornament he retained the relic for some time, but finally gave it to the sexton of St. Albans, Wood Street, to place in the charnel house.

The last prior, Henry Man, surrendered the monastery to the King in 1539, and, conforming to the new order of things, obtained a pension and was made Dean of Chester and Bishop of Man. The monks retired to Bruges, Louvain, Mechlin, and finally to Nieuport in Flanders, where they existed until 1783, then numbering three monks and two lay brothers.

Henry VIII. granted the priory to Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford and afterwards Duke of Somerset; he was attainted and executed in 1551. The estate was then granted to Henry, Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey, who lived at the place; at his fall it returned to the Crown. The convent was restored in 1557, but Mary died in the following year, and in 1559 it was again suppressed and annexed by the Crown.

In 1572 the estate was owned or leased by Percival Gunston, and in 1584 Queen Elizabeth granted it for life to Sir Thomas Gorges and his wife; at their death it returned to the Crown, and was next granted by Charles I. in 1638 to James, Duke of Lennox, for life, but the Parliament surveyed it as Crown property; the church was then standing but very ruinous. The estate was valued at £92 per annum, and sold to William Eaton; after the Restoration this sale was ignored, and Charles

II. granted a lease for sixty years to Lord Lisle, son of the Earl of Leicester, and he assigned it to Lord Bellasys the following year, but continued to live there for some years afterwards. There must have been some informality about the transaction, as soon after the transfer Lord Bellasys surrendered the lease, and obtained a new one for sixty years; even then Lord Lisle continued to live at Sheen, and was visited there in 1678 by John Evelyn; by that time there were several houses on the land, probably built or adapted from the priory buildings, "dined at Mr. Hen. Brouncker's at the Abbey of Shene, formerly a monastery of the Carthusians; there yet remaining one of their solitary cells with a cross. Within this ample enclosure are several pretty villas and fine gardens of most excellent fruits, especially Sir William Temple's (lately Ambassador into Holland) and the Lord Lisle's." Another neighbour was Lord Brouncker, the first president of the Royal Society, described by Evelyn as a "hard, covetous, vicious man, but for his worldly craft and skill in gaming few exceeded him." Sir William Temple was living at Sheen in 1664, probably as a tenant, as in 1675 a new lease was granted to the trustees for Henry Brouncker and Sir William Temple. The latter by that time was tired of a political life; on his diplomatic missions he had always kept his eyes open for novelties in gardening: he might arrange the Triple Alliance, or the marriage of the Prince of Orange, yet always when there was a chance he returned to his beloved Sheen and his fruit trees. James II. wished him to be Secretary of State, but he declined the honour, though his advice then was the means of first establishing the Privy Council of which he became a member; but the proceed-

ings of King and Council alike were objectionable to him, and he again retired from public life in 1681. In 1685 he said "that for five years he had not once gone to town." Finding, however, that his little paradise at Sheen was too near the centre of political turmoil, he handed the house over to his son John, and went forth to create another for himself at Moor Park, near Farnham. The Revolution, and accession of William III., occasionally summoned him from his solitude, but he was very little at Sheen after 1685, though the gardening operations went on as before. In 1688 Evelyn records another visit when he found much to admire in the gardens and the house. It is possible that Jonathan Swift may have been with Temple at Sheen during his first period of service which began in 1688. Swift was then twenty-one, and Temple lived here for a time during the following year, when William III. ascended the throne. Swift was a relative of, as well as secretary to Temple, and the extreme intimacy of his master with the King made him form rather absurd expectations of preferment which were disappointed.

When Lord Brouncker died he left his house to Sir Charles Littleton.

From early time there was a house or lodge in the park for the ranger, and it was to this that Wolsey came, when, broken in health, he was allowed to leave the damp surroundings of Esher; from Christmas until Lent he lived there, and then removed to the lodging built by Dean Colet in the priory.

William III. granted a lease of the ranger's house to John Latton in 1694, and in 1704 Queen Anne granted a lease of it to James, Duke of Ormond, who pulled the old house down and built himself a better one.

After the death of the Queen this became a Jacobite Court, and for his proceedings the Duke was impeached by the House of Commons, and fled to France; the lease was sold by the Commissioners of Forfeited Estates in 1719, and bought by the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II. He made it his summer residence, and Queen Caroline was greatly attached to the place, employing Bridgeman to lay out the gardens and grounds, provide grottoes, hermitages, caves, and all the fashionable gardening freaks of the time.

Merlin's Cave was "a Gothic building roofed with thatch" standing in a labyrinth, it contained wax models of various mythical and historic women, and a library of which Stephen Duck was custodian: the place is described by Pope, Swift, Lord Hervey, and others. The Queen made her husband believe that all these marvels were performed at her own expense, he little suspecting that Sir Robert Walpole furnished her with money from the Treasury, and when she died it was found that she owed the King £20,000.

George III. lived in the house during the early part of his reign and settled it on Queen Charlotte. He is said to have hated his grandmother, and certainly showed some trace of it in his treatment of her works. Employing "Capability" Brown, he destroyed every vestige of the buildings and a terrace along the riverside, uprooted avenues and hedges, converted the park into a grass farm, and made a model farmhouse at the Richmond end. In 1760 he pulled down the Duke of Ormond's house, and laid the foundations of a new palace, which was carried no further. Eight years later he employed Sir William Chambers to build the observatory which still remains, though shorn

of much of its usefulness by the increasing use of electricity for tramway and railway purposes in the vicinity. The green turf of this space covers a good deal of buried history.

Passing a little farther along the towpath, the lock and weir at St. Margaret's brings us down to recent times—though it seems a long time since the bunting was fluttering in the breeze at the opening ceremony by King George v., then Duke of York. This lock was built at great expense, largely for the purpose of retaining half tide water from here to Teddington, providing facilities for traffic and pleasure at all states of the tide, and covering the unsightly banks of mud which were too evident at low water.

RICHMOND

A lane beyond the railway bridge leads to Richmond Green and all that is left visible of the old palace. The gateway facing the green is the entrance to what was Wardrobe Court, on the front may still be traced the arms and supporters of Henry VII.

Sheen is not mentioned before the reign of King John, when Michael Belet held the manor by the service of being the King's butler, in succession to an ancestor to whom Henry I. had granted the manor and the office. Michael Belet left one daughter, who is supposed to have died young, as in 1230 the manor was held by her uncle, John Belet, who left two daughters between whom the manor was divided, one half going to John de Valletort, who married Alicia; the other to Jordan Oliver, who married Emma. Oliver's share was alienated to Gilbert, Earl of Gloucester; and early in the time of Edward I. it was

purchased by Robert Burnell, Bishop of Bath and Wells. In 1293 the Bishop's nephew, Philip, and John de Valletort each held a moiety by the serjeanty of providing two silver cups at the King's Coronation. Shortly after this the Manor reverted to the Crown, and has remained ever since.

Edward I. kept house at Sheen in 1300, and in the following year he there received the Scottish Commissioners appointed to arrange matters after the battle of Falkirk. Edward III. is said to have rebuilt the house, and here he retired after the "good Parliament" of 1376 had revealed a terrible list of abuses; deserted even by his mistress, Alice Perrars, one of the causes of his downfall, he died attended by one solitary priest in 1377.

Richard II. lived much at Sheen during the early years of his reign, but after his first wife died here in 1394, he cursed the place and caused it to be thrown down and defaced, "Whereas the former kings of this land, being weary of the city, used customarily thither to resort as to a place of pleasure." Richard married another wife in two years, but no attempt was made to restore the palace until Henry V. used part of his brief tenure to rebuild it, and founded three houses of religion fast by the place. Henry's house is described as being of curious and costly workmanship.

In 1465 Edward IV. granted the manor to Elizabeth Woodville, his Queen, for her life; but when Henry VII. married her daughter he cast covetous eyes on the place, and turned his mother-in-law out of this, and all her other possessions, and sent her to the nunnery of Bermondsey, where she died soon after.

Henry VII. lived much at Sheen, and in great state. In 1492 he held a tournament which lasted throughout May,

sometimes within the palace, and sometimes "upon the green without the gate"—the present Richmond Green. Besides the usual entertainments there was a trial by combat of a dispute between Sir James Parker and Hugh Vaughan, about certain Arms conferred on the latter; Parker was slain at the first course, which no doubt was accepted as evident proof that Vaughan was right.

Grafton is very precise in his account of the burning of the palace in 1497. "The 21st of December, at nine of the clock at night, suddenly began a great fire within the King's lodgings at his manor of Shene (he being then present) which continued until midnight. By the violence whereof much and great part of the old building of that place was brent, with hangings, beds, apparel, plate, and many other jewels"; —it will be observed that jewels in those days included other things besides precious stones. The King is said to have given orders for rebuilding the palace at once; but it is not until 1500 that the same historian notes, "This year the King builded new his manor of Shene, and named it Richemount."

These were busy years of building by Henry VII.; though the pestilence raged in London, he repaired Baynard's Castle, the Palace at Greenwich, and many other buildings; besides new work on the Chapel bearing his name at Westminster, and at Windsor. In 1506 the Chapel had so far advanced, that it is described as "the goodliest piece of work in Christendom."

The new palace at Sheen retained the ill-luck of the old one; another fire broke out in the King's Chamber in January 1507, and in July of the same year, a gallery which he and his son Henry had just quitted, fell down.

His last great entertainment here was in 1506, in honour of Philip, King of Castile, and his sister Margaret, who had been wrecked on the English coast and were detained for three months. They visited London and Windsor, and afterwards were entertained with great magnificence at Sheen, "Where were many notable feats of arms proved, both at the tylt, the tourney, and the barriers."

Three years later, in April, Henry died here after a busy reign of nearly twenty-four years. "He was of marvellous wisdom and policy, and of great justice, temperance, and gravity . . . notwithstanding his many and great troubles, he kept his realm in right good order and policy."

By November of the following year, Henry VIII. was here in all the glory of his youth, taking an active part in a tournament.

"Hys Grace armed at all peces, with his two aydes entered the fielde; their bases and trappers were of clothe of golde, sette with redde roses, ingreyled with gold of brouderye. . . . At these justes the King brake more staves than any other and therefore had the pryce." The King kept Christmas here, and on New Year's Day the Queen gave birth to a son, who died a few weeks afterwards. From that time on, Richmond saw little of Henry, though the palace was kept in repair and occasionally used as a guest house. In 1522 the Emperor Charles was lodged here for one night, and in the same year a lease of thirty years was granted of the manor, and of the office of Keeper of the Park and Palace for life, to Massey Villard and Thomas Brampton.

The chronicler Hall states, that some time after the fall of Wolsey that prelate was "of the gentle nature of the King,"

allowed to leave Esher and take up his residence at the Manor Royal of Richmond, and kept great state there at Christmas, while the plague raged in London, and the King himself was compelled to keep his "still Christmas" at Eltham, and that the people grumbled to "see a Bochers dogge lye in the manor of Richmond."

To some extent this appears to be an invention of Hall, as the house occupied by Wolsey was the keeper's lodge in the park, and not the palace at all.

Henry granted the manor to his divorced wife, Anne of Cleves, who afterwards resigned it to Edward VI.

The great and costly funeral procession of Henry VIII. towards Windsor—which is said to have exceeded anything of the kind before or since—rested one night at Sion House, but made no pause as it swept past his old home at Richmond.

Edward VI. resided here occasionally, and in June 1550 was present at the marriage, in the chapel of the palace, of Lord Lisle, son of the Earl of Leicester, to Anne, daughter of Protector Somerset, and—oddly enough, as the future proved—on the following day at the marriage of Robert Dudley (who later became the Leicester of Queen Elizabeth) to Amy Robsart.

Queen Mary and Philip of Spain stayed at Richmond soon after their marriage, and several times afterwards.

One of Elizabeth's early experiences of the palace, was her detention there after her release from the Tower, perhaps the sense of relief then felt by her made the house pleasant in her memory, and her affection continued all through her life, though the periods of her sojourns here were among the least eventful of her career; one of the incidents being the enter-

tainment of Eric, King of Sweden, when he came to propose for her hand.

Local tradition, ever fruitful of embroidery, has made the room over the existing gateway the scene of the confession made by the Countess of Nottingham, that she had kept back the ring sent by Essex to the Queen when he lay under sentence of death in the Tower, but there is no groundwork for the story, and it is certain that the Countess died in Arundel House in London ; a variation of the legend to the effect that Elizabeth died in this room is equally without foundation.

It would have been interesting to watch from a safe place the effect of a maladroit sermon preached by the Bishop of St. David's, before the Queen at Richmond in 1595. This discourse was on the infirmities of age, and the prelate used the occasion to remind his royal mistress that "age had furrowed her face and besprinkled her hair with its meal," a statement by the way which goes so far to disprove the popular idea that Elizabeth always wore wigs or dyed her hair.

It was to Richmond that she returned at last to die, weary of everything. These last months have been described by Sir John Harrington. "Altered in features and reduced to a skeleton, her food was nothing but manchet bread and succory pottage, her taste for dress was gone, she had not changed her clothes for many days. She was the torment of the ladies who waited on her ; she stamped with her feet and swore violently. A sword had to be placed on her table, which she often took and thrust violently into the tapestry." A year later, "She dropped a tear and smote her bosom ; she held in her hand a golden cup, which she often put to her lips, but in truth her

heart seemed too full to need more filling." She sat day and night propped up with pillows on a stool, her eyes fixed on the floor in silence, once only there was a flash when Cecil said she must go to bed. "Must! is must! a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man! thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word; thou art so presumptuous because thou knowest I shall die." Once again she rallied when she heard the name of Lord Beauchamp mentioned as a possible successor. "I will have no rogue's son in my seat," but when James of Scotland was named she gave no sign, and next morning passed quietly away.

At the time of the accession of James I. the plague raged in London, and the Exchequer and other courts of law were removed to Richmond, and again from the same cause in 1625. In 1607 Sir Thomas Gorges obtained a grant of the manor for a term of years, but in 1610 the manor, palace, and park were settled on Henry, Prince of Wales. The prince had resided here in 1605, but after this grant he repaired and embellished the palace and lived there.

After his death the grant was transferred to his brother Charles, who, in 1627, settled the manor on his wife, Henrietta Maria. He often lived here, and formed a large collection of pictures, and in 1636 witnessed a masque performed by Lord Buckhurst and Edward Sackville. The house was conveniently situated for his hunting in the New Park, the enclosure of which, persisted in with all the obstinacy of his race, was one of the first causes of his downfall.

In 1647 the palace was made ready for the reception of the King after he was surrendered by the Scots; but he did

not go there then, though in August of that year, while a semi-prisoner, he went to hunt in the New Park. This was probably his last visit to Richmond.

In 1649 a survey of the palace was made by order of the Parliament, the materials were then valued at nearly eleven thousand pounds, and it was sold to Thomas Rookesby, William Goodrick, and Adam Baynes, who were probably merely pseudo purchasers, as it almost immediately passed to Sir Gregory Norton, one of the judges who signed the King's death warrant; he lived there until his death in 1652.

Soon after the Restoration part of the building is described as ruinous and dismantled, but a portion was fit for occupation; several boat loads of rich and curious effigies formerly belonging to Charles I. were removed to Whitehall.

The manor reverted to the Queen Dowager, who occasionally resided there, and from her Sir Edward Villiers obtained a grant of the house and manor, which he afterwards released to James II., whose son, known as the "Old Pretender," was nursed at Richmond, where also in earlier years Charles II. had been educated by Bishop Duppa.

Some of the suites of apartments in the palace must have remained in the occupation of those about Court, as three years after the Restoration, when Lady Castlemaine had a tiff with the King, she bundled into her coach and went off to Richmond; next morning Charles went there to hunt, but it was after the lady, whom he persuaded to return with him to London, where, says Pepys "she commands the King as much as ever, and hath and doth what she will."

After the advent of William III., Princess Anne tried to

obtain the use of the house to which she was much attached, but for some reason this was not granted, and it does not appear that she was much there after she ascended the throne.

By 1720, Strype writes of the palace as "now decayed and parcelled out in tenements." Several houses had been erected under Crown leases, and little was left except some of the offices.

George II. gave Richmond to Queen Caroline; Lord Hervey says there were several houses which he used as much as she did, but the Queen having the ownership had also the expense of keeping them in repair. The manor was afterwards granted by George III. to Queen Charlotte in 1770. Originally the palace covered about ten and a half acres, extending from the green to the river; the space is now covered by a number of fairly large houses; in some of these there is said to be various portions of the palace incorporated, but the only portion now visible is the gateway.

The green was described by the parliamentary surveyors as "twenty acres more or less, well turfed and level, with 113 elm trees, 48 whereof stand together on the west side, and include in them a very handsome walk." This was known as the High Walk, until recent times; there are still some fine old elms, but as the life of these trees seems to be about 300 years, not many of these existing could have been there in Commonwealth times.

By the middle of the eighteenth century Richmond had become a week-end resort for fashionable people. Perhaps Walpole notes the beginning of the week-end habit in his letter of 1749: "To-day, as I passed Richmond Green, I saw Lord Bath, Lord Lonsdale, and half a dozen more of the White's club, sauntering at the door of a house they have taken there, and

come every Saturday and Sunday to play at whist. You will naturally ask why they cannot play at whist in London on these two days as well as the other five; indeed I cannot tell you, except that it is so established a fashion to go out of town at the end of the week that people do go, though it be only to another town. It made me smile to see Lord Bath sitting there, like a citizen that has left off trade."

Whether Richmond Theatre—associated with the names of so many great actors—was ever attached to the palace or not, the position of the earliest recorded building was near it when "the Duke of Southampton and Cleveland's servants" performed the "Virgin Martyr" in 1715. There have been various houses since that date and in different places. One was opened in Upper Hill Street in 1719 by Penkethman, it was afterwards owned by Theo. Cibber, combined with a "Cephalic snuff warehouse." Another was built for James Dance in 1776, Garrick helping to supervise the construction; many famous actors trod its boards, including Cibber, Garrick, Cherry, Beverly, Quick, Munden, Liston, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Charles Matthews the elder, and Edmund Kean, who was also lessee towards the end of his life, and died in a room attached to it.

The house where James Thomson lived is situated near the Railway Station in Kew Foot Lane. After the poet's death, his friend George Ross rebuilt and incorporated the house in a larger one; after his death, Mrs. Boscawen collected relics and made a sort of museum of it, afterwards it was owned by the Earl of Shaftesbury, and then became Richmond Infirmary. Around the green and along the riverside are many large houses, occupied since the early eighteenth century by men

eminent in their own time; personages who figure continuously in the writings of Lord Hervey, Horace Walpole, Pope, and many others; but only of trivial interest at the present day.

The speciality of the town is the manufacture of the little cheese cakes known as "Maids of Honour." These, as legend tells, were first made by Anne Boleyn for the delectation of Henry VIII., who appreciated them so highly that doubts arose in his mind as to whether he had been legally married to his first wife; and ultimately to the promotion of the fair cook to a higher position. The recipe is still the original one, but it is to be hoped the effects are different. Their popularity is maintained quite as much by the flavour of romance in the name, as from the ingredients.

The bridge is nowadays in troubled waters, and threatened with demolition as no longer capable of carrying the traffic, just as the ferry which it superseded was found to be inconvenient. It was built and opened in 1777. Designed by Paine and Couse, it is a handsome structure; no doubt it is inconvenient, but so would any bridge in the same position; for modern traffic it would be much wiser to let the old one stand and build another lower down.

Various groups of almshouses have been founded in Richmond, the earliest of these, by Sir George Wright for eight poor women, were known as Queen Elizabeth's Almshouses. These were built in 1600, and remained there until George Colman the elder acquired the site and built a mansion on the spot.

After the Restoration Bishop Duppa was promoted by his former pupil to the see of Winchester, and in memory of

his association with the town he, in 1661, founded almshouses for ten unmarried women, who, besides their lodging, were paid £1 monthly, and received for their Christmas dinner "a barn door fowl, a pound of bacon, and a gown of substantial cloth of Bishop's blue every other year."

Michel's Almshouses were founded by Humphrey Michel and his nephew John, in 1696, for ten poor men, who received thirty shillings a month, thirty-six bushels of coals yearly, and a great-coat every other year; all these have been moved to different sites. Hickeys, founded in 1727; Houblons, founded in 1758; and the church lands almshouses are in the vicinity of Marsh Gate.

Of course Richmond had a medicinal spring, and a wells house was erected in 1696; the site is now included in the grounds of Cardigan House. For a time the enterprise flourished; assembly, card, and raffling rooms were added, and in 1730 it is advertised that "Attendance is given for gentlemen and ladies that have a mind to raffle for gold chains, equipages, or any other curious toys, and fine old china, and likewise play at quadrille, ombre, wisk, etc. Dancing on Saturdays and Mondays during the summer." Like all these places, the company in time became noisy and disreputable; finally it was bought out by the neighbours, and pulled down in 1775 in order to rid the town of an insufferable nuisance.

Among all the houses, perhaps the most notable is Buccleuch House, built for the Duke of Montague, and about the close of the eighteenth century inherited by the Duke of Buccleuch. For the occupants the situation is charming, and the river fêtes and garden parties held there

about the middle of the nineteenth century were matters of great fashionable importance. The grounds included not only those by the riverside, but also the wooded gardens extending to the top of the hill on the east side of the Petersham road, these were connected by a tunnel under the street; the whole estate was purchased by the Richmond vestry in 1886; the house and a portion of the land was afterwards sold. The wooded heights were retained for the use of the public.

The situation of the house, blocking the walk by the riverside, has been a grievance with Richmond people for generations; but I think the house was built before the Thames Navigation works were constructed.

Devonshire Cottage was once the home of Lady Diana Beauclerk, a friend of Johnson, Walpole, and many other brilliant men of her day; afterwards it was occupied by Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, celebrated alike for her wit and her beauty.

The parish church is now a plain brick building, altered and enlarged at various times; the tower, of flint and stone, being the oldest part.

Its greatest interest lies in the monuments. These include a brass to Robert Cotton, "Yeoman of the removing wardroppe of beds" to Queen Elizabeth, his wife, and eight children. There are monuments to Lady Dorothy Wright and her husband, the founder of the almshouses, 1631; Henry, Viscount Brouncker, 1688; Walter Hickman of Kew, 1617; Lady Margaret Chudleigh and her second husband, 1628; Major George Bean, killed at Waterloo; and many others.

James Thomson is buried half inside half outside the

church, his grave having been partially covered by an enlargement of the building; the spot is indicated by a brass plate in the wall at the west end of the north aisle. This was put there by the Earl of Buchan, an eccentric man, who is noticed in the diary of Sir Walter Scott; a large part of the inscription commemorates the Earl, in a way similar to the more flagrant instance on the monument erected by Benson to John Milton in Westminster Abbey. Outside there is a monument to Richard, Viscount Fitzwilliam, his wife, and their son, the seventh Viscount, who founded the museum bearing his name at Cambridge; and memorials to many actors, musicians, literary men, and painters, including Edmund Kean, Joseph Taylor, said to have been a pupil of Shakespeare, and afterwards Yeoman of the Revels to Charles I.; Heidegger, who occupied a similar position with George I.; Edward Gibson and his son William, the painter; Lady Diana Beauclerk, and Dr. John Moore, father of the famous soldier of Corunna.

Dr. Moore had a life of more varied experience than falls to the general lot. Born in Stirling, trained in medicine and surgery under the same master as Smollet; in his nineteenth year he worked in the military hospitals at Maestricht, Flushing, and Breda, soon afterwards household surgeon to the Earl of Albemarle at Versailles, where he spent two years; returning to Glasgow, he entered into partnership with his old master, and practised there for a number of years; afterwards he spent five years in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy with the Duke of Hamilton; and practised in London until 1792, when he accompanied the Duke of Lauderdale to Paris with the purpose of studying the beginning of the French Revolution. He

published his Journal in two volumes; before that, and afterwards, he wrote on many subjects, but most of his work is now forgotten.

One entry in the register is the baptism of Hester, daughter of Edward Johnson, March 20, 1680–81. This is the girl subsequently known as the "Stella" of Jonathan Swift, and it thus appears that she was born while Temple was living at Sheen, and when Swift first arrived on the scene, must have been a child of seven or eight years old.

Richmond Hill and the view from it has been the pride and the torment of the town for many a year. It is not the finest view in Surrey, but like all the others it has its great moments and its common ones. At some seasons and under certain atmospheric conditions, it is worthy of all that has been written about it; at other times it approaches the prosaic. Situated near to London and seen by men whose eyes are weary of the narrow horizon of the crowded streets, its far-spread landscape is delicious, and one would expect some of the poets or painters to have an inspiration worthy of the subject, that some fine lines would have been written or some pictures painted that crystallized the scene, but they have not; none of the poets manage to get off the earth, and the painters—including such great names as Turner and De Wint—have all failed to grasp the charm. Walter Scott introduces the scene in the *Heart of Midlothian*, when Jeanie Deans had the interview with the Queen at the lodge in the Old Deer Park, but his glowing description is also pedestrian.

Some parts of the hill are now safe from further spoilation, but the far-spread panorama of river, meadow, field, and wood is

not so easily preserved. The land hunger of a great population, tramways, and railways tend to make every acre of it a Naboth's vineyard, and the ceaseless endeavour for the preservation of the view can only be likened to the grim struggle which the Dutchmen wage against the North Sea.

One can imagine the people of Richmond watching the landscape spread out before them, taking note of each trickle of yellow brick or red tile denoting the advance of the speculative builder, and hurriedly taking measures to stop the leak. It is impossible to do this every time, but large sums have been spent on buying various pieces of land which are essential to its preservation. Meanwhile, matters are not made easier by speculators who know that a public body may become a purchaser; these always have to pay a heavier price than an individual, and this leads to surveys of land for building, that in ordinary circumstances would not have been looked at for years to come.

The great mass of the "Star and Garter" at the top of the hill bears witness of its popularity in Victorian days, when excursions were bounded by the endurance of horses, and not, as now, by the supply of oil to tireless machinery.

This house was first built in 1738, on a portion of Petersham waste, let for the purpose at £2 per annum; by the end of the eighteenth century it ranked as a first-class hotel; twenty years later, kings and princes were among its patrons. Louis Philippe stayed in it for six months after his flight from Paris; Napoleon III. had apartments there; its guests included nearly every person of distinction; and by the middle of the nineteenth century, Sunday dinner at the "Star and Garter" was a fashionable function.

Partly destroyed by fire in 1870, the hotel rose from the ashes more gorgeous than ever; but the ebb-tide began soon after, and has continued since. Recently, when offered for sale, no purchaser could be found willing to buy it as building material, but maybe the tide will flow again. Sir Joshua Reynolds employed Chambers to build a house for him on the site of the "Bull's Head" tavern, next to the "Star and Garter"; but caring little for country life, he seldom stayed there more than a day or two. The neighbourhood has so seldom lacked Royalty in exile, that it would be something of a shock to find none there. There does not appear to be much chance of this for some time to come.

When Charles I. began to enclose Richmond Park, some of the waste land and woods belonged to the Crown, but, scattered among these were many houses and farms, "Good houses and good farms of their own inheritance, or for their lives, or on leases." All these the King wished to purchase, "as without them the park would not be of the largeness necessary; and thought it no unreasonable thing upon these terms, to expect from his subjects."

Many of the leaseholders were in a short time prevailed with, but others absolutely refused; one gentleman who had the best estate, with a convenient house and gardens, would by no means part with it; and on pressure being applied made a great noise, as if the King would take away men's estates at his own pleasure.

The Bishop of London, who was Treasurer, and Lord Cottington, Chancellor of the Exchequer, were both averse to the design, not only from the murmurings of the people, but also

that the price of the land and the building of a brick wall over ten miles in length, would cost a larger sum of money than they could easily provide.

Lord Cottington tried every method to divert the King from pursuing the idea, but His Majesty only grew more angry and obstinate, telling him "he was resolved to go through with it, and had already caused brick to be burned and much of the wall built upon his own land."

As the wall progressed, the clamours of the people grew louder, "that they should be deprived of their land and their common." The Bishop was alarmed, and again sought to dissuade the King, but in vain; and quarrelled with Cottington, under the mistaken impression that he had not assisted him in the opposition.

The King had his way; the wall was completed and the tenants evicted. The Earl of Portland was appointed Keeper in 1637—the same year that Hampden refused to pay ship-money. How much the unpopularity of the King was increased by this enclosure is difficult to estimate; there were so many other causes, but there can be no doubt that this did add to it.

Twelve years from the date of its enclosure, the park was given by Parliament to the City of London, "To be preserved as a park, and so remain as an ornament to the city, and a mark of the favour of Parliament."

Later, there was a proposal that the City should exchange Richmond for Greenwich Park, but this was not carried out; and at the Restoration the City made haste to surrender the property, declaring that they had kept it with no other view than

to preserve it for the use of His Majesty ; which might or might not be true.

There is little of consequence in its history until 1751, when the second Earl of Orford, the Ranger, died ; the Princess Amelia was appointed in his place, and in a few years managed to raise nearly as much strife as the original enclosure had done.

The park was closed to the public, and they petitioned and remonstrated in vain, until a village Hampden arose in the person of John Lewis, a brewer in Richmond, who formally claimed admittance, and on refusal carried the question to the Courts of Law.

In the first action, as to the passage of carriages, the Princess won ; in the second action, tried in 1758, as to the right-of-way for those on foot, she lost, but evaded compliance with the decree. In the next session, the judge issued peremptory orders for the erection of step ladders "so constructed that not only children and old men, but old women too, may go up."

The Princess then shook the ungrateful dust of the park from her skirts and abandoned it for good. Shortly after the accession of George III., he purchased her rights of rangership and bestowed the post on the Marquis of Bute, who retained the office and resided in White Lodge until his death in 1792. The King then assumed the office of ranger, and appointed the Countess of Mansfield as his deputy.

When Addington became Premier in 1801, the King gave him the White Lodge as a residence, and added five acres to the private grounds, riding over almost every day from Kew to superintend the repairs and laying out of the land. He

had with his own hands marked out sixty acres as grounds, but the Minister was more alive to the public temper about these matters, and begged to have the five acres only.

The house was a residence of the late King Edward before his marriage, and afterwards it was occupied by the Duke of Teck and Princess Mary. Though still bearing the same name, the present house is not the one built by Walpole; that stood a little to the south of the present building, which was erected in 1841.

There are several other houses in the park. Thatched Lodge, near Kingston Gate; Pembroke Lodge was for many years the residence of the Countess of Pembroke, afterwards occupied by the Earl and Countess of Errol, in 1847 it became the house of Earl Russell; Sheen Lodge was occupied by Richard Owen after 1852; and the Farm House by Mr. Jesse, for many years Deputy Surveyor of the Parks, who wrote much on natural history, but certainly made a mistake when he described the great annual migration of eels *from* the Pen Ponds to the Thames. These ponds cover about eighteen acres, and were formed out of old gravel pits by Princess Amelia,—one deed to her credit, for which generations of anglers may thank her. They form a great attraction for water-fowl, and there is a considerable colony of herons near by.

The park is varied in surface and contains some fine old oaks, stretches of bracken and rough ground, and much good woodland scenery, enlivened by the herds of fallow deer; there are about fifteen hundred of these, and a few red deer, the latter at some seasons are rather dangerous, especially to

those who do not understand their habits. The desire to "pet" wild animals is a pleasant and deeply rooted trait of the Londoner, but it has its drawbacks.

When Charles I. enclosed Richmond Park he wrought evil that has turned to good in later days, preserving this great expanse of open ground from being built on and adding largely to the health and happiness of London and its southern suburbs.

PETERSHAM AND HAM

The meadows by the riverside below Richmond Hill extend to Petersham and Ham House, and with the various avenues are the Ham Walks of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Several patrons of literature lived in the vicinity, and poets followed them; minor poets must sometimes have been almost as plentiful as the daisies, and greater names such as Prior, Swift, Gay, and Pope have made the ground familiar; they all walked and talked and quarrelled here, singing between times of the scenery and their patrons, and sighed, no doubt, to be back in London. Few of them had any pleasure in rural things; their pastorals were of the stage and the foot-lights, but they could not afford to be so blunt about it as the old Duke of Queensberry: "What is there to make so much of in the Thames? I am quite weary of it! There it goes, flow, flow, flow, always the same!"

Petersham has not grown very rapidly since the Domesday Survey, when it belonged to the Abbey of Chertsey, possessed a church, and had a fishery of one thousand eels and one

thousand lampreys; fifteen villeins, two bordars, five hundred acres of arable land and three acres of meadow. It was among the original lands given to the abbey by Erkenwald and Frithwald, the founders, and remained the property of the abbey until 1415, when it was conveyed to Henry V. It was among the estates given by Henry VIII. to Anne of Cleves, who surrendered it to Edward VI. in 1549. James I. gave this, with Sheen and Ham, to his son Henry, and afterwards to Prince Charles. A lease of a portion of the manor was granted by James I. to George Cole; this was known as Petersham Lodge, and it was acquired by compulsion from his son Gregory by Charles I.

The church was rebuilt in 1515, and again in the eighteenth century, and enlarged in 1840. The chancel and some parts of the tower are the only remnants of old work. A few of the monuments are of interest: a recumbent effigy to George Cole of the Middle Temple, 1624, and his wife Francis, 1633; Thomas Jenner, Baron of the Exchequer, 1707; and a tablet erected by the Hudson Bay Company in memory of Captain George Vancouver, R.N., who died at Petersham in 1798. He discovered the territory which bears his name in 1762, and it was held by that Company until 1846. In the church and churchyard there are monuments to Richard, Earl of Mount Edgecumbe; Vice-Admiral Sir George Scott; Frances, daughter of the Marquis of Queensberry, with a long poetical inscription; Miss Patty Bean,

> "Let opening roses, drooping lilies tell,
> Like those she bloomed, and ah! like those she fell";

and the two sisters, Mary and Agnes Berry, friends and correspondents of Horace Walpole, who nicknamed them the "elder

berries"; and beside them a stone to Isabella Harrot, "for nearly sixty years the faithful and devoted housekeeper to the Misses Berry". The Duchess of Lauderdale was buried here, but there is no monument to her memory.

There are many pleasant old houses still in the neighbourhood, though several have vanished. One of these, destroyed about the middle of the nineteenth century, was Petersham Lodge; this, after being acquired by Charles I. when making and enclosing Richmond Park, remained with the Crown until 1682, when James II. granted a lease to his nephew Hyde, Lord Cornbury, grandson of Lord Clarendon; from him it descended to Henry Hyde, second Earl of Rochester; while occupied by him it was destroyed by fire in 1721,—the family pictures, rich furniture, and the library and manuscripts of Lord Clarendon were burnt.

Queen Anne had given the rangership of Richmond Park to her uncle, Laurence Hyde, for three lives; when these expired, George II. gave the office to Robert, Lord Walpole, son of the Prime Minister, who found that "the park had run to great decay, nor was there any mansion better than the common lodges of the keepers." The Prime Minister passed much of his time at Petersham, and built a new house in the park where the King often went to shoot, and incidentally consumed more punch than his family thought was good for him.

Petersham Lodge was rebuilt by the Earl of Burlington for William Stanhope, first Viscount Petersham and Earl of Harrington; the third Earl sold it to Thomas Pitt, first Lord Camelford and nephew of the Earl of Chatham; he, in 1790, sold it to the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., who for a time lived

there, and then sold it to Lord Huntingtower, by whose executors it was sold to the Crown ; the house was then pulled down and the land added to Richmond Park. The cedars on the rising ground by Petersham Lane mark the situation of the house.

Sudbroke House belonged to John, Duke of Argyll, who died there in 1743 ; it then passed to his eldest daughter, created Baroness Greenwich. After her death here in 1794, it passed to the third Duke of Buccleuch, her son by her first marriage. Later it became the property of Sir Robert Horton, Governor of Ceylon, who made many alterations ; the grounds were afterwards added to Richmond Park, and the house has long ceased to be a private dwelling.

Bute House was the residence of the Marquis of Bute, and afterwards of Lord Stuart ; it then became a boarding school.

On the riverside near Twickenham Ferry there stands one of the finest Jacobean mansions in England, Ham House ; this was built in 1610 for Sir Thomas Vavasor, Knight Marshal of the Household to James I., and a colleague of Sir Francis Bacon on the bench of the Marshalsea Court, where, if the suitors received the same sort of justice from both judges, they were to be pitied.

From him it passed to John Ramsay, Viscount Haddington, afterwards Earl of Holdernesse, who died in 1625 ; his executors sold the estate to William Murray, Lord Huntingtower, afterwards created Earl of Dysart ; at his death the estate passed to his daughter Elizabeth, who was created Countess of Dysart.

The son of a minister in Fifeshire, William Murray was educated by his uncle Thomas, who was tutor to Prince Charles ;

in time he became "whipping boy," and on his person bore the punishments which could not be applied to the sacred person of the King's son. In after years, the Prince showed his gratitude for these painful services by making him a gentleman of the bedchamber, and in 1643 Earl of Dysart.

The King reposed great trust in him, and this he repaid at a later time by selling his master's secrets to the Parliament for the sum of 40,000 merks. He is described as loud tongued and indiscreet when sober, but very reticent when in his cups—fortunately for him he was generally intoxicated.

He planned a marriage between his daughter and her cousin, Sir Robert Murray, a man of high principle and great learning, the first president of the Royal Society, and a friend of John Evelyn, who refers to him as "my worthy friend"; but the lady preferred another suitor, and in 1647 married Sir Lionel Tollemache, or Talmash, the head of an old Suffolk family; at her father's death, three years later, she became Countess of Dysart.

A well-educated, witty, beautiful woman, with no particular code of morality; her name and the reputation of her favours were linked with many of the prominent men of the time, including no less a personage than Oliver Cromwell. This association served many of her friends in good stead when Oliver was in power. Among those who owed their lives to her intercession was John Maitland, second Earl of Lauderdale, one of the prisoners captured at Worcester, who, but for her, would either have gone to the scaffold or the Barbadoes. There had been love passages between Maitland and her, but these ceased for some years, until the death of Sir Lionel Tollemache in 1669,

when they became reconciled again, much to the dismay of Lady Lauderdale, an estimable woman who was systematically ill-treated by her husband, though they sometimes lived together, as when they entertained Pepys at their house on Highgate Hill in 1666; but usually he was dangling after other women, principally the pious Margaret Kennedy, daughter of the Earl of Cassillis, and Lady Dysart.

After his reconciliation with the latter, Lady Lauderdale went to Paris, and soon afterwards died there. Lauderdale, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends and public clamour, immediately married the Countess of Dysart.

The wedding took place at Petersham Church on February 17, 1672, "publicly, in the time of reading the common prayer."

He had been appointed Secretary for Scottish Affairs ten years before this, and the wedding was celebrated in Edinburgh with banquets and merry-making, the Castle guns firing the same salute as for the King's birthday.

The lady had found fitting associates in the Duchesses of Cleveland, Portsmouth, and other fair dames who garnished the Court of Charles II.; in 1670 the King had confirmed her title, and now as a wedding gift granted to them the manor of Ham, and made him Duke of Lauderdale, adding, two years later, the titles of Viscount Petersham and Earl of Guildford.

The lady had always been imbued with a proper pride, which developed into presumption when she became a Duchess, on one occasion ordering chairs to be set on the floor of the House of Parliament, so that she and the ladies with her might hear the speeches in comfort. When the Duke and Duchess

went to Scotland they ruled as King and Queen, and in such a manner that their names became the best hated in Scottish history. He had at one time been on the side of the Covenanters, and was one of the Commissioners sent to Westminster in 1643 to try if the King could be induced to renounce Episcopacy, but he firmly repressed his former friends in later days, though he was not wilfully cruel in the process. His violent temper occasionally verged on madness; cringing to his superiors, haughty to those beneath him; money he pretended to despise, but not so his wife, who was a miracle of rapacity, and sold every office in the Scottish Government to the highest bidder, while she levied contributions wherever she went.

A great deal of the money thus obtained was spent in luxury and extravagance, but large sums were used for the extension and beautifying of Ham House. It is not easy to determine what alterations were made on the building, but it was entirely refurnished, and there was a very large expenditure on the gardens and grounds. John Evelyn was as good a judge of these things as any man, and he visited the place on August 27, 1678. "After dinner I walked to Ham to see the house and gardens of the Duke of Lauderdale, which is indeed inferior to few of the best villas in Italy itself; the house furnished like a great prince's; the parterres, flower gardens, orangeries, groves, avenues, courts, statues, perspectives, fountains, aviaries; and all this at the banks of the sweetest river in the world must needs be admirable."

If we had only Bishop Burnet's description of Lauderdale, it might be regarded with some suspicion, as the tangled skein of what may be called their love affairs was rather mixed; he

and Lauderdale had been rivals in more than one direction. Burnet was at one time among the admirers of the Countess of Dysart, and wrote verses likening her to an

"Angelic power in human mould," etc.;

while the other lived in Holyrood with Lady Margaret Kennedy as his mistress—perhaps she had hope of a more dignified position in the future; these hopes were ended by Lauderdale's second marriage, and some time after, Lady Margaret became the wife of Bishop Burnet. In some way the arrangement was not altogether satisfactory to the Bishop, and he became an enemy of Lauderdale; the enmity was further embittered by his dismissal from office.

In the fine portrait of the Duke and Duchess by Lely, or in Vandyke's portrait of the Duke, at Ham, it is difficult to trace the man described by Burnet, "with long red hair and a tongue too large for his mouth, causing him to bedew all he talked to." No doubt he was a man of his time, brave, unscrupulous, rough-tongued and clever, capable of playing the buffoon, as he did, by dancing before the King, dressed in a woman's petticoat. This was his method of cheering His Majesty when he felt low-spirited owing to the English navy being burned at Chatham by the Dutchmen; it seems a curious medicine for the malady.

A few years after the Dukedom was conferred, Lauderdale became a little world-weary; the loose and scurrilous tongue of his wife provoked everlasting troubles and embroiled him with his best friends. At his own request (it is said) his pension was reduced from £60 to £10 per day, and this was enough to supply his gluttony, his sole remaining pleasure; towards the

end of his life he is reported to have eaten a whole sheep every day, with liquor in proportion; even his wife grew weary of the human cormorant, and urged him to go and drink the waters at Tunbridge Wells; this he did with fatal results.

The Duchess survived him by about twelve years. Her memory is embalmed in various ballads, different altogether from Burnet's lines and mostly too gross to quote. In Maidment's *Scottish Pasquils* she is referred to as "Black Besse."

> "She is Besse of my heart, she was Besse of old Noll;
> She was once Fleetwood's Besse, now she's Besse of Atholle;
> She's Besse of the Church, and Besse of the State;
> She plots with her tail, and her Lord with his pate.
> But now she usurps both the sceptre and Crown,
> And thinks to destroy with a flap of her gown."

As the termagant lady grew older, death, and her own bitter tongue, deprived her of many friends. She became tolerant, melancholy, and devout. She died in 1698 and was buried at Petersham Church, but no monument was erected to her memory.

The portrait at Ham, where she is receiving flowers from a black page, shows her only indifferently handsome, according to modern standards.

By Lauderdale she had no children, but there were eleven by her previous husband, five of these survived, and she appears to have been warmly attached to all of them. The oldest, Lionel, was a member of Parliament for many years before he inherited the title; he was described as a grasping curmudgeon, who weighed out all the provisions for the family and put numbers on the loaves, so that the starving servants might not steal them. The second son was killed at Brest in 1693. The third, his mother's favourite, was a pupil of Archbishop Sharp of infamous

memory ; after killing a son of the Earl of Southesk in a street brawl in Paris, he entered the navy.

One daughter, Elizabeth, married Archibald, Earl of Islay son of the ninth Earl of Argyll who was beheaded in 1685 ; he became the first Duke, and built Whitton Place, near Hounslow his son John was born at Ham, and died at Sudbroke House,—he was the "good Duke" who figures in the *Heart of Midlothian*. The other daughter, Catherine, married Lord Doune, and, after his death, John, fifteenth Earl of Sutherland.

Generation after generation has passed away since the Cabal plotted in Ham House, and ruled the land through six of the most disgraceful years of our history ; but except for the ripened tints and the mellowing of time, the house is little changed within or without. Though much neglected during the eighteenth century, it has suffered less from the rebuilding crazes than any other large house near London.

In 1770 Horace Walpole visited his niece Charlotte, who had become Countess of Dysart, and the place made him melancholy. "The old furniture is so magnificently ancient, dreary and decayed, that at every step one's spirits sink, and all my passion for antiquity could not keep them up. Every minute I expected to see ghosts come sweeping by ; ghosts I would not give sixpence to see, Lauderdales, Tollemaches, Maitlands. . . . In this state of pomp and tatters my nephew intends it shall remain, and is so religious an observer of the rites of his house, that, because they were never opened by his father but once, for the late Lord Granville (whose daughter he had married), you are locked out and locked in, and after journeying all round the house, as you do in an old French fortified town,

you are at last admitted through the stable yard to creep along a dark passage by the housekeeper's room, and so by a back door into the great hall."

Forty years later Queen Charlotte visited Ham House, and was enraptured with the pictures, cabinets, china, and furniture, but she also found it "truly melancholy."

The staircase is fine, and the Hall, paved with black and white marble, is a large, stately apartment. The library, the cabal room or audience chamber, the drawing-room, and the long galleries are all good characteristic work of the period; while the treasures and relics accumulated during nearly three hundred years of ownership by the same family are very numerous and of great interest.

Outwardly the house is rather gloomy, partly from the style of construction, but more from the colour of the brick-work and the blue slate roof. Above the ground-floor windows there is a range of leaden busts, painted stone colour, and on the lawn a large but unimpressive statue representing the Thames.

In the gardens and wilderness south of the house are some of the first Scots firs planted in Surrey.

The great gates facing the river, have had for many years a curious legend attached to them; it takes various forms, and it is probably impossible now to find its origin.

One story is to the effect that these gates were closed when Charles I. was executed, and have never been opened since; this is unlikely, though the gates bear the arms of Tollemache and Murray, and the union of these took place two years before the execution of the King.

The next variation relates that after Charles II. passed

through them, the gates have never been opened, and that they would not be until another king visited the house.—This cannot be right, as it is evident from the reply given by James II. to the Commissioners from William of Orange, that he had been there. "It was a pleasant place in summer, but cold and comfortless at Christmas, and moreover was unfurnished."

The last form which the legend takes is, that the gates were closed on the departure of James II., and would never be opened again until the Stuart dynasty is restored. One of the special occasions when the gates were opened is referred to in the letter by Walpole which has been quoted; and Lady Suffield —who ought to know—referring to the subject in an article published in the *English Illustrated* in 1901, says there have been other occasions. But it is evident that there is some basis for the tradition with reference to the Stuart Kings.

Forty years ago the ironwork was described as mouldering away and the walks all grass-grown. The house must have been familiar to Tom Hood in the days when Louisa Tollemache was Countess; she died at a great age in 1840. His poems "The Haunted House" and "The Elm" both have Ham House for their background, and both reflect the melancholy charm which still pervades the place. Why melancholy should thus mark the place is difficult to understand; there are fine trees and flowers and open meadows all round; a few yards away the broad towpath of the Thames with its pleasure traffic and the cheerful laughter of young voices; yet, even on a summer day, when all the world is maying, it stands aloof and quiet; on an autumn evening such as I have painted, when the squirrels are rustling among the withered leaves and

the mists arise from the meadow land at sunset, the place becomes eerie, as darkness falls and the mists thicken, the sounds from the outer world grow fainter, and Bess of Lauderdale, stealing up the long grey avenue from Petersham to visit her old home, would be no unexpected sight; though for such an experience one would willingly give more than the sixpence denied by Horace Walpole.

Most of the old elms of Ham Walks, extending from the house to Twickenham Ferry, have vanished. This was a favourite lounging place for Swift, Pope, and Gay, when they all lived in the vicinity.

After the publication of the "Dunciad," Pope never appeared without a tall Irishman who was hired for the purpose of protecting the poet; no doubt quite a number of people would have been pleased to assault him personally, or by deputy —a more common method in those days. A story, said to have been invented by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, having gained currency that Pope "had been whipt" in Ham Walks by an aggrieved person, he found it expedient to advertise in the *Daily Post*, "that I did not stir out of my house at Twickenham on that day, and the same is a malicious and ill-founded report."

The open fields and pleasant riverside extend past Strawberry Hill to Teddington Lock, and thence to the suburbs of Kingston. Many people have believed that all this is "Lammas land," but some ugly erections for a wharf on the river, a huge gash in the fields where gravel is being worked, talk of a bridge at Twickenham, and development on "Garden City" lines, may either remove that idea or cause them to think that manorial rights are tricky things when set in opposition to public desires;

the Lammas rights have been abrogated, and a strip along the river side has been dedicated to public use.

A field road from the lock leads to the village of Ham and the common extending to Richmond Park. This stretch of open land has long been remarkable for the beauty of its old gorse ; some of this remains, but a great deal has been burned in recent years by mischievous fools for whom the modern law provides no adequate punishment. When all aglow with blossom, this common was so beautiful that one could easily understand the emotion displayed by Karl von Linne at the sight of the gorse.

There are several pleasant old houses round the open space, Latchmere, Park Gate, and Langham House, but a little to the south the land is covered by a solid mass of modern streets ; a new part of Kingston, extending from the river almost to the boundary wall of Richmond Park.

KINGSTON AND DISTRICT

A pretty public garden has been made along the river bank, and it is to be hoped that this will be extended towards Teddington, marching with the growth of the town.

Timber wharfs and other places of riverside traffic are no disfigurement, but when the modern mean street huddles close up to the towpath, there is little left for beauty and less for pleasure.

The earliest name of Kingston was Moreford, or great ford, but there has been a bridge here from very early times. A wooden bridge is mentioned in the thirteenth century, repaired and re-

constructed at various times, this remained until 1828, when the present stone bridge, designed by Mr. Lapidge, was opened by the Duchess of Clarence; it was freed from toll in 1870.

The old bridge was broken down several times. In 1472, Falconbridge, with an army of 17,000 men in pursuit of Edward IV., were unable to effect a passage through London, came here, "and finding no passage, retired with his army to St. George's Fields," but it is evident that they must have crossed the river here or elsewhere, as they burned several of the city gates and were chased by the citizens to Stratford, where many were slain and taken prisoner. Perhaps, like Sir Thomas Wyatt and his men at a later time, they scared the defenders away and then repaired the bridge.

The ancient part of Kingston occupies a small space by the end of the bridge; a few old houses still remain near the church and the market-place, and with two exceptions all the historic interest centres there.

The old coronation stone now stands in the street beyond the market-place surrounded by heavy iron rails. In ancient times this stood within the church near the south entrance; afterwards it was placed in the market-place, near the town hall; when that was rebuilt about 1840, the stone was removed to a yard where the municipal building materials were stored, and, but for the exertions of one citizen, it was in a fair way for being destroyed or forgotten. It was placed in its present position in 1850.

Spencer, writing in 1771, ignores the stone altogether, and says, "the Saxon Kings were crowned on a stage erected for that purpose in the market-place."

STAR
AND
ROOMS
WRATHALL

It is not known when the name was first applied to the town, but it was known as Kingston long before the earliest recorded coronation here, and even that is a matter of controversy. Ancient historians begin the list with Edward the Elder in 900; in recent times the earliest date given is Athelstan, 925; Edmund, 940; Eadred, 946; Eadwig, 955; Eadgar, 958; Edward the Martyr, 975; Ethelred the Unready, 979; Edmund Ironside, 1016; at the time of the last coronation here, the country was torn by internal strife and fell a prey to the Danes, who, in their vigorous fashion, did much to weld it together again.

That the Saxons were rude enough in their habits is witnessed by the treatment meted out to Dunstan, when he came as a youth to the Court of Athelstan, and by Dunstan's treatment of King Eadwig and his young wife, at the coronation feast here in 955; while the Danish manner is illustrated by the way they set Archbishop Alphege in their midst and pelted him with bones, until one of his captors had pity enough to cleave his skull with an axe. But the Danes hung together, while the Saxons quarrelled among themselves,—the habit is not quite eradicated yet.

By the time of the Domesday survey, the population was considerable; there were over three thousand acres of arable land, eighty-six villeins and fourteen bordars, but only two slaves are mentioned. There was a church, five mills, and three fisheries, forty acres of meadow, and a wood yielding six swine. "Humfrey the chamberlain hath one of the villeins under his direction employed in collecting the Queen's wool." A portion of the manor was held by Walter Fitzother, governor of Windsor

Castle and forest warden, who had charge of the brood mares belonging to the King; these were looked after by a homager or tenant, who had three bondmen. An estate of fifty acres was owned by the Abbot of Chertsey, which had previously been owned by King Edward; the three tenants then were beadles of Kingston, and could not move without the King's permission. In 1186 the importance of the manor is shown by the amount levied in aid of the portion alloted to the King's daughter on marriage, this was £12, 10s.; a larger sum than that levied on Guildford, and nearly as much as that raised from the borough of Southwark.

In 1213, King John ordered the bailiff of Kingston to provide ten men of the better sort, furnished with horses and arms, to go beyond the sea on the King's service; the tenants then held their lands by carucage, or tax on the arable land, and in 1226, the town was seized owing to its non-payment. In 1274, Edward I. prohibited the holding of tournaments or military exercises at Kingston or elsewhere without a licence, and after the death of Eleanor assigned the fee-farm to his second wife, Margaret of France.

In 1322, Edward II. ordered the bailiffs and approved men of Kingston to furnish men for his service in Scotland, but declared that the furnishing of these should be no precedent for future requisitions.

King John gave the townsmen their first charter when he visited them in 1200. Seven or eight other visits are recorded, and a portion of the house where he lived, called the "Dairy," is mentioned by Brayley as still in existence; no trace of it remains now, and even the site of the castle occupied by

Henry III. during the Barons' wars is unknown. The town saw some of the fighting in 1471, when Falconbridge came here with his army, and in 1554 when Sir Thomas Wyatt marched here from London; and during the contest between Charles I. and the Parliament, Kingston had more than its share of both parties, the town being occupied first by one and then by the other. Fairfax had his headquarters here in August 1647, and the last struggle on behalf of the King took place near Kingston in July 1648, when Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, the second Duke of Buckingham (Zimri), Lord Francis Villiers, his younger brother, and six hundred horsemen were routed. Lord Francis behaved with great courage; after his horse was killed, he stood with his back against a tree and slew several of his opponents before he was overpowered. Next day the Lords having heard that he was dangerously wounded, permitted surgeons to go and attend him if he were yet alive, but "he was dead, stripped, and good pillage found in his pocket." The body was removed by water to York House in the Strand, and buried in the Henry VII. Chapel. Lord Holland was arrested a few days afterwards at Harrow; he had coquetted with both parties, and was regarded as a traitor by each, but did not lose his self-esteem. He was executed in the old Palace yard in 1649, wearing a specially designed costume of white satin with silver lace.

Aubrey mentions the elm tree where Lord Frances Villiers was killed as being marked with a V; it stood on the east side of the lane between Kingston and Surbiton Common, and was cut down in 1680.

The only military operations in Kingston since then have

been of a peaceful nature, and the town with its suburbs is now a large place. The market-place is rather picturesque, though the Town Hall and most of the houses surrounding it are commonplace. The weekly market-day still produces a little crowd, pens of sheep, calves, and pigs, and an occasional quack doctor, but those who come to buy and sell are too much town-dwellers to leave him much chance to sell his wares.

The Moot Hall of early days probably occupied the same site as the Town Hall, rebuilt in the latter half of the sixteenth century; this gave place to a building erected in 1706, which in turn was superseded by the present structure. The statue of Queen Anne which still guards the market-place was part of the old Town Hall; it is of good eighteenth-century lead-work, but is now gilt all over. The effect is rather garish.

The old church has suffered from the elements and in other ways, but retains much of great interest. It is a very large building with a square central tower of flint, chalk, stone, and brick; formerly it had a lofty spire, but this was twice destroyed by lightning, in 1445, when the repairs took fifty years to accomplish, and in 1703, when the upper portion of the tower was much shattered. After the second visitation, the damaged parts of the tower were rebuilt with brick, but the spire was not restored. The builder of the church in something of its modern form is not known, the older parts appear to be of the fifteenth century, though they may be a century earlier. There have been portions re-erected with old materials, such as the pillar bearing a fresco in colours of St. Blaise, with a pastoral staff in one hand, a wool comb in the other. The chapel where, according to tradition, the coronation stone was

kept, and where some of these ceremonies took place, stood near this at the east end of the church. Aubrey says that it contained pictures of the kings crowned in the chapel and in the market-place ; other writers describe these as statues—there may have been both, and probably this of St. Blaise is one of them. The chapel was of considerable size, measuring sixty feet by twenty-five ; a drawing of it, done in 1726 by Vertue, is given in Manning and Bray's *Surrey*. The destruction of the chapel took place in 1731 ; while the sexton, Hammerton, with his son and daughter were engaged digging a grave, they undermined the building and it collapsed, killing the sexton and one man, and burying the son and daughter in the ruins, from which they were rescued some hours afterwards. Evidently they were digging inside the chapel, as the daughter's life was saved by the position in which one of the columns fell ; the stone to which she owed her preservation is of the same section as that on which the picture is painted, and is still preserved in the church, with the words "life preserved" painted on it. Notwithstanding this unfortunate excavation, the daughter, Hester Hammerton, was appointed to succeed her father as sexton, and died in 1746. A portrait of her was in the possession of Mr. S. Roots of Kingston when Brayley wrote, and another painted by Butler was mezzotinted by M'Ardell. The lady is described as a strong, robust, lusty woman, of comely countenance, somewhat given to manly sports and tobacco, but feminine enough to like fine Sunday clothes and a nosegay. She rang the big bell and dug the graves herself, and her strength stood her in good stead in 1735, when she helped to capture two thieves who had come from London to steal the com-

munion plate; she found them ripping the gold lace from the altar, and, though they both got away after a severe struggle, they were recaptured and hanged in the market-place. The last of her family recently retired from the office of sexton, after the post had been held by various members without a break for nearly three centuries.

There are a vast number of memorials in the church. Two to members of the family of Davidson of Tulloch, Ross-shire; one to Peter de la Rive, descended from one of the first and most ancient families of the city and republic of Geneva; under an arched recess is the tomb of Sir Anthony Benn, 1618, formerly recorder of Kingston, and recorder of London. The recumbent figure in a gown and ruff is much damaged, probably by the fall of the chapel in 1731. He married a daughter of Sir John Evelyn of Godstone, who, after his death, married Sir Eustace Hart. An adjoining monument records Anthony Fane, son of the Earl of Westmoreland, who married Ammabel, daughter of Sir Anthony Benn. He was a colonel in the Parliamentary army, and died at Kingston from a shot wound received at the siege of Farnham Castle, 1643.

There is a fine seated figure of Louisa Theodosia, Countess of Liverpool, by Chantrey.

On the north wall of the chancel are four mural monuments. One of these is to Mark Snellinge, who was nine times bailiff of Kingston, and died in 1633, and his wife Anne, who died in 1623. It is impossible to read the inscriptions on the others. In the north aisle there is a tablet to Elizabeth and Dr. George Bate. Mrs. Bate died of consumption, aggravated by sufferings in the Great Fire of London. He was one of the early

members of the Royal Society, and physician to Charles I., Oliver, and Richard Cromwell, and Charles II., and is said to have owed his fortune after the Restoration to a rumour that he had given Oliver Cromwell something to hasten his death. The brasses of Robert Skerne and Joan, his wife, are now on one of the pillars; they are finely engraved and about three feet in length. Joan Skerne was a daughter of Edward III., by his mistress, Alice Perrars; and his son, William Skerne, founded a chantry in this church in 1459.

The Hertcombe brasses are small and much damaged, the dates are 1477 and 1488; he appears to have been a merchant, and lived here in a house previously owned by Warwick the Kingmaker, called in Aubrey's time Hircombes Place.

The grave slabs, many of them highly sculptured in bas-relief, are very numerous and often quite illegible.

Several of the clergymen were persons of note. Nicholas West, a native of Putney, became vicar in 1502, and was promoted to the bishopric of Ely in 1515. Udal, the minister here during the publication of the *Marprelate* tracts, was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in them, and sentenced to death; the sentence seemed too severe even to Whitgift, who interceded on his behalf, and he was respited from time to time, but died in the Marshalsea Prison. Edmund Staunton became minister in 1631, exchanging the living here for one at Bushey with Dr. Seaton; he was suspended in 1634 for refusing to read the declaration allowing sports and pastimes on the Sabbath; later, he sympathized with the Presbyterians, and preached occasionally in London; he was ejected at the Restoration, and in 1662 "silenced for nonconformity"; after his ejection from Kingston

he removed to Bovington, in Hertfordshire, and died there in 1671. A memorial slab here records the burial of his ten children in one grave, with a rhyming inscription composed of various texts.

His "Life" was written by his successor at Kingston, Richard Mayow, who also was ejected for nonconformity in 1662, but was buried in the church; his grave slab is near the chancel steps.

Some curious customs may be noticed, though they have all fallen into disuse, and their origins cannot even be guessed at. "Crack nut Sunday" was the Sunday before the eve of St. Michael, when all the congregation, young and old, cracked and ate nuts continuously throughout the service, and as noisily as possible. After much trouble this was put an end to about the close of the eighteenth century. The custom was not peculiar to Kingston, and is recorded in various parts of England.

The "King game," a pageant of the "Three Kings of Cologne," was an annual celebration until the Reformation; after this it seems to have been superseded by the "May game," or "Robin Hood." The "King game" appears to have been a procession and a performance of the play in the churchyard. The "Robin Hood game" no doubt was the origin of the chimney-sweep's holiday, which survived in London until a few years ago. All the characters were dressed in costume, and accompanied by musicians and morris dancers they perambulated the town and the adjoining districts. The costumes and expenses were paid for by the town, and the largesse obtained on the route was devoted to feasting and liquid refreshment. Robin Hood gate and farm remain to mark one of the turning-points of the procession.

Shrove Tuesday football was the most boisterous of all, and survived longest. According to tradition, the custom arose from a battle with the Danes in which the townspeople were successful. The head of the Danish leader was cut off and used as a football from one end of the town to the other. In later days all shops were closed and barricaded at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, after which the townspeople, with bands of music, banners, and footballs, paraded; at noon the church bells rang out the signal, and the mayor started the game by kicking the first ball from the steps of the town hall. The goals were Kingston Bridge, and Clattern Bridge over the Hog Mill brook at the south end of the town, and the play proceeded without interruption until five in the evening, when the church bells gave the signal to cease. While the town was isolated and remote it was a rough good-natured frolic, but the advent of roughs and thieves from outside made it a nuisance; in 1866, the mayor refused to start the play, and in a few years it was quietly suppressed altogether. The traditional origin and the game is common to many other towns in England, several places in Surrey, and as far north as Kirkwall; they cannot all be from the same source, which probably will remain a mystery. The remaining points of interest in the town are situated about half a mile eastward from the church.

Cleave's Almshouses were founded under the will of William Cleave, alderman of London, who died in 1667, leaving all his possessions in this parish for the maintenance for ever of six poor men and of six poor women of honest life and reputation, single persons and over sixty years of age.

The almshouses are of plain seventeenth-century brickwork,

not at all ugly, but simple in construction, with a common hall in the centre; over the doorway are the founder's arms and the date of erection, 1668. Near this, at a fork in the road, is the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, founded in 1305 by Edward Lovekyn and his brother Richard — natives of Kingston; endowed with ten acres of arable land and one of meadow, for the support of a chaplain to pray for the souls of the founders and their relations; this benefaction was confirmed in 1309. John Lovekyn, a kinsman of the donor, rebuilt the chapel and added to the endowment for the maintenance of a second chaplain in 1355. This gentleman was a fishmonger and Lord Mayor of London in 1348, 1358, 1365, 1366. Twenty years later, one of his 'prentices had become Sir William Walworth and Lord Mayor, and he, then, gave funds for the maintenance of a third chaplain.

The hospital continued until 1540, when the master, Charles Carew, was attainted and the whole estate escheated to the Crown.

The chapel was afterwards leased to Richard Taverner for twenty-one years, after which a Free Grammar School was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1565, she endowing it with 107 acres of land, fourteen tenements, seven gardens, one orchard, one pightell (a very small field), three barns, and one stable; with the little chapels of St. Anne and St. Loye, and one hawk's mewe adjoining the chapel. The bailiffs of Kingston were made governors on the condition that they should pay yearly twenty marks for the support of a master and undermaster. The ancient chapel was repaired and became the schoolroom.

The school has had many distinguished pupils, among

whom was Gibbon, the historian, a sickly boy who had little happiness there. "My timid reserve was astonished by the crowd and tumult of the school; the want of strength and activity disqualified me for the sports of the playfield; nor have I forgotten how often in the year 1746 I was reviled and buffeted for the sins of my Tory ancestors. By the common methods of discipline, at the expense of many tears and some blood, I purchased the knowledge of Latin Syntax, . . . my studies were too frequently interrupted by sickness; and after a real or nominal residence at Kingston School, of nearly two years, I was finally recalled by my mother's death (December 1747)."

The chapel is partly flint, part Tudor masonry, and part nineteenth-century restoration, and picturesque in spite of the bizarre mixture of colours and materials used. It is now used as a gymnasium in connection with the Grammar School, which was removed in recent years to the other side of the street. Along one road past the chapel, the tramways plough their way through an endless succession of suburbs to the heart of London, another goes towards Richmond Park and Putney Heath, and one by Combe to Wimbledon.

At the Domesday Survey, Combe was held by Humphrey the chamberlain, on behalf of a woman who had put herself under the protection of the Queen; another portion being held from the King by Ansgot the interpreter; after several changes, the united manors were owned by William de Nevill, whose daughters, in 1320, bestowed them on their husbands, Richard le Wayte and John de Hadresham; the latter died in 1359, being then in sole possession. In 1418, one of his descendants

granted the manor to John Gaynesford, by whom it was given five years later to Merton Priory. After the Dissolution it was annexed to Hampton Court; given by Edward VI. to his uncle, the Duke of Somerset; on his attainder it reverted to the Crown. In 1562 it was given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir William Cecil, but at his request it was regranted to Sir Thomas Vincent, who was visited here by Queen Elizabeth in 1602. The estate was possibly held for life only, as it reverted to the Crown about the time of the death of Sir Thomas Vincent, in 1613. James I. gave it to Sir William Cockayne; his son sold it to Daniel Harvey, from whom it passed, in 1753, to Lord Spencer. The manor house was pulled down about the same time, and another built; this was inhabited by the Tollemaches, and then by the Earl of Liverpool, who entertained here, in 1814, the Prince Regent, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Generals Blucher and Platoff. The Earl died here in 1828, and the place afterwards became the property of the Duke of Cambridge.

Combe Hill was the source from which Cardinal Wolsey derived the water supply of Hampton Court. Wolsey suffered from stone, and the purity of the springs at Combe—with maybe some of the elements in the water—was supposed to be of benefit as a preventive of that disease. This induced him to gather the water into a reservoir and carry it by a double set of lead pipes to Hampton Court, a distance of three and a half miles, passing over the bed of the Thames near Surbiton. The supply was purely by gravitation, and remains, I think, still the supply for the fountains. Mr. Jesse calculated the total weight of lead used must have been one million fifty-six thousand

pounds, the pipes being each two inches in diameter, and in twenty-five feet lengths. When Lewis wrote, in 1849, a portion of this supply was tapped for the use of Kingston, but rapid development has long rendered this supply of small value.

Passing from Kingston towards the south, the road crosses the Hog Mill brook, where there was formerly a footbridge and a ford. This stream is not overclean, but the trees on its banks bring a touch of fresh vegetation up to the dusty Portsmouth road, and for more than a mile the Thames is kept open by a pretty riverside garden, with a view over the home park, and at one point a glimpse of Hampton Court at the end of the avenue of the Long Water.

The whole of the Surrey side of the river is now covered with modern houses and streets where formerly there were only a few small villages. There are one or two churches with a little interest, but the few large houses are mostly of the Georgian era; probably the afforestation of the district by Henry VIII. had something to do with this. "In the later days of the King, when he waxed heavy with sickness, age, and corpulency; and might not travel so readily abroad, but was constrained to seek his game and pleasure ready at hand." Not only did this enclosure prevent the building of houses, but it was responsible for the destruction of many. The hamlets and churches remained, but it was an irksome life for either the rich man or the poor one under the forest laws; and when the enclosed lands were dechased and the deer removed to Windsor during the reign of Elizabeth, the population of the district had received a set back from which it took long to recover.

One of the notable houses was Talworth Court. At the Domesday Survey there were two manors, one held by Picot and the other by Ralph, both from Richard de Tonbridge. The superiority vested in the Clares until Gilbert, Earl of Gloucester, was killed at Bannockburn in 1314, when his inheritance devolved on his three sisters, one of whom had married Hugh le Despenser, one of the favourites of Edward II.; about this time, the manor of Turbervill and an estate called Wyke were added to Talworth; after his execution in 1327 the estate was surveyed, and is described as a capital messuage surrounded by a moat. Wyke was a messuage for a family; Turbervill was a chamber with a chapel "for the use of the lord on his coming." The estate was granted to Edmund of Woodstock, uncle of Edward III., who was executed in 1329. Two years later, Talworth was granted for life to Bartholomew de Burgersh, but returned to the younger son of Edmund of Woodstock, who held it when he died in 1353; the inheritance devolved on his sister, "the fair maid of Kent," wife of Sir Thomas de Holland. Their grandson Thomas, Earl of Surrey, was executed at Cirencester in 1400, but his widow retained possession until her death seventeen years afterwards; it then became the property of the Nevills of Westmoreland. The 5th Earl sold it in 1559 to Sir Ambrose Cave, by whom it was disposed of to George Evelyn in 1561; it remained with that family until 1723, when it was sold to the Scawens, one of whom sold it in 1781 to the Polhill family. The house was purchased by the Earl of Egmont about the beginning of the nineteenth century, and was restored from its decadence as a farmhouse, but was entirely destroyed by fire in 1911.

The neighbouring manor of Long Ditton is now the southern edge of the mass of new streets and houses extending from Kingston. There was a church and a mill here at the Domesday Survey, woodland for fifteen swine, a house at Southwark rented at 500 herrings, 400 acres of arable land, two villeins, nine bordars, and one slave. It was then held by Richard de Tonbridge; by the end of the twelfth century the land had come into the hands of Geoffrey de Mandeville, Earl of Essex, and was granted by him to the Priory of St. Mary, Bishopsgate, London. In the reign of Henry III., John de Planaz held half a knight's fee, and in 1350 Hugh le Despenser a fourth of a knight's fee, from the Prior. The monastery was suppressed in 1537, and in 1553 Edward VI. granted the manor to David Vincent, Keeper of the Wardrobe at Richmond. He died in 1565, and his son Thomas sold the manor to George Evelyn son of John Evelyn of Kingston, who had married his sister. This gentleman was the grandfather of the diarist, and carried on the manufacture of gunpowder here, and afterwards at Godstone, Wotton, and Chilworth. He died at Wotton in 1603. The manor passed from Sir Edward Evelyn in 1692 to his son-in-law, Sir Joseph Alston, whose second son, Evelyn Alston, sold the property to Sir Peter King about 1721. Another manor in Ditton was held by Odo, Bishop of Bayeaux, and was afterwards held by Milo de Wyndesore, Thomas Ipre, Richard Fenrother, William Reade, Thomas Nott, and afterwards by the Evelyns.

The church is not of much interest. The ancient fabric was entirely removed and a new church built in 1776, an ugly brick building, which in recent years has given

place to an entirely new church. A brass of 1527 to Sir Richard Castleon and his wife Elizabeth has been replaced, but that is almost the only object of interest.

Thames Ditton, on the river bank nearly opposite Hampton Court, is now undergoing the process of development from a retired little village beloved of anglers into a maze of modern streets. There are two large houses, Ditton House and Boyle Farm, but the builder is breaking up the grounds and getting close to both.

Ditton House was the seat of the Hon. Edward Bligh, and afterwards of his grandnephew, the Earl of Darnley, who died here in 1841.

Its neighbour, Boyle Farm, was a sort of copy of Strawberry Hill, and in 1787 Horace Walpole notes that Mrs. Walsingham is making her house there,—her daughter, Miss Boyle, "who has real genius," being busy designing, sculpturing, and decorating. This young lady married, first, Lord de Roos, and afterwards Lord Henry Fitzgerald in 1792. In 1827 a gorgeous fête was given here by her son and other gilded youths; the expenses being met by a subscription of £500 each from Lords Alvanley, Castlereagh, and Chesterfield, Robert Grosvenor and Henry de Roos. Dinner was provided for five hundred guests; the grounds were illuminated; there were gondolas on the Thames; and singers from the Italian Opera including Madame Vestris and Fanny Ayton, warbled in the twilight. The Dandies' Fête was celebrated in verse by Lord Francis Egerton and Tom Moore, who in dedicating his "Summer Fête" to Mrs. Norton four years later, reminds that lady that she was one of the most distinguished ornaments of the scene. The house was

afterwards occupied by Sir Edward Sugden, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who altered and enlarged it.

The old church was rebuilt and enlarged in 1864, but contains many brasses and one or two monuments of interest. All the brasses have been wisely removed from the floor and inserted in the walls of the chancel and behind the pulpit. The most elaborate is that of Erasmus Forde and his wife, kneeling in prayer; behind her are eleven daughters, behind him six sons; between them the arms, crest, and motto of the Fordes; on either side of the inscription beneath are the arms of Legh and Salford; the date of her death is 1553, and of his 1559. Below this is a brass to Elizabeth, wife of William Legh, daughter of Richard Hatton de Long Ditton 1608; unfortunately, the position of these two, in the shadow of the pier, makes it difficult to study the many fine details. Close by them on the north side of the chancel is an open structure with two arches, with what may be the stump of a small statue in one compartment, and said to be the Forde tomb, though no inscription is visible.

Facing into the pulpit is the brass of John Cheke and his wife Isobel, daughter of William Seillard of London; beneath are the portraits of six sons;—he died in 1590, "in the 63rd yeare of his adge." He is shown with a robe and a small ruff; the lady with a ruff, headdress, and a gown with elaborately decorated front. Behind the pulpit, inserted in a carved tablet, is the brass of John Bollted 1540, and his wife Anne Wheeler —monument erected by their son Julian in 1582. Another lady of the same name, of the Wheeler family, is represented with her two husbands, six daughters on the left, five sons on

the right. The husbands are Cuthbert Blakeden, sergeant of confectionery to Henry VIII., and John Boothe, gentleman usher to Henry VIII. and Edward VI. The first husband died in 1540, the second in 1548, the lady in 1586. Another brass here is to Ann Childe, daughter of William Childe of East Sheen in the parish of Morrclack (an ingenious spelling of Mortlake). There are mural monuments to Colonel Sidney Godolphin, Governor of Scilly and auditor of Wales, who died in 1732, and members of the Lambert, Sullivan, Taylor, and Johnson families.

On the north wall of the present chancel there is a brass to Robert Smythe 1539, and Katherine Blounte his wife 1549, with four sons and three daughters. Below this is a shield of arms, and again below, a brass of a lady with upstanding collar and ruff, kneeling with five daughters behind her; below this, apparently another portion of the same brass, a man kneeling with fourteen sons behind him. The inscription reads: "Here under lyeth the bodies of William Notte Esq. and Elizabeth his wife, daughter to the above named Robert Smythe and Katherine his wife, which William died 1576, and the said Elizabeth 1587." A portion of the old chancel wall with one lancet window remains. There are various modern tablets and brasses, and at the west end of the church near the font, two mural monuments resting on the floor, one to Dorothy Shepherd 1674, her husband Robert 1661; the other to Philip Leaman 1679. The upper part of the font is Norman with archaic carving on the four sides, representing the lamb bearing the cross, the cross, a star, and an ass upside down.

A few old cottages covered with clapboard remain, and a

picturesque inn near the riverside is well known to rowing and angling parties. Theodore Hook says :

"Here lawyers free from legal toils,
And peers released from duty,
Enjoy at once kind Nature's smiles,
And eke the smiles of beauty."

But that was in the nineteenth century.

The parish contains the manors of Imworth or Ember Court, the manor of Weston, and the manor of Cleygate, with portions of three others. Weston appears to have been among the original endowments of the Abbey of Barking, and was held by them until the Dissolution, when it was annexed to the Honour of Hampton Court, and remained with the Crown until 1801, when it was sold to William Speer.

Cleygate was given to the Abbot of Westminster by Tosti, a son of Earl Godwin, and remained with them until the dissolution of the monasteries ; but the Abbot in 1539 granted a lease to Cuthbert Blakeden. After his death this was assigned to Julian Boothe, who probably remained in possession until the death of her second husband in 1548. In 1551 the estate was granted by Edward VI. to John Child, who sold it to David Vincent ; it afterwards descended with the rest of the Evelyn property.

Imworth, or Ember Court, in 1223 was held by Ralph de Immeworth, and was in the hands of that family until 1291, when it was held by Margaret, wife of Robert Aguillon ; in 1316 it was held by Robert de London ; in 1331 by Roger Salaman and his wife Alice. The title appears to have been in dispute between the Braose family and Salaman, and again with

John Holynebourne; but by the time of Henry VIII. the Braose family, represented by Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, were in possession; it was then added to the Chase of Hampton Court.

In 1630 it was granted by Charles I. to Sir Dudley Carleton, Viscount Dorchester; he died in the following year, and the estate went to his nephew of the same name, who resided at Ember Court. In 1649 he sold the estate to Edward Knipe. It afterwards passed to Shem Bridges, who died in 1711. Henry Bridges became heir to the estate, and in 1720 settled this and other estates on his niece, on her marriage with Arthur Onslow. Another niece also received estates, but dying without issue these also devolved on Arthur Onslow. He died in 1768, and the manor was sold by his son, Lord Cranley, in 1784, to George Porter. It was afterwards owned by the Fordes, Taylors, and Sullivans. The house was a large plain brick mansion, covered with cement; the grounds are now used as a racecourse.

South from this to the railway the fields are giving place to houses; here and there among the modern streets one may stumble on a pleasant old house dating from the seventeenth or early eighteenth century, but these are few.

ESHER

The northern part of the village of Esher is bounded by the gorse-clad expanse of Littleworth Common and the well-known racecourse, which takes its name from Sandon Hospital, a religious house formerly standing there. This was founded about the middle of the twelfth century by Robert de Wateville, and enriched by many subsequent benefactors.

One of these, William de Perci, gave twenty marks a year and a large estate in Leicestershire, in consideration for which the hospital had to maintain six chaplains, and keep a lamp and candle of two pounds weight continually burning before the altar of the Virgin Mary in the chapel, where the heart of the donor, and the body of his wife were buried. They also held lands in Dunsfold, Chessington, Walton, Kingston, and other parts of Surrey ; yet, for some obscure reason, the brethren were so poor in 1331, that a commission was appointed to investigate their circumstances. In 1338 all the brethren except the master died of the plague, and ten years later the plague again killed all the inmates of the hospital. At this time there perished in Surrey alone, twenty-eight abbots, abbesses, and priors, and about three hundred and fifty rectors and vicars ; in England, nine-tenths of the clergy died ; and Abbé Gasquet computes that half the entire population perished ; the higher proportion among the clergy would probably arise from contagion while performing the necessary offices for the plague-stricken community. It is not known how long Sandon remained vacant, but the next master was appointed in 1367. Misfortune still pursued them, and by 1436 the establishment was so reduced, that it was united to the Hospital of St. Thomas in Southwark.

Every trace of the building vanished soon after 1740 ; it was then occupied by five poor families ; the manor was re-annexed to Esher, and its further history is of no interest. The travellers' rest by the roadside known as "Wolsey's Well" is merely a sham antique erected by Mr. Pelham of Esher Place, and bears his initials. The older parts of Esher are

along the main road, from which newer streets spread in a fan shape towards the south-west, the space between being traversed by pleasant little alleys.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the next, the retired situation of the village attracted a few literary people; among these was the Rev. Philip Francis, father of the more celebrated Sir Philip; he opened a school here in 1751, but though he was a clever man, he proved an unsatisfactory schoolmaster. Gibbon, who was one of his pupils, comments on what he might have taught him if he had attended to his work more, and the pleasures of London less. His son was a boy of eleven when this school was opened, and probably resided for some years at Esher. William Howitt lived here for some time, and wrote a good deal about the village. Jane and Anna Porter, the authors of many popular novels, were long residents; their brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, painted an altarpiece for the old church; he was at one time a scene painter, and afterwards became known for his battle-pieces; appointed historical painter to the Czar of Russia in 1804, he married a Russian princess, and passed much of his life abroad; he died in 1842, and was buried in the old churchyard.

The modern church was erected in 1854, and is hardly old enough to have much history. The old church of St. George stands modestly behind the "Bear Inn," and is no longer used for divine service, but lectures are sometimes given there. Erected about the middle of the sixteenth century on, or near, the site of a much earlier church, it is small, much patched and altered, and yet retains considerable charm.

It is of interest from its association with many historic personages. The chamber pew—an ugly excrescence on the south side added by the 1st Duke of Newcastle—was afterwards divided into two for the use of the members of the households of Claremont and Esher Place; the north aisle was rebuilt in 1812. There are many memorials in the church, but the most interesting, that of Sir Francis Drake, Equerry to Queen Elizabeth, who died in 1603, has been transferred to the new building. The churchyard is large and contains many monuments; perhaps the most remarkable is that to Jacob Bright, in the angle of the south entrance.

One of the rectors became somewhat famous in the New World of the seventeenth century. This was Thomas Hooker, a prominent Nonconformist; after retiring to Holland on several occasions to escape arrest, he sailed with the Rev. John Cotton and others for New England in 1633, and became pastor of the Eighth Church in Massachusetts; he removed to Hartford, Connecticut, in 1636, and died of the pestilence in 1647.

Aubrey's story that the great Sir Francis Drake gave to the church a bell captured at San Domingo has been doubted, but it may be quite true. Hawkins and Drake were cousins, and many of their naval expeditions were family affairs; on at least one of Drake's voyages he was accompanied by six kinsmen, one of these being Richard Drake, who is said to have purchased Esher Place with part of his spoil from the Spanish Main. These men were pious in their own fashion and given to moral maxims and quotations from Scripture. Among the sailing directions of Hawkins, these phrases occur: "Serve

God daily! love one another; preserve your victuals; beware of fire, and keep good company." There is nothing remarkable in a man like these presenting a bell to the church.

The grounds of Esher Place—Sir Edgar Vincent—occupy the land north-west of the village from the main road to the River Mole. The present house is quite modern, and stands on a slight elevation backed by pine woods at a considerable distance from, and nearer the village, than the old palace of the Bishops of Winchester.

Of that great building there only remains the gateway, standing desolate beside the river, with flat meadows beyond, which in the early summer are gay with ragged robin, meadow sweet, and other moisture-loving plants. It is best seen from Weyland's Farm; when first visited, I found the tower so enveloped in creepers that all architectural detail was lost; in the late autumn of the following year it was enshrouded in scaffolding erected for its repair. The portion remaining dates from about 1475, the builder being Bishop Waynfleet, a native of a village bearing that name in Lincolnshire; he was one of the first provosts of Eton, where he erected some of the buildings at that school; and was also the founder of Magdalen College, Oxford; he did much to revive the use of brick, an art that had almost died out in England, and was a liberal-minded man.

The house built by him at Esher was on a large scale, with a great dining hall, chapel, and many apartments, fitted for the dignity and hospitality of his office: during the present restoration his arms, encircled with the motto of the Garter, were discovered under the plaster. He held the See until 1486;

and the Bishops who followed him used the house occasionally, but some of them, Fox especially, seem to have preferred the more breezy situation of their house at Farnham. Wolsey was appointed to the See in 1528, and intended to remodel the house as some compensation for the loss of Hampton Court; but in the following year, when he was commanded to repair at once to Esher, nothing had been done, and he found the house in poor condition. Stow says he lived with a numerous family of servants and retainers "the space of three or four weeks, without either beds, sheets, table cloths, dishes to eat their meat in, or wherewithal to buy any; although there was plenty of food, beer, and wine, he had to borrow dishes both to drink in and eat his meat in." At Halloween-tide he dismissed the most of his retinue, and Thomas Cromwell proceeded to London to look after his master's interests.

Whatever faults Wolsey had, he was then in a pitiable condition; his "Gracious Master" steadily proceeded with his schemes of ruin, while he—cat-like—occasionally sent a gracious message. Overwrought in mind and body, Wolsey fell sick at Christmas, and was like to die; Henry sent Dr. Buttes to visit him and report on his condition, and Cavendish gives the result: "How doth yonder man, have you seen him? Yea sir, quoth he; How do you like him? Forsooth sir, if you will have him dead, I warrant your Grace, he will be dead within these four days, if he receive no comfort from you shortly and Mistress Anne." Master Buttes was ordered to go and cure him, and the King sent a comfortable message, with a ring having the King's image within a ruby. "This ring he knoweth very well; for he gave me the same; . . . then

turning to Mistress Anne Boleyn he said, Good Sweetheart, I pray you at my instance to send the Cardinal a token with comfortable words. She took a tablet of gold hanging at her girdle and gave it to the doctor with very gentle and comfortable words."

One would think Wolsey ought to have known the inmost recesses of the King's mind; yet he was comforted for a little time, but presently again he could neither eat nor sleep so that "I cannot lyve," and he was allowed to remove to the drier air of Richmond. A few years afterwards Henry VIII. was making a deer forest of the countryside, and purchased Esher from Bishop Gardiner, and with other estates in the neighbourhood; in 1540 the manor was annexed to the Chase of Hampton Court.

It was retained by Edward VI., who appointed Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and his son Lord Lisle, as keepers, and ultimately they became owners; but on the accession of Queen Mary, Esher was handed back to the See of Winchester with North Wood in Cobham. Queen Elizabeth bought the manor from the Bishop and granted it to Charles, Lord Howard of Effingham; it was transferred by him to Richard Drake, by whom and his son Francis it was held until 1631. The manor passed through various hands until near the end of the seventeenth century, when Esher Place was separated, and sold by Mr. Latton to Peter de la Porte, one of the directors of the South Sea Company; after that bubble burst, it was seized and sold for the benefit of the creditors, and in 1729 became the property of Henry Pelham. By that time little of the mansion was left except the gateway, and Mr. Pelham employed Kent

to make large additions to it. These did not meet the approval of Horace Walpole, who severely criticised the architect; but Esher's groves, "where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love," became a subject for the poets. It was held by the Pelham family until 1805, when it was sold to Mr. Spicer, who erected a new house on higher ground, and pulled down all Kent's work, leaving the tower only. It is said that the ivy which has overgrown it was planted by Mr. Spicer.

Weylands Farm, on the opposite side of the river, was the scene of many improvements in the methods of agriculture in the days of George III. The tenant, William Duckett, was a personal friend of the King, and was often visited by him, and by many noblemen who were interested in farming. Arthur Young writes of Mr. Duckett and his methods with high praise.

The history of Claremont as a place of residence begins in the days of Queen Anne, when Sir John Vanbrugh, dramatist and architect, having built Castle Howard, Blenheim, and other great mansions for his clients, bought a small piece of land here and made a little house for himself; this stood on the low ground in front of the present residence. After a time he sold the place to Thomas Pelham Holles, Earl of Clare, and afterwards Duke of Newcastle, who made additions to the house, and enlarged the estate by some purchases of land and considerable enclosures from the adjoining heath; he also erected a castellated prospect-house on the high ground, and called it Clare Mont. Much wood was planted, and the grounds laid out by Kent, the painter and landscape gardener.

The Duke died in 1768, and, as his brother Henry Pelham of Esher Place had died before him, the title became extinct.

The property was sold to Lord Clive, who did not consider that the Duke's house or his grounds were good enough, and employed Lancelot Brown to remodel the grounds and build an entirely new house, without any limitation of expense.

Vanbrugh's house and Kent's gardening were ruthlessly swept away, and a new mansion erected on the higher ground.

The country people having heard rumours of Clive's cruelties in India, his solitary habits and morose temper, said the walls were built so thick in order to keep out the Devil when he came to claim the wicked lord. Even among educated people, Indian nabobs were cordially disliked; many of them had risen from obscurity to great wealth by doubtful methods, and when they retired their money was spent in vulgar ostentation; they were blamed for raising the price of everything, from fresh eggs to rotten boroughs.

Clive had already built a great house in Shropshire, and this one was finished at a cost of £100,000, to the satisfaction of all concerned. By that time, however, Clive's health had given way, largely in consequence of the attacks made on his administration of affairs in India and the appointment of a select committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the matter, and if he lived in the house at all, it could only have been for a short time before he killed himself in his town house in Berkeley Square in 1774. This event did not improve the value of the estate, and it was sold to Viscount Galway for a comparatively small sum; from him it passed to the Earl of Tyrconnel, who sold it in 1807 to Charles Rose Ellis, by whom it was conveyed to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests in the same year, to provide a residence for Princess

Charlotte and her husband, Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. She died here in 1817; her husband continued to reside at Claremont until 1831, when he was elected King of the Belgians. The place was a favourite residence of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert for a number of years; and when Louis-Philippe took refuge in England in 1848 Claremont was assigned to him; he died there in 1850, and his Queen continued to occupy the house until her death in 1866. It was then, by Act of Parliament, given to Queen Victoria for her life, and has since been occupied by various members of the Royal Family, including the Princess Louise. For some time past it has been the residence of the Duchess of Albany, who is lady of the manors of Esher and Millbourne.

The house is a large one, measuring 135 feet by 102 feet, three storeys high, and built of brick with stone dressings; there is a portico in front, and some of the apartments are of great size and magnificence.

MOLESEY

A lane on the west of Weylands Farm leads northwards towards Molesey, flat alluvial land, on the verge of a region of new streets, reservoirs, and racecourses.

The church of East Molesey was damaged by fire in 1863 and was afterwards taken down entirely, a new church being built on the site.

The only thing of general interest now is the brass, removed from the old church, of Anthonie Standen, "cup bearer to the King of Scotland, sometime Lord Darnley, father to King James of England . . .; who, after much experience of the various

state of humane things, marrying bequeathed himself to a quiet and private life, where notwithstanding evermore endeavouring (although with his own cost) to make peace between those that were at debate, promoting the poor man's cause often with his own expense, and full of other pious works . . . he died in 1611; Elizabeth, his widow, hath placed this as a remembrance of him." Considering the stirring times of his employment, no doubt the good man was glad to "bequeathe" himself to a quiet life.

West Molesey Church has also been rebuilt, and its only notable objects are a late-seventeenth-century pulpit and three brasses; from two of these the inscriptions have gone. The other records Thomas Brende, two wives, and eighteen children; he died in 1598.

The long meadow of Molesey Hurst, famous for duels and prize fights in bygone days, is now a racecourse; and, I think, the great reservoir towards Walton covers the site of Apps Court, with its memories of Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, who wrote *The Town and Country Mouse*, carried Paterson's scheme for the creation of the Bank of England into effect, and invented the iniquitous window tax, the effects of which can still be studied in many old houses in Surrey and elsewhere. His companion here was Mrs. Catherine Barton, a famous beauty of her day, whose name is mentioned by Dryden and by Swift, and was supposed to be his wife. She was a step-sister of Sir Isaac Newton, and after the death of Halifax she married Mr. Conduitt, who succeeded Newton as Master of the Mint.

The manors of East and West Molesey are somewhat entangled, and it is not easy to determine how far they are

represented by the old names of Molesey Prior and Molesey Matham; the former is supposed to have been given by Gilbert Norman to the Priory of Merton; when Henry VIII. was making the Chase of Hampton Court, Molesey Prior, or East Molesey, was leased from the Prior by Sir Thomas Heneage, and obtaining a new grant he resigned it to the King with certain reservations.

In 1571, Queen Elizabeth made a grant of the land held by Heneage to Anthony Crane. Subsequent grants for a term of years were made to Sir James Clarke in 1697, and others, but since 1775 the lease has always, with one exception, been given to the holders of Molesey Matham or West Molesey, which was held at the Domesday Survey by Odard, described as an engineer; his descendants assumed the name of de Mulesee, and then the name of Matham. In 1359, according to an inquisition taken, the lands were held by the service of finding one light horseman in the war against Wales for forty days, at the cost of Sampson de Matham, and after that time at the King's cost.

Molesey Matham was settled by Sampson on his eldest son, Hamelin de Matham, who married a daughter of Richard Lyons, a wealthy wine merchant and lapidary of London, who had been Sheriff in 1374, and, according to Grafton, Wat Tyler had once been in his service, and took the opportunity of having his old master beheaded, in revenge for a beating administered while in his service. The manor remained with this Matham family until 1455, when it was sold to Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester, who settled it on Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The manor was exchanged for other lands when Henry VIII. was making his Chase.

In the two following reigns it passed through several hands,

and in 1585 was leased by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Christopher Edmondes and Dorothy his wife, and passed to Sir John Lytcott as her heir; in 1633 he purchased the fee simple. In 1647 the manor was purchased by Henry Pickering, and sold by him to James Clarke, sergeant of the chandry (candlemaker) to Charles II., and clerk of the kitchen to King William and Queen Anne. He died in 1709, and the estate passed by the marriage of his daughter to Sir James Clarke; from their descendants it passed to Thomas Sutton and Sir Beaumont Hotham by sale. Captain Hotham is now lord of the manor.

WALTON AND WEYBRIDGE

Walton on Thames has still a considerable number of old dwellings between the church and the river, while a new town is rising by the railway station, about a mile distant, where pleasant villas are being thrust into the woods with studied irregularity.

In the old town, the parish church and the manor house are the only things of general interest.

The church is of ancient date, some of the piers being Norman; but the building has been so patched, outside and in, with flint, stone, chalk, brick and plaster, that it is difficult to guess the age of any part of it. The square tower is propped by buttresses of such enormous size that they give the impression of thrusting over, instead of supporting, the edifice. The interior is in keeping with the outside; the staggering, overweighted columns have been pushed out of plumb by the heavy eighteenth-century galleries, the wooden pillars of these

being bent by the weight above them; and many of the old window mullions are so perished that it is a wonder they keep their place.

The organ was built by Father Schmidt, and several of the memorials are worthy of notice. They are all overshadowed by the huge monument to Richard Boyle, 2nd Viscount Shannon; a long inscription records his services, beginning as a youth at the battle of the Boyne and ending as Field Marshal in 1740. This is the work of Roubiliac. The materials are grey and white marble, and probably it is the finest work by this sculptor, but it is on an overwhelming scale when placed in a little country church. Chantry's monument to Christopher D'Oyley and his wife Sarah is like a toy beside it; that lady was a granddaughter of Sir Hans Sloane, and one of Chantry's earliest patrons.

There are memorials to Mary, wife of Sir Thomas Williams, Sir Henry Fletcher, Thomas Kirby, Henry Skrine, and others. The Selwyn brasses are now screwed on to a board; these represent John Selwyn, keeper of Her Majesty's park at Oatlands, who died in 1587, his wife, and their five sons and six daughters; with another showing the keeper riding on the back of a stag which he is in the act of killing. He is said to have performed this feat for the special gratification of Queen Elizabeth, guiding it so that the animal fell dead at her feet. A slightly different version is engraved on the back of the plate, but this cannot now be seen.

By the altar is a slab to Jerome Weston, Earl of Portland, Baron of Nayland; he died at Ashley Park, 1662. The only other monument of note is that "black marble stone" which

cost Elias Ashmole £6, 4s. 6d. to place over the grave of William Lilly. This was at the left side of the communion table; the stone was moved to another position some fifty years ago. Wherever placed, it is a monument to human credulity and successful knavery, though it is hardly fit for the twentieth century to point the finger of scorn at the seventeenth in these matters.

This man was a clerk in the employment of a London merchant, who died and left a widow with a little money. Lilly married her, and then took up the study of astrology, casting of horoscopes, and prediction of future events. He was no greybeard wizard, being only thirty-two when he obtained permission from the Dean of Westminster to search in the Abbey for hidden treasure; he and his companions were scared from their task by a great storm, which he attributed to the powers of Hell, but claimed in after years that only his restraint of these prevented the Abbey being laid in ruins. No treasure was found. From 1644 onwards he issued an almanac of predictions, and in time his advice was sought on all sorts of mysteries.

In 1648 he and another were sent by the Parliamentary party to encourage the troops at the siege of Colchester with pleasant predictions—much as the ancient bards were sent to the front before a battle to brag against, and cast scorn on, their opponents. Lilly was so successful that he received a pension. He had his little troubles, being imprisoned for a time after the Restoration, and again on suspicion that he was concerned in the Great Fire of London; but these were only ripples on the stream of his prosperity: he bought land from time to time,

became a country gentleman, churchwarden of Walton, and died in the odour of sanctity.

A scolds' bridle is still preserved in the vestry; not many of these things remain in existence now, but formerly they were as ordinary instruments of justice as the stocks, pillory, and ducking stool.

Nearly opposite the church what is locally called the Manor House has ogee gables covered with cement, but showing no sign of age. Near this, in a narrow lane, a building with four semicircular columns in the gable is something of a puzzle; it is now divided into tenements, and the occupants have a ready store of legends for strangers who seem interested. "Used to have panelled rooms and fine chimley-pieces, and was 'aunted by the ghost of a wicked judge. No! I never seen him; ain't much room for ghosts 'mong us and all them children,"—which was quite true. I was searching for the old manor house associated with Bradshaw, which was said to exist near the church; but this brickwork was certainly not older than the eighteenth century, and though the legend was similar, this could not be the place. Presently I discovered 1728 carved on the front; that settled the matter. Then the quest was resumed towards the river; on the way there were many old houses, but none appeared to date back to the Commonwealth. The river is a quiet stream at Walton, bordered on the Middlesex side with level fields, willows, and hedgerow elms; a pleasant spot for those who can spend the summer days upon the tranquil waters. Cows stand in the shallows, and boats drift slowly past, but the bridges and other features which Turner painted are changed, and it is doubtful if he would have

painted the scene as it is. The old bridge, built of oak by Samuel Decker in 1747, was picturesque; its successor, built by James Paine, was the one in Turner's picture. The present bridge, iron girders on brick piers, is doubtless more convenient than either, but I cannot see any pictorial qualities in it.

Resuming my search, a glimpse of a Tudor chimney appeared at the end of a mean little court of modern cottages and hope rose again, and I was directed to the house of the owner, Mr. Bridges, who readily gave me permission to enter, and at the far end of his beautiful garden I found the object of my search.

The old house has lost some of the details shown in the drawing given by Brayley, but in the main it remains the same—dating apparently from late in the sixteenth century, a long low centre, with higher and slightly projecting gabled wings of two floors at each end, and tiled roof.

The plan and arrangement is that of the very early manor houses, the centre part being the great hall, used in common by all the household in the daytime and where domestics and slaves slept at night, the apartments at either end being allotted to the ladies and gentlemen respectively. At what time it ceased to be used as the manor house does not appear to be known, but probably when the newer house near the church was built. By the middle of the nineteenth century it had been divided into six or seven tenements for very poor people, and is then described as dilapidated, dirty, squalid, and unwholesome, though some of the panelling and the carved chimneypiece remained.

From this condition it was rescued by the present owner and restored to something like its former arrangement. It is no longer tenanted, but is used for meetings and entertainments.

Some of the panelling remains, and there are bits of armour on the walls ; part of the roof timbers are visible, but above the tie beams a garret has been inserted with two dormer windows towards the west ; two on the other side and a doorway with a porch have been removed. The small rooms in the nearest wing are decayed, but the house remains a most interesting specimen of the domestic architecture of the period. There are traditions of the house having been occupied by two famous judges.

John Bradshaw, one of those who condemned Charles I. Of him Milton wrote : "His glory is much exalted above that of all the other tyrannicides, as it is more humane, more just, and more strikingly grand, judicially to condemn a tyrant than to put him to death without a trial." The warrant for the King's execution is said to have been signed in this house, but a similar story is told about Bury Hall near Edmonton, where Bradshaw lived for some time ; in both instances the ghost of the judge was supposed to haunt the house.

Some fifty years after Bradshaw's tenancy at Walton, this house is said to have been occupied by Chief Justice Jeffreys—a character more likely to provide a grisly ghost.

No manifestations have occurred since the time when the house was occupied by poor families.

There are several large houses around Walton, but few of these are of much interest. Ashley Park, adjoining the town on the south, is partly of Elizabethan date, and many legends are attached to it about Wolsey, Henry VIII., Thomas Cromwell and Oliver Cromwell, underground passages and haunted rooms.

Its erection is ascribed to Cardinal Wolsey, but there is no

proof, and it is unlikely. The estate was acquired by Henry VIII. when extending his Chase. It remained the property of the Crown during the next three reigns, though leased from time to time. James I. granted it to Christopher Villiers, a younger brother of his favourite Buckingham, and it remained with his heirs, Sheldons, Bannings, Westons, Anglesea, and Shelley, until 1668, when it passed to Lord Arundell; who was succeeded by Sir Walter Clarges, Sir Richard Pyne, and others until 1718, when it was purchased by Richard Boyle, Viscount Shannon, who greatly altered the house. He died in 1740, and was succeeded by his daughter Grace, who was the wife of Charles Sackville, Earl of Middlesex, and erected the monument in Walton Church. At her death in 1763 she bequeathed the estate to her cousin, Colonel Stephenson; at his death, in 1786, it passed to her nephew, Sir Henry Fletcher, at one time Chairman of the East India Company; from his descendants it passed to the Sassoons, and is now the residence of Joseph S. Sassoon, Esq.

As seen from the road, the house has few of its original features remaining; it is entirely covered with creeper, and all the windows have been modernised; the great hall is said to be a fine apartment. For some reason, the front gates are entirely blocked by the growth of cedars, so that only pedestrians may pass.

Another distinguished naval officer was a native of Walton, Admiral Sir George Bridges Rodney, son of Henry Rodney, commander of the yacht of George I. The King and the Duke of Chandos acted as sponsors at his baptism, hence his name. The house in which he was born has long vanished.

There were four manors in Walton; sometimes they were joined, sometimes separated. Walton Manor was about the time of the Conquest held by Edward of Salisbury, who gave it to his daughter Maud on her marriage with Humphrey de Bohun. The last male of the de Bohuns here, died in 1373, leaving two daughters; one married Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester; the other, Henry of Bolingbroke, eldest son of John of Gaunt, and afterwards Henry IV. At different times the descendants of the de Bohuns endeavoured to obtain the manor, but it was retained by the Crown and sometimes leased. In 1612, James I. granted a lease to Francis Drake; in 1632, Charles I. granted a lease to Sir Henry Brown and John Cliffe. It was seized by the Parliament, and some interest in it was acquired by Lilly the astrologer in 1650. In 1678 Francis Drake was lord of the manor. It went with Oatlands to the Duke of York, and was sold to Mr. Hughes in 1827.

Walton Leigh was held at the end of the thirteenth century by Avelina, widow of John de Leghe; her son disposed of part to Sampson de Matham, but the remainder descended to Giles Leigh, from whom it was purchased by Henry VIII. Charles I. in 1629 leased it to Christopher, Earl of Anglesea, whose widow married Benjamin Weston; ultimately it went to the Duke of York, and then to Mr. Hughes.

The manor of Apse was held at the Domesday Survey by nine Thanes, not subject to any lord; they were evicted, and apparently the Abbot of Chertsey became the owner for a time, but it returned to the King. It was leased under a peculiar service which is said to still exist. According to the Testa de Nevill, Richard Blund, William son of Gunnild, William son of

Gilbert, and Osbert Malherbe, held half a hide (fifty or sixty acres) in Apse for distributing in alms, and giving a barrel of ale on All Souls' Day annually, for the benefit of the souls of the King and his ancestors.

In 1319 the widow of Ralph de Hevere held twenty-four acres in Apse by the service of furnishing fifteen bushels of malt for ale, two and a half bushels of corn for bread, one hog or twelve pence to be given in alms on All Souls' Day for the souls of the kings of England. The estate remained with the families of Hevere and Brocas until 1394, though it had been seized for debt by Sir William Crosyer of Stoke D'Aternon in 1362, who afterwards obtained entire possession.

In 1542 and afterwards, the owners of various portions were John Carleton, John Agmondesham and Eleanor his wife, Robert Benne, Cuthbert Blakeden, Francis Leigh and Mary his wife. Francis Leigh was created Baron Dunsmore in 1629 and Earl of Chichester in 1644; at his death, in 1653, the estate descended to his son-in-law, Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, whose only surviving daughter married Joceline, Earl of Northumberland, and after his death Ralph, Earl of Montague. Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, sold the estate to Jeremiah Brown, and it has since been sold several times. Brayley records that a barrel of ale and a quarter of corn, in bread, are still distributed to the poor annually on All Souls' Day by the owner of the property.

The manor of the Rectory belonged to the Legh family, and the Mathams, from early in the thirteenth century. About the end of the fourteenth it came into the hands of Bowett, Archbishop of York, who founded a chantry in his cathedral and

endowed it with two acres of land in Walton and the advowson of the church.

In 1542 the Rectory was leased by the chantry priests to John Carleton and his wife. In 1584 it came into the hands of the Drakes, and remained with their descendants until the nineteenth century.

The Oatlands estate has had a varied history. It had been purchased about 1500 by Bartholomew Rede, a wealthy goldsmith, who, two years later, when Lord Mayor, distinguished himself by having a jewel (probably a pearl), value one thousand marks, reduced to powder and mixed in a cup of wine, which he drank, merely to show some foreign guests how great a sovereign Henry VII. must be, when his subjects could afford that sort of liquor.

It was still held by his family when Henry VIII. was forming his Chase. The King offered William Rede some lands at Tanridge, near Godstone, in exchange, these being the lands of the Priory there. While negotiations were proceeding, Rede died, leaving a child son as his heir. This was the King's opportunity: the Priory lands were retained, and Sir Thomas Cromwell appointed guardian to the boy; in that capacity he was able to convey the Oatlands estate to the King in 1538.

Even before these shabby legal fictions were completed, the King had builders at work erecting a new palace.

The desolated abbeys of Chertsey, Bisham, and Abingdon were ransacked for stone and marble; bricks were made at Woking, and builders, hewers, and carpenters worked day and night to complete the palace, which was done in about two years and a half.

For his orchards he took all the apple, pear, and cherry trees in the gardens of Chertsey Abbey. The furniture was covered with velvet and cloth of gold; the walls hung with tapestry from France and Flanders; and on the floors were carpets from Turkey.

All this was done so hastily in honour of a new bride, Anne of Cleves; but before the house was completed, the lady had proved unacceptable, had been divorced, and another married. On the principle, probably, of one house one wife, a new dwelling was begun for the latest consort at Nonsuch, near Cheam. This the King did not live to see finished.

Oatlands was consigned to the keeping of Sir Anthony Browne, and saw very little more of Henry VIII. Sometimes Princess Mary lived there; and in 1548 Edward VI. kept court at Oatlands with Protector Somerset.

Philip and Mary came in 1555 from Hampton Court, and on the way the only miracle associated with her name took place. "A poor man on crutches met her on the way, and was cured of his lameness by looking on the Queen"; thus showing that artful people are not a development of modern times.

Elizabeth was often at Oatlands in the early part of her reign, and towards the end of it, in 1602, the year before her death, she shot with a crossbow in the paddock. On some earlier visit she took part in the slaying of the stag by John Selwyn, which is recorded on the brass at Walton Church.

James I. occasionally visited the place, and his Queen had a silkworm-room built, to aid his endeavours towards establishing the silk trade in England. Their son, Prince Henry, kept house at Oatlands in 1603.

The place was settled by Charles I. on his Queen, Henrietta Maria, and their youngest son, Henry, was born here in 1640; it was last visited by Charles I. in 1647.

In the year following his execution the house was dismantled and razed to the ground, the deer sold, much of the timber felled, and the land thrown open. A few fragments of the building were left standing, and these, with the land, were returned to the Queen Dowager after the Restoration. In 1661 a lease was granted to Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, and afterwards second husband of Henrietta Maria; this was renewed in 1671, two years after her death, at a rental of twenty shillings. He afterwards sold his interest to Chief Justice Sir Edward Herbert, who fled at the fall of James II., and the estate was forfeited, but returned by William III. to Herbert's elder brother, the Earl of Torrington; in 1716 he bequeathed it to the seventh Earl of Lincoln, who built a new house on higher ground and a gateway towards Walton.

He died in 1728, and was succeeded by his son Henry, who married a niece of the Duke of Newcastle and succeeded that nobleman in the title in 1768. He enlarged the house and grounds, formed the great lake, and spent about £14,000 in building the "Grotto," three Italians being employed for over twenty years on the work. This still remains—a monument of misapplied ingenuity and an example of the taste of that time.

The next owner was the Duke of York in 1790; the house was destroyed by fire three years later, and the present building erected shortly afterwards.

When the commons of Walton and Weybridge were en-

closed in 1800 the Duke added a thousand acres to his estate from these, besides purchasing several other properties in the neighbourhood, making his demesne up to nearly three thousand acres.

It is unnecessary to say anything about the Duke's life at Oatlands; plenty may be found in the Letters and Memoirs of the period; but his Duchess, who lived much there until her death in 1820, endeared herself to all classes, and her memory survives, after nearly a century, as a real lady bountiful, whose kindness was extended to man, beast, and bird alike.

The increasing debts of the Duke compelled the sale of the property, and after passing through various hands the house was converted into an hotel and much of the land parcelled out and built on.

The Grotto Road passes near some old garden walls, with a flat arched gateway, which may have belonged to the house of Henry VIII.; but, except these, no trace is left of the palace, which covered fourteen acres of the meadow between the present park and the Thames.

The modern streets of Weybridge cover the ground where stood Ham Farm, a house rebuilt by the Duke of Norfolk in the time of Charles II. John Evelyn did not think much of it when he visited there in 1678: "A miserable, barren, sandy place by the street side; never in my life had I seen so much expense to so small purpose."

The house had been the property of Mrs. Bickerton, whom the Duke married, and he had then spent £10,000 on new building. After his death the lady married again, and the property was sold to Catherine Sedley, one of the mistresses of

James II.; her daughter married the Earl of Portmore, and this became their residence. The last of these Earls died in 1835, but for a number of years before that, owing to family quarrels, the house was deserted and became ruinous; the villagers not only carried the furniture away, but also the materials of the house itself, so that only a fragment remained for final demolition in 1830. The piers of the gateway still stand by the side of the street leading from the green to the river; they are heavy, dull, and ineffective in design.

The river at Weybridge, with its islands, backwaters, and lock, is very pretty in a quiet way.

On the village green stands the column erected by the inhabitants as a memorial to the Duchess of York; this has a rather curious history. It is the identical column mentioned by Evelyn on 5th October 1694 as having at that time been erected by Mr. Neale near St. Giles, afterwards giving a name to the district, which is still in use, namely, Seven Dials. It stood there for eighty years, and when taken down it was removed to Sayes Court, Addlestone, probably by Payne, the architect of Kew and Chertsey bridges. For fifty years the stones lay there, until the idea occurred to some of the people of Weybridge that it would make an excellent memorial to the lately deceased Duchess of York. It was then purchased and erected here; but instead of the old dials it was surmounted by a royal coronet, a suitable inscription being placed on the pedestal.

At that time it is possible that the townspeople had some feeling of shyness about their second-hand monument; but this can no longer exist, and it is worthy of their consideration

whether an inscription should not now be added, giving a brief history of the column itself.

The church has been entirely rebuilt, but contains a few monuments of interest from the older building: one to Admiral Hopson, who died in 1717, completing his list of forty-two battles by forcing the boom at Vigo, enabling Sir George Rooke to enter, take, and destroy all the enemy's ships; one by Chantry to the Duchess of York; one to Katherine and Mary Horneck, the "little comedy" and "Jessamy bride," friends of Goldsmith; several to the Sedleys and Portmores; a brass to Thomas Inwood with his three wives and children, 1586; and one to John Wylde with his two wives and children, 1598.

By the common is the chapel of St. Charles Borromeo, erected in 1836 as a mausoleum for the family of Louis-Philippe, but most of the bodies have been removed to France.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the town is the atmosphere of sport in which it lives; besides the older fashioned amusements of boating, fishing, golf, and horse-racing there are the newer ones of motor racing and flying; so that, on the whole, their leisure moments are well provided for.

The manor belonged to Chertsey Abbey at the Domesday survey, but about the end of the twelfth century the Abbot sold the advowson of the church to the priory of Newark. After the dissolution the manor was vested in the Crown, though the land was leased. Henry E. Paine, Esq., is now lord of the manor.

Beyond the bridge on the west is Ham Farm, formerly a place of importance. This manor was granted to Chertsey Abbey by Henry II. and leased by the Abbot to Thomas Santerre, from

whom it passed to John de Hamme and Alice, his wife. In 1331 Thomas de Hamme had a licence from the Bishop of Winchester to hear Divine service in his private chapel. Some time in the fifteenth century the manor passed into other hands, and in 1482 was held by Sir Thomas St. Leger, esquire of the body to Edward IV. He bestowed it on the chantry which he had founded in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

In Aubrey's time Ham Haw was "a fair house with a great moat and encompassed with trees, and had been the residence of Admiral Sir George Askew, and afterwards of Dr. Thomas Willis, who had bought the lease from the Dean and Canons of Windsor; about 1731 it was bought by the Earl of Portmore, whose grounds adjoined it on the other side of the Wey, and in later days the lease was held by the Hon. Peter Locke King. It is now merely a farmhouse with no sign of its former greatness. The name "Haw" which occurs in two places here seems to be a form of "haugh"—flat land by a riverside.

Adjoining this, on the west, is Woburn Park, the history of it being a reverse of the other. Originally this was a small farm bearing the name of Cocks lands; it then became Woburn Farm, twenty-five acres in extent. It was bought in 1735 from Mrs. Hornby by Philip Southcote, a member of the ancient family of that name at Albury in Merstham, and was increased by him to one hundred and fifty acres, and made into an ornamental farm at great expense, he being even allowed by the Dean and Canons of Windsor to shift the high road. The farm was an object of great admiration in the eighteenth century; its prospects and arrangements were celebrated in prose and verse.

Mr. Southcote died in 1758 and his wife in 1783. She, in her will, settled it on her friend and kinsman, Lord Petre; his grandson sold it in 1814 to Vice-Admiral Sterling, from whose executors it was purchased by Lady King in 1836. Since then the house and estate has been much enlarged, and is now known as Woburn Park; a chapel was added by the Earl of Kilmorey. In recent years the house was converted into a Roman Catholic College.

BYEFLEET AND WISLEY

A pleasant walk by the towpath of the canal leads southward to the road between Byefleet village and the railway station, where a new village of better-class houses is rapidly springing up, with a church just finished, which is a credit to its designer. Even now it is a handsome and picturesque building, something altogether different from the usual bald ugliness which distinguishes buildings of that sort erected during the last century.

There is little to note in the old village; a few of the cottages are picturesque, and several large mansions of comparatively modern date stand close to the roads, among their poorer neighbours.

The church stands at some distance south from the village, and was restored in 1865. The wooden belfry, supported by heavy timbers, may have been built about the end of the fifteenth century; there are fragments of earlier work on the building, but in the main it is new. The pulpit dates from the early years of the seventeenth century; there is a brass to Thomas Teylar, who was rector in 1480, and two mural tablets with

inscriptions diverse in matter, yet curiously resembling each other in the stately flowing language which records the virtues and accomplishments of the deceased.

One of these is to Robert Sparkes, many years a member of the Council at Bombay, who died in 1813; the other is to the memory of Joseph Spence, M.A., who died in 1768. This gentleman was the friend and patron of Stephen Duck; after being for ten years Professor of Poetry at Oxford, he became travelling tutor to the young Earl of Lincoln, and his devotion was rewarded by the loan of a house and garden at Byefleet, where he became acquainted with the labourer poet, and brought him to the notice of Queen Caroline, who became his patron, enabled him to study, take Holy orders, and ultimately procured the living at Byefleet for him in 1752; four years afterwards Duck became afflicted with melancholy and drowned himself at Reading; a similar fate accidentally befell Mr. Spence in his own garden here, twelve years afterwards.

The old village is near the Brooklands racing track, and all the inhabitants are learned in the ways of motor-cars that fly on the earth and motor-cars that fly in the heavens; they can see or hear these modern products of civilisation at any hour of the day, and the airman has become to them something of the demigod that the successful jockey is near a race-course.

Across the level fields from the old church a path goes east to Byefleet Park—sandy soil and miserable crops; twelve months ago there was corn seven inches high, after a hot summer; this year after much rain the result is no better.

The house stands solitary by the river Wey, which bends

round two sides of the grounds and provides an ornamental backwater for the fine gardens; the oldest part of the building faces to the north, and appears to date from the early years of the seventeenth century; modern farm buildings adjoin it on the western side; it is screened by a high brick wall, and the mouldered gateway from which the ironwork has gone, opens on a little green courtyard with a cedar of perhaps a century's growth; a rough open green lies outside the wall, and the avenue is now merely a road by the riverside for half a mile to the gate near a bridge, the other side of the river being occupied by the beautiful grounds of a modern house.

Byefleet Park has a considerable history; after the Conquest the earliest owner of note was Geoffrey de Lucy, who held the lands from the Abbot of Chertsey by military service; he died in 1284, and his son Geoffrey sold the tenancy of the manor in 1294 to Henry de Leybourne, who was with Edward I. at the siege of Caerlaverock, and received the honour of knighthood for his services there.

The manor in some way came into the possession of Edward I., and he is said to have sometimes lived there. When Edward II. ascended the throne he gave the manor to that gay soldier friend of his youth, who had been banished by Edward I. —it would have saved the new King much trouble if he had left him in exile. Gaveston was created Earl of Cornwall, and, relying on the favour of Edward II., he soon goaded the Barons into fury by his reckless wit and reckless deeds; and, though it took some time, he had in the end to pay for his taunts by the loss of his head in 1312. The King then appointed Humphrey de Walden as steward of the manor, and occasionally lived at

Byefleet Park, as he had done when it was held by Piers Gaveston.

From this house he issued the warrants for the suppression of the Knights Templars in 1307, and at least one other document bears his signature from here in 1308.

In 1331 Edward III. granted the manor to his brother John, Duke of Cornwall, who died in Scotland during the expedition against Baliol four years later. The King then settled it on his eldest son and his heirs, as Dukes of Cornwall; it reverted to the Crown at the death of Richard II., and was settled by Henry IV. on his son Henry, who granted the occupation of it to Sir Francis Court and his wife. In 1447 the sum of £64, 7s. 4d. was paid out of the Exchequer to John Penycok, valet of the King's robes, "in advance for repairs done at Byefleet Park; to a bridge within the park, and for repairing a certain lodge there to keep rabbits within the said park."

About 1486 Sir Thomas Bourchier held the office of Keeper, and it is said that Henry VIII. was sent there to be nursed or fostered—in after days quite a number of people must have been sorry that the rearing of this infant was so successful.

Whether the King retained pleasing memories of the old house under the hill, with the quiet river flowing by, or not, he annexed it to the Chase formed by him at Hampton Court, giving to the Duchy of Cornwall in exchange an estate in Berkshire.

Sir Anthony Browne obtained a grant of part of the estate in the time of Henry VIII. and built, or rebuilt, a house here, as well as at West Horsley, and died at Byefleet House in 1548. No owner appears during the following reigns, and probably the house went to decay. James I. settled Byefleet Park and manor

on his son Henry, and after his death in 1611 on Anne of Denmark.

The Queen immediately began to build a noble house of brick, but did not finish the work; this was done by Sir James Fullerton, one of the King's favourites. After the Restoration it was included in the grant of Oatlands to Henrietta, the Queen Dowager, who had married Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans; it was in his possession when Evelyn visited the place in 1678, but the diarist gives no description further than saying it was a large old building, being apparently more engrossed in watching the manufacture of paper at the mill near by.

The estate was subsequently purchased by the Duke of York in 1804, and passed from him to E. Ball Hughes, by whom a large portion was sold in 1829 to Lord King, who bequeathed it to his younger son, P. J. Locke King.

From this eastward I found that some of the paths by Foxwarren were no longer available, and country folks informed me that those over St. George's Hill were also stopped; and the hill, famous for its fir woods and far-extended views, its ancient British Camp, and its memories as the spot where John Lilburne and his followers started to dig and plant for a living from the soil, was being converted into a golf-course; the trees were being cut down, and the various hazards formed which are necessary for the serious pursuit of that game.

Returning across the fields, a lane to the south leads towards Wisley church, a little place with nave and chancel only, and perhaps fifty feet in length altogether; the north doorway is late Norman, and an arch of similar date separates the two parts of the church; there are two recesses in the south wall of the nave,

also round headed, and two pointed recesses on the north side of the chancel arch. The roof is modern, but of old timber, and there is only one inscription: Restored, 1872, in memory of Charles Buxton, M.P., of Foxwarren.

It has always been an agricultural parish, thinly populated, and none of the lords of the manor appear to have left much mark on the church or have been laid in the tiny graveyard; it is curious to find such a building without a tomb or memorial to show some connection with the past eight centuries of its existence, but it is so here, although the Black Prince was once patron of the living. From a corner of the churchyard there is a path across the fields over another branch of the Wey and the canal at Blue Anchor lock towards Pyrford—poor land and poorly cultivated; the parishes were reckoned together as the curacy of Pyrford was annexed to Wisley in 1631.

Anciently the manor was held in a mixed-up way between the family of Brywes and Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, son of Henry III.; in 1337 it was owned by Sir Robert Fitzpaine, from whom it passed to the De Greys of Codnor, thence to the Poynings—one of whom, Sir Richard, was killed at the siege of Orleans in 1429—when the estates went to his granddaughter, who married Sir Henry Percy, son of "Hotspur"; he was killed at the first battle of St. Albans, and at her death the estates returned to the Poynings. Towards the close of the fifteenth century the Coverts of Hascombe were the owners, and they were succeeded by Sir John Wolley of Pyrford. His son, Sir Francis, became the owner on the death of his mother in 1604, and died six years later without legitimate issue; the estates passed to his cousin, Sir Arthur Maynwaring. About 1640 they

were transferred to Sir Richard Parkhurst, and after the death of his son they were purchased by Denzil Onslow of Pyrford, and afterwards exchanged by the first Earl of Onslow for Paperworth in Send, then owned by the sixth Lord King. The Countess of Lovelace is now owner and lady of the manor. There is only one farmhouse and its buildings near the church; these form the boundary of the little churchyard. The house is rather picturesque and has some late Tudor features.

The village, if it can be called so, is some distance to the east—a few scattered houses on the verge of the woods and rough ground of the common, which is covered with bracken, furze, and heather, with clumps of birch and blackthorn extending southwards almost to the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society.

ADDLESTONE

The village of Addlestone straggles along the road towards Ottershaw, with various new portions breaking out here and there, and in itself is not particularly interesting. It contains, however, one of the most ancient trees in Britain, the Crouch Oak. This is some distance west from the railway station, in a road turning off the main street at a public-house bearing the somewhat novel sign of the "Magnet" and near the Village Homes founded by Princess Mary in 1871.

According to tradition, this was one of the boundary marks of Windsor Forest, taking its name from the crutch or cross placed on it. Even now, when it has been polled, or the upper part broken off, it is a wonderful piece of vegetation, and looks every day of its reputed thousand years; one of the huge

branches is supported by a bar of iron, but otherwise the tree seems to be in vigorous health ; it appears to be about nine feet in diameter.

As might be expected, Queen Elizabeth is said to have dined under it ; that lady dined under so many trees, and slept in so many beds, that possibly some of the stories are true.

John Wyclif preached under it somewhere about 1370, and, knowing that tradition, it was characteristic of Mr. Spurgeon to take an opportunity of preaching there five hundred years later.

The old tree has survived many dangers, not the least of these being the belief held by love-lorn maidens that a piece of the bark taken internally is an infallible charm. This belief has not died out yet ; it is not a logical belief, but perhaps it is just as well that the tree is protected by a fence.

Before the enclosure of the manor of Chertsey Beomond in 1808, the oak stood on the open common and was sold for timber ; all honour to the purchaser, Captain de Visme, for his preservation of the grand old trunk. It is now in private grounds, by the gateway of the residence of F. J. Marnham, Esq.

A little distance to the south-east, on the other side of the street is Sayes Court and a rather picturesque Tudor farmhouse belonging to it. Sayes Court was held from the Crown by Sir A. Maynwaring, who died there in 1648 ; early in the eighteenth century it was leased to Edmund Moore, from whom it passed to Mr. Belchier, who sold it to James Payne, the architect, who lived there during the building of Chertsey Bridge about 1785.

His son lived there after him, and it had several other tenants before being purchased from the Crown by Sir Charles

Wetherell in 1823. This celebrated lawyer carried his eccentricities into original forms of housebuilding, and must have transmitted some of them to those who came after him.

There is still a portion of the old house said to have been occupied several times by James I., and a lime-tree avenue leading from the road; but the present large building consists almost entirely of extensions built during the latter half of the nineteenth century, never completed, and now falling into most unpicturesque ruin

Various rooms are named after Queen Elizabeth and others of the sixteenth century, and may occupy the site of portions in the older house, but are now of modern fire-proof construction; the old stair has been hoisted up, and iron beams with concrete inserted beneath it; there are one or two good marble mantelpieces and a quantity of oak panelling stacked against the walls.

The gardens and grounds are in like condition—a tangled wilderness of fruit trees, nettles, brambles, and long grass, impenetrable, except by one or two narrow paths. A doubtful bas-relief bust of Queen Elizabeth is fixed in the orchard wall, and many pieces of wrought marble lie scattered over the lawns, where also lay the stones of the Seven Dials column for many years. There is one cedar, a few old firs, and all the elements of a pleasant dwelling. Even the caretaker does not know why all this work was begun and abandoned.

Curious stories are told about a recent owner, who believed that all animals should be left in their natural state; horses and cattle roamed over the place untamed and unapproachable for years; when put up for sale about the end of the nineteenth century, their capture provided exciting work for many days.

There are several fine houses and small estates in the vicinity, but none of much interest. At Ongar Hill Sir John Soane started life as a bricklayer's boy; the house was built by Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, and has been occupied by Mr. Jefferies, jeweller to George IV., Sir Frederick Morton Eden, and others.

Anningsley Park was a hundred acres of heath and waste owned by John Leigh of Walton, and after passing through several hands it was bought in 1771 by Thomas Day, who resided there from 1781 until his death. Here he tried to work out his various theories concerning philanthropy, education, and matrimony, which earned him the name of Perfectability Day, choosing his residence here "to exclude himself from the vanity, vice, and deceptive character of man." *Sandford and Merton* and *Little Jack* were written here, and between times he cultivated the heath and planted fir trees. His friend and collaborator in law and poetry, Mr. Bicknell, married the girl he had trained to be the perfect wife for himself, and Mr. Day had to put up with Miss Milnes, whose lack of ideal training was compensated by having a large fortune. A kind-hearted, wealthy man, though full of fads; his theories about the education of horses turned out more disastrously than those on matrimony, and he was killed at Bear Wood, Berkshire, while attempting to ride an unbroken colt.

Ottershaw Park was a stately old house, but recently has been entirely pulled down and a larger new house erected by F. Eckstein, Esq. The estate was claimed by the Abbot of Chertsey in 1223, and in 1279 he established the claim to some extent. In 1540 it was owned by John Danister, baron of the

Exchequer; his daughter and heiress married Owen Bray, son of Sir Edward Bray of Shere.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century it was owned by the yeoman family of Roake, and after 1722 it passed from them to other owners.

In 1761 the estate was purchased by Thomas Sewell, afterwards Master of the Rolls; he pulled down the old house and erected another, a fine mansion in the Italian style, which in turn has just given place to the present house. The estate was held by the Sewells until near the end of the eighteenth century; it then passed to Mr. Boehm, Sir George Wood, Richard Crawshay, and others.

Addlestone church was first erected about the middle of the nineteenth century, and has not yet acquired much interest.

The most notable residents in the village appear to have all been literary personages. John M. Kemble, the historian of the Anglo-Saxons, lived in a villa in Chapel Fields. Charles Knight, the pioneer of cheap literature, lived at Grove End. Samuel Carter Hall and Mrs. Hall lived at Firfield. She wrote stories of Irish life and many other novels; he wrote several topographical works, and is said to have been the original model for Pecksniff.

CHERTSEY

New houses extend by Addlestone Moor almost to the outskirts of Chertsey, a town which is built in a haphazard fashion from the Thames westward.

At Chertsey weir Surrey crosses the river and takes in a considerable piece of land on the Middlesex side, the latter

county returning the complement at Dockett point on the meads a little lower down.

At the weir, the probable reason for the extension of boundary is, that the Abbey Chase was situated on the Middlesex side, and offenders could be brought before the Abbot without trespassing on the jurisdiction of another county.

The present stone bridge was erected by James Payne in 1780 – 85, and is often considered the first bridge built here; but the researches of the Surrey Archæological Society in their "*Surrey Fines*" proves that there was a bridge here in 1483, when Henry Davy is described as Keeper of le Newpark, seven acres of meadow by the bridge of Chartesey; and there was a wooden bridge kept in repair by the two counties long before the stone bridge was thought of.

Below this, the long flat of "Chertsey mead" extends to Weybridge, featureless except when haymaking is in progress; above, the same sort of land extends to Laleham and Egham, the portion nearest the weir being known as the Abbey meads.

The drawing shows the weir looking up stream, with Laleham House in the distance.

In summer the little island by the lock is a wonderfully pleasant place; the water drones gently over the weir, into the shadow of the great willows, and steals downward towards the picturesque high-backed bridge; this pool seldom lacks some quiet people in punts, or anglers who hope some day to catch such another trout as the historic fourteen-pounder of 1870; all things come to those who wait, but no trout appeared while I worked there—roach, dace, eels, and such-like in plenty.

There is little barge traffic, but pleasure-boats pass to and

fro, and steamers laden with boy scouts returning from a great review in Windsor Park looked like floating hives covered with khaki-coloured bees as they drifted into the lock and passed into the lower waters.

As the evening wanes the small boats with their companies of men and maidens glide homeward down the stream, crooning rather than singing—and nearly always the same song—a music-hall ditty with foolish words and a charming air—

> "Every one wants an 'Enery,
> They won't have a Willie or a Sam."

The refrain comes back again and dies away beyond the bridge, between the moonlit meadows ; only the anglers are left, and soon these gather their gear and vanish, each to his own home.

In the late autumn, when November rains have changed the singing of the weir to a sullen roar and the ragged clouds drive overhead, the place is transformed ; it is no longer the haunt of happy lovers ; then one may imagine the sinister figures of Bill Sykes on his way to Pyrcroft, or Rogue Riderhood stealing along the river bank.

Thinking of a picture of the Thames in flood, when the weirs are blotted out in the tumbling waste of brown water and the long meadows are turned into lakes, I returned at a later season, but found that a real Thames flood is like a forest fire ; one cannot get near enough to do anything with it.

The long, straggling street known as London Street, east from the Town Hall, and Windsor Street to the west, contains a few picturesque houses ; the oldest is probably the cottage near the smithy on the London road.

A path by the churchyard, largely paved with gravestones, leads to the Abbey mead and all that remains of the first religious house founded in Surrey—perhaps the greatest.

This Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter was founded by Erkenwald in 666; nine years later he became Bishop of London and founded the great Abbey of Barking for nuns, his sister, Ethelburga, being the first Abbess. Her name still remains in Bishopsgate London.

So great was his reputation, that when he died at Barking the nuns claimed the body by right of possession; the monks of Chertsey claimed it as the body of their Abbot; the citizens of London claimed it as the body of their Bishop, and by force of arms took the corpse and carried it to St. Paul's, where, after formal canonisation, the shrine became the chief glory of the old cathedral.

Erkenwald assisted Ini, King of Wessex, in compiling the first code of Anglo-Saxon laws, promulgated in 690, and, though many Abbots succeeded him, he was the greatest of all the line.

About 893 the Danes burned the church and buildings, putting the Abbot Beocca and all the monks to the sword. The Abbey was not fully restored until seventy-one years later, when Edgar expelled the secular clerks who had taken possession of the desmesne and placed Benedictine monks there. Edward the Confessor showed great kindness to the community, and a charter of liberties was granted to them by William the Conqueror.

Ranulph Flambard was the evil adviser to the evil King Rufus, and became Abbot of Chertsey in 1092, Bishop of Lincoln, and Abbot of Hyde; when Henry I. ascended the throne he was deprived and imprisoned in the Tower—the first

prisoner confined there—but he escaped and made his peace with Henry, becoming Bishop of Durham, an office he held for twenty-eight years.

The Abbey gradually increased in wealth and honour, and when John de Rutherwyke became Abbot in 1307 he did much repair and rebuilding, not only at Chertsey, but at Epsom, Egham, and Great Bookham. He is described as the Abbey's second founder, and lived in great dignity and splendour as a mitred Abbot and a baron.

The great church became the burial-place of many distinguished persons. In 1471 it was to Chertsey that Lady Ann was bringing the body of her husband—

> "Poor key-cold figure of a holy king,
> Pale ashes of the House of Lancaster,"

when she encountered, and was wooed by, Richard of Gloucester. The body was brought by water from Blackfriars, barefaced and without a coffin, and buried with scant ceremony ; fourteen years afterwards it was removed to Windsor. In 1474 Baron Berners, Constable of Windsor Castle, was buried here.

At the dissolution of the monasteries the net annual revenue was £659. The Abbot, Cordery, and the monks were removed to Bisham for a few months and then finally dispersed.

The Norman church was 275 feet in length, three aisles and an apse, and the buildings occupied an area of four acres. Nothing remains visible except a small doorway and a few fragments of the floors and foundations. Some of the fish stews still remain by the willow walk, and stones in plenty are visible in the neighbouring barn and boundary walls.

The site has been excavated several times. In 1853 this was done systematically, and many interesting relics were discovered. Of all these the pavement tiles, which were first sent to the museum in Westminster, but are now in the medieval pottery section of the British Museum, are the most wonderful; the colours are red, white, and black, and they illustrate a scene from the romance of Tristram and Iseult; a pavement with a trefoil pattern; and three panels with figures: a lady with a squirrel in her hand; a saint with a cross; and one crowned figure with a twig standing on the body of a man. The drawing details and execution of these are very fine.

The entire disappearance of the Abbey is not much of a mystery. We have noticed that when Henry VIII. was building Oatlands he took what stone he required from Chertsey Abbey and Bisham. Chertsey was his most convenient quarry. In those days the Abbey Bourne would be deep enough for boat traffic, and Oatlands was only a mile and a half down the river; and it is possible that for the purpose of deepening the river and the Abbey Bourne, so that barges laden with stone might pass all the way, he may have constructed a temporary weir with stakes and faggots lower down; not only would that assist the traffic from Chertsey, but also from Woking, where the bricks were made. Such a structure would go far to explain why the piles at "Cowey Stakes," investigated by antiquarians in the eighteenth century, were found to be shod with iron, while those mentioned by Bede in the eighth century were wrapped in lead.

After the work at Oatlands was done, a portion of the buildings here still remained, and the site with these was granted by James I. to Dr. Hammond, who apparently lived there, as his

son, who attended Charles I. at Carisbrook, is said to have been born at the Abbey in 1605.

The next owner was Sir Nicholas Carew, who built a "fair house" out of the ruins, and lived there when Aubrey wrote in 1673; he was then Master of the Buckhounds and the situation was convenient. There could not be much of the ruins left for the inhabitants of the town, and the story that they raised the streets with the materials may be disregarded.

The Abbey Bourne is now much silted up, and a very small stream. Cut by the monks for a water supply and mill lead combined, the intake is at Penton Hook, and the distance from there to the Abbey is about one and a half mile; near its outflow it drives the Abbey mill and joins the Thames near Chertsey weir. This mill is still working on the same site mentioned at the Domesday Survey. The portion between it and the Abbey was no doubt made navigable for such craft as the Abbot's barge, for it is quite certain that an ecclesiastic of his eminence would not consent to leave his barge at the riverside half a mile away.

The Town Hall is modern, and the church has been repaired, heightened, altered, and remodelled until it has become a good deal of a patchwork. The internal decoration can only be described as extraordinary, though it is a bright, cheerful, comfortable building. A few of the monuments are of interest.

There is a tablet to Charles James Fox, "the best of husbands and the most excellent of men," erected by his widow, who was buried in the churchyard. One to Laurence Tomson, professor of Hebrew at Geneva, author of an English translation of the New Testament, and much employed in politics by Walsingham, principal secretary to Queen Elizabeth; he died in 1608 at Laleham.

A very beautiful bas-relief by Flaxman to the memory of Eliza Mawby, and several other tablets to members of that family. There are many other memorials. One inscription is typical of the eighteenth century in language, but curious in the number of children.

"In the memory of Nathaniel Rowe of Chertsey, Esq., who was the one and thirtieth child of his father, John Rowe, Esq., of Plawsworth Hall in the County of Durham. A Magistrate who administered Justice with Discernment, Candour, Impartiality. A Christian, Devout and Exemplary in the exercise of every private and publick duty. A friend to Mercy, a Patron to distress. An Enemy only to vice and idleness. He lived esteemed by all who knew him and died lamented by his wife and good. The 16th day of December 1778. In the 65th year of his age."

The Haberdashers' Company and the Governors of Christ's Hospital are the alternate patrons of the living; and one of the pews in the gallery formerly gave the owner a parliamentary vote. I have given a drawing of the church and tower, with a few old houses alongside.

The bells are sweet in tone and at certain hours play a little tune—the carillon was given by Mr. Spinks in 1898; the oldest bell is said to have been brought from the Abbey, and probably this is correct, as the inscription on it is to the Virgin Mary, while the church is dedicated to St. Peter. Curfew is still rung on the largest bell, from Michaelmas to Lady Day.

It is not easy to determine now, whether Albert Smith incorporated a floating tradition in his story of *Blanche Heriot* or not; he was a native of Chertsey and may have heard stories which are now forgotten. The tale relates how Neville, a

nephew of Warwick the king-maker, and lover of Blanche, was taken prisoner by the Yorkists and condemned to die on Chertsey mead within twenty-four hours. He sent a ring to the King in hopes of a reprieve, the messenger bearing this was crossing Laleham Ferry a mile away at the appointed hour of curfew, which was to give the signal, but this was never sounded. Blanche had climbed the ladders to the bell-chamber and held the clapper of the bell so that it could not ring.

The tale was popular and became more so after it was dramatised by the author. Later it was recited in ballad form by Clifford Harrison, and an American version was written by Rose Hartwick Thorpe. Albert Smith's version puts the date of the incident about 1478; the American version puts it in Commonwealth times. The story was one that appealed to the popular imagination, and it is no exaggeration to say that, wherever the English language is spoken, "Curfew shall not ring to-night" has been listened to by millions of people who never looked on the old church tower or dreamed of its existence. The original author, Albert Smith, was born in 1816 "in the top front room of the house opposite the church," and afterwards lived at Gogmore Cottage; studied medicine, literature, and the drama, and worked for Timbs on the staff of the *Mirror* and *Literary World*. In 1842 he produced the play which deals with the curfew story, and afterwards wrote several extremely popular novels—*Christopher Tadpole*, *Marchioness of Brinvilliers*, etc. He then travelled abroad and used his experiences in the entertainments given by him at the Egyptian Hall; he died in 1860.

Several other distinguished men of letters have lived in

He had the misfortune to live in stormy times; his exclusion from Oxford by the parliamentary visitors set him to compose a satire which served as an introduction to the Court party. Following the Queen to Paris, he became secretary to her friend, Lord St. Albans, by whom he was sent a year or two afterwards to England, "that he might take occasion of giving notice of the posture of things in this nation," and presently was arrested and imprisoned. A friend found security for £1000, and he was released, and then declared his wish to retire to America and forsake the world forever. However, the Restoration came, and "manna was showered upon all." Cowley did not get the share he expected, but he was not forgotten; all he wanted was "a little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast." The house of his desire would have "decent wainscot and pretty forest work hangings, herb, flower, and fruit gardens."

He took a little house at Barns Elms, but had bad health there, and by the interest of the Earl of St. Albans and the Duke of Buckingham he obtained a lease of the Dowager Queen's lands at Chertsey, which afforded him the promise of an ample income and a dwelling-place such as he had longed for.

Townsman born, he had spent all his life in cities, and only knew the country as it appeared in the pastorals of his fellow-citizens and those who had gone before—

> "Thy sweet inclosures, and thy scattered farms,
> Shew thy secureness from thy neighbour's harms,"

where shepherds pipe and poets rest in shady groves, while sunburnt damsels bring them fruit and wine. In his own words,

"I thought . . . that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old poetical golden age. I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but such as the shepherds of Sir Philip Sidney in Arcadia." A very brief acquaintance with the men of Chertsey convinced him that these were dreams.

The simplest countryman is shrewd enough in dealing with things he understands, and Cowley's tenants took advantage of his ignorance ; they had no money to pay their rents. In the darkness his neighbour's cattle were driven on to his meadows, vanishing in the morning when they had eaten their fill of the poet's grass. The sordid worry of it all soon reduced Cowley to a state of misery and despair. His querulous complainings of the lack of company show that he held himself superior to his neighbours, of whom there could have been no lack, as even now there remain a fair number of decent houses close by, which are older than 1665.

When his friends undertook the two days' journey from London, an endeavour was made to cultivate the pastoral idea ; then they made merry on St. Anne's Hill—and, according to Spence, some such occasion was the cause of his death. Dean Sprat visited him from London, and together they called on a neighbour whose hospitality was so strenuous that when they set out for home they could not reach it, but lay all night in the fields ; his companion suffered no harm, but in Cowley's delicate state it was the beginning of the end.

The "Drunken Dean," as Dr. Sprat was known by tradition in Chertsey long afterwards, edited Cowley's Latin poems and wrote his biography.

In the same street near "Cowley House" there are three old

inns near together—"The George," "Queen's Head," and "King's Head"—all a good deal altered, but showing good brickwork and construction of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.

The Bourne which crosses Guildford Street near Cowley House appears to have been known as the Redewynde in ancient days, and was then a larger stream. The right of having a ferry was granted by Edward III. in 1343 to W. Allegar for life. In 1411 Henry IV. gave the townsmen permission to build a bridge "for the safety and succour of the people resorting there."

In 1282 Edward I. granted the right of a weekly market on Mondays and an annual fair on Holy Thursday. This was changed by Queen Elizabeth to a weekly market on Wednesdays and an annual fair on the first Monday and Tuesday of Lent, with a court of pie-poudre; she also gave an acre of waste land on the north side of the churchyard for the erection of a market-house and such stalls as might be necessary. This market-house was pulled down in 1809 and most of the space built on, though a small portion remains.

In 1440 Henry VI. granted to the Abbot the right to hold a fair on St. Anne's Hill on 26th July, O.S. This, known as the Black Cherry Fair, was afterwards removed to the town and held on 6th August. Another fair owned by the Abbot, known as the "Goose and Onion Fair," was held on Holy Rood day, 25th of September. The tolls were payable to the Abbot and afterwards to the proprietor of the site of Abbey House. These tolls are still collected, but are of little value now.

There were several almshouses: "Hammond's," founded about 1645 by the widow of Dr. John Hammond; the site of these is now included in the churchyard. "Cowley's," founded

in 1671, stood near the "pound"; the site is now part of the high road. "Willat's" stood near the chapel; the site is now included in the churchyard. These have all been pulled down or removed.

The house of Sir William Perkins, a very charitable man who died in 1740, was situated a little distance north from the church. This gentleman was Clerk of the Board of Green Cloth and the Royal Cellars; he assisted Henry Weston of Ockham in his difficulties, and ultimately left him estates here and at Addlestone; the house at Chertsey was known as Weston House, after it was inhabited by him, but was pulled down many years ago.

The land owned by Cowley extended westward towards St. Anne's Hill; it is now nearly all built on, but the name remains in Cowley Farm. A substantial red-brick house between this and the railway, known as Pyrcroft, is the scene of the burglary in *Oliver Twist*; the building and its details are well described in that novel, and are little altered at the present day.

Nearer St. Anne's Hill, past Golden Grove with its tavern and a summer-house built among the branches of a great old elm tree, is the house where Charles James Fox spent the last and happiest years of his life. Fox loved the place as passionately, and much in the same way, as Temple adored his house at Sheen. Cobbet, in his *Rural Rides*, hints at some scandal relating to the acquisition of land here by Fox in 1806, for which there does not appear to be any foundation.

The house was acquired by Mrs. Fox before her marriage, and she continued to reside there for thirty-six years after her husband died. The cedar in the grounds was planted by her.

St. Anne's Hill is a pleasant wooded knoll, commanding fine views to the south and west; on other sides the outlook is now obscured by the trees.

A small fragment of the wall is all that remains of the chapel built here by Abbot Rutherwyke in 1334. According to Anthony Wood, the total destruction of the chapel was perpetrated by Laurence Tomson—whose memorial has been noticed in Chertsey Church: "He built the house which now stands on the top of St. Anne's Hill, out of the ruins of the chapel, and on the very place where that chapel stood, having a prospect into several counties; he died there in 1608."

When the chapel was built, the previous name of the hill, Eldebury, was changed to St. Anne, the patron saint of the new building. To embellish and render it popular, an indulgence of forty days was granted to all who attended the service or contributed to the repair and decoration of the building; probably to increase the funds, the privilege of a fair was granted by Henry VI., which was known as "Black Cherry Fair," from the abundance of that fruit sold at it.

Most of the hill is open to the public, and it is a very pretty pleasure ground with a fine stretch of beech wood on the north-west side; various walks, avenues, and points of interest—Monks' Grove, Nuns' Well, and such-like—all smack of the romantic nomenclature of the eighteenth century.

Many writers give the impression that the Thames flows near the hill; the origin of this idea is not easily understood. The nearest point of the river is one and a quarter miles away, and in summer the track of it can hardly be seen.

A little distance south from St. Anne's Hill is Almners

Barns ; the house appears to be modern, but the name is supposed to recall its occupation by Almoners of Chertsey Abbey, who became the owners about the fifteenth century.

According to the rules, this official had to visit all aged, blind, and bedridden poor within a reasonable distance and provide for them ; and also to make the most solicitous enquiry through a trustworthy servant as to all cases of illness or infirmity in the neighbourhood.

The farm was about two hundred acres in extent and, traditionally, it was occupied by the family of Wapshott from the days of Alfred the Great. That the family had certainly been in occupation for over five centuries was proved to Mr. John Wapshott by a deed shown to him by the solicitor of Sir Joseph Mawby.

For some obscure reason the Duke of York, after he obtained the crown lands of Chertsey, wished to evict the Wapshott family, and increased their rent in a most exorbitant way ; but they hung on to the little spot of earth where they had lived so long until the sale of the Duke's estates in 1828, when their rent was £360 per annum, with the purchase price in accordance, too much for them to pay, and they had to leave, but their expulsion from the farm was considered an act of gross injustice by all who were aware of the transaction.

The estate was purchased by George Catherow, a wealthy brewer, for £9000, and, having altered and enlarged the house, he made it his residence.

About three-quarters of a mile south-east from this is an interesting old farmhouse known as Herdwick Court Farm ; as the name implies, it was originally a manor house, and may

have been a cattle grange belonging to the Abbey. It is said that the kindly feeling always displayed by Henry VI. towards Chertsey arose from the fact that he lived at Herdwick Court as a child. After the dissolution of the monasteries, the Court Leet met in a barn here until 1828, after that it was transferred to the "Swan Inn."

A considerable portion of the moat remains, and some parts of the house may date from the fifteenth century.

There is one stack of late Tudor chimneys, but otherwise no external features of interest. Internally there is a good winding staircase of oak, one of the type which preceded the straight flights and balustrades introduced in the early years of the seventeenth century, and one fine room panelled throughout with dark oak. The construction of this panelling is exactly similar to that at Sayes Court, and betrays either lack of skill or laziness on the part of the workmen. The little ogee moulding is formed on the upright parts of the framing quite well, but the horizontal framing has been left square, and a rough semblance of the moulding swept in after the work was put together. The panels in this kind of work are often of split oak and vary in thickness like shingles; but the wainscoting served the purpose for which it was made—the prevention of draughts through the cracks of poorly constructed walls.

Mrs. Taylor, the farmer's wife, showed me some tiles which her husband had obtained from a neighbour who farmed the site of Chertsey Abbey; these had nothing akin to the tiles in the British Museum; they were white, with a rudely executed bunch of grapes in purple and brown colours.

There was no reason to doubt that they had been found on

the site, but they appear too modern in workmanship and colour to be any part of the Abbey decorations.

In the seventeenth century this farm, with the land of Ottershaw, belonged to a yeoman family named Roake, who possessed considerable property in the district. In 1684 John Roake married Margaret Porter of Woking, but died without issue in 1722, his Ottershaw property passing to Henry Roake of the Moated Farm, Chertsey; the name of Henry Roake appears again in 1839 as a trustee on the Mary Giles Charity. But they appear to have parted with much of their property during the eighteenth century.

A little distance south from this there is a cross road by the gate of Botley's Park, a large house standing on high ground, built of stone, and a typical example of a fine mansion in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

It is not known whether the manor gave or took its name from the family of Butteleye. In 1319 John de Butteleye exchanged some lands here with the Abbot of Chertsey.

In 1505 the estate was held by Henry Wykes, and in 1541 by Sir Roger Cholmeley, chief baron of the Exchequer, who sold it to Henry VIII. About 1554 it was granted to Mary, Duchess of Somerset—widow of the Protector. After her death it was leased to Matthew Allie; James I. granted the manor to George Salter and John Williams, who in the same year conveyed it to William Garway of London. It was afterwards owned by Samuel Hall, felt maker of London, and sold by Mrs. Pleasance Hall to Joseph Mawbey, a distiller at Vauxhall, who formed the park and built the house after 1763.

He appears to have been a busy politician, and a rather

exuberant person; he sat in Parliament, and on many public boards, being rewarded by a baronetcy; and combined the writing of poetry with the distillation of spirituous liquors and the raising of large quantities of hogs. If we believe Macaulay, he was rather fond of talking about these hogs, and was satirised for that weakness in the "Rolliad." He died in 1798, and was succeeded by his son, also Sir Joseph, who died in 1817. The property was then sold, and after passing through several hands was acquired by Robert Gostling; it is now the residence of Herbert Gostling, Esq.

Adjoining Botley's on the west, "Fox Hills" is a fine pseudo-Tudor mansion built by Mr. Briscoe, the son-in-law of the last Sir Joseph Mawbey. Silverlands, another good nineteenth-century house, was built by Mr. Porter, a brewer of Chertsey, and became the seat of Sir Henry Hotham, Vice-Admiral, who died in 1833 at Malta. It is now the residence of Sir John T. Brunner, Bart.

Fan Court was originally a keeper's lodge, converted into a residence by Admiral Sir Richard Onslow, much enlarged during the Duke of York's tenure by Sir Herbert Taylor, his private secretary, and afterwards owned by Mr. Eades Summers.

Nearly opposite the Chertsey gate of Botley's a well-known artist has converted an old cottage, and made a charming "foot of earth" where he combines the arts of horticulture and painting.

When Chertsey commons were enclosed in 1800 and 1808 it was stipulated that sixty acres were to be left for the benefit of the cottagers. I suppose the fragment retained was that situated about three miles west from the town near Barrow Hills. It is a poor commentary on the justice of Crown officials in

those days to find that the strip of land by the side of the Guildford road is now the recreation ground, and that the townspeople had to buy in recent years. Henry E. Paine is now the lord of the manor.

THORPE

West from Chertsey a field-path leads over the meadows to Thorpe—a pleasant walk except in wet weather; it is a quiet little village with a few old cottages, several larger houses, and a pretty little church.

The lands were part of the original endowment of Chertsey Abbey, and were probably under cultivation at a very early date. At the Domesday Survey twenty-four villeins, and twelve bordars, or small holders, held eight hundred acres of land; only thirty-three acres of meadow are mentioned, and the land yielded to the Abbot twenty-four swine for herbage.

The office of gatekeeper to the Abbey was made hereditary in the family of Ralph de Thorpe during the thirteenth century, with an allowance of a meal from the Abbey kitchen, a convent loaf and two pitchers of ale daily, and ten shillings a year for a gown. In 1469 Alice, daughter of John Thorpe, granted all her lands here and in other parishes to Thomas Beleter, citizen and mercer of London. After the dissolution of the monasteries Thorpe was retained by the Crown until 1590, when it was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Sir John Wolley her Latin secretary. His son and heir, Sir Francis, died in 1609, aged twenty-seven, and left the estate to his cousin, William Minterne of Hall Place, Thorpe, with remainder to his cousin, Elizabeth Minterne, and others. She

married Sir Francis Leigh of Addington (her grandson married the granddaughter of Pocahontas). The estate was held by their descendants until the marriage of two co-heiresses conveyed it to the families of Bennett and Spencer.

A division of the estates took place in 1768, when the Thorpe portion was allotted to the Rev. Wolley Leigh Bennett, whose son, John, pulled down Hall Place and erected a new house, which he called Thorpe Place, now the residence of Commander Geo. E. Price. The lord of the manor is Henry Wolley Leigh Bennett, Esq.

Sir Edmund Nicholas, Secretary of State to Charles I., had a house here, to which, in 1641, he begs the King's permission to retire "on account of ye sickness and smallpox being very rife in London."

At an earlier period than the grant to Sir John Wolley it is said that a house here was occupied by John Habington, Cofferer to Queen Elizabeth, and his son Thomas was born at Thorpe in 1560; his mother was one of the Queen's gentlewomen, and so much in favour that the thrifty Queen paid her funeral expenses, yet the sons espoused the cause of Mary Queen of Scots. The oldest son, Edward, and Thomas were both arrested in connection with the Babington plot. Edward was hanged and quartered in 1586, but the younger brother was spared.

By 1605 he had acquired an estate in Warwickshire and was involved in the Gunpowder Plot. Father Garnet and Oldcorn being arrested in Habington's house at Hindlip, he was taken prisoner at the same time; but again his life was spared, possibly because of the letter to Lord Mounteagle giving

warning of the plot, which is usually ascribed to Habington's wife. His property was confiscated, and he was condemned to reside in Warwickshire for the rest of his life. This retirement he philosophically accepted and turned to good account by making a survey of that county.

The church is built of flint and chalk, with a sixteenth-century tower of brickwork almost covered by one huge plant of ivy; the original date of foundation is not known, but there was a chapel here before 1333, and in the following century there were various disputes between the Abbot and the vicar of Egham respecting the finding of a chaplain. In 1420 the inhabitants agreed to pay six shillings and eightpence yearly for the support, and fourpence yearly for a manse for a chaplain. The church has been much restored and is in excellent repair.

There are several mural monuments to the Bennetts and the Townsends; on one of the former are the lines composed by Sterne when apprehensive of the loss of "a dear friend"—not the lady buried here—

> "Columns and laboured urns but vainly shew
> An idle scene of decorated woe."

On the chancel floor there is a brass to William Denham, 1583, aged 64, and on the wall near by an engraved brass to the same man and his wife—he, kneeling, with four sons behind him, she, kneeling, with nine daughters behind her. William Denham was a goldsmith of London, but, so far, no relationship has been traced to the poet's family. Another brass on the floor is to —— Boyde, a member of the household of our sovereign Lord and King, Henry VIII.

A lady told me of another brass covered by the carpet, which I did not see, in memory of a good woman who died at the age of twenty-eight, after being the mother of (I think) twelve children.

This peaceful little village and church have become somewhat famous in recent years as one of the storm centres, where the battle about questions of ritual has raged most fiercely. My sympathies in the struggle go out most freely to the village policeman, who is compelled to spend—what he considers—an abnormal quantity of his time in church, robed with all the authority of the law, trying to prevent good Christian people from assaulting one another, to the neglect of his ordinary work of looking after evil-doers. Outside societies have taken a hand in the dispute, and the result is not a happy one for the small community. Matters of faith and conscience cannot be cleared up by the interference of those not concerned, and it would be better if the villagers were left to settle the manner of the worship for themselves in a neighbourly fashion.

EGHAM

There is nothing of interest in the level country lying between Thorpe and Egham; in coaching days this was a busy village with several large inns, and many residents of good standing; with the advent of railways the town went to sleep and slumbered for many years; recently it woke up again and began to spread its suburbs far and wide into the surrounding fields; unfortunately the inhabitants have been in too great haste to pull down the old buildings and replace them with new;

here and there one may see a little old brickwork, as in the "King's Head Inn," but there is not much of interest.

The lands were part of the original endowment of Chertsey Abbey, and passed to the Crown at the dissolution. It was granted by Henry VIII. to Lord Windsor, who also owned Stanwell; but in 1542 the King compelled him to make a sudden exchange of all his property here, and it has since been vested in the Crown.

Charles I. settled it on Queen Henrietta Maria; sold by the Parliament in 1650, the estate was recovered by the Queen Dowager at the Restoration, and after her death settled on Catherine of Braganza, who leased it, in 1693, to William Blathwaite for ninety-nine years from the Queen's death; this occurred in 1705, and in 1804 Mr. Wyatt, one of his descendants, obtained a new lease from the Crown.

The manor of Milton was held in 1347 by Matilda Gatelyn. In the time of Henry VIII. it was purchased by Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester, and made part of the endowments of his Corpus Christi College at Oxford. The lease of this also came into the hands of Mr. Wyatt. The estate of Trottesworth was held by Richard Russell from the Abbot of Chertsey, and was held by Robert de Trottesworth about 1326. In 1546 the manor of Trottesworth was granted to John Bellowe and John Broxholme, who sold it, together with other lands, to Anthony Bond, who died in 1576 and was buried at Egham. A portion of this estate is now owned by Corpus Christi College.

The church was entirely rebuilt about 1820, and is interesting only for the monuments removed from the old edifice. A tablet records the erection of the chancel of the old church by Ruther-

wyke, Abbot of Chertsey. There is a monument to Sir John Denham, father of the poet, and his two wives; and a bust of Sir Robert Foster, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who died at Great Fosters in 1663—the father probably of that Sir Thomas Foster who died in 1685 at the same house, and was buried at Thorpe with other members of his family.

There are two sets of almshouses—Strode's, founded in 1703 and rebuilt in 1828, and Denham's, founded by Sir John Denham in 1624. The "Place," a comfortable red-brick house, was also built by him and left to his poet son, who soon gambled it away. In 1673 this house was occupied by John Thynne, and afterwards became the vicarage house.

The raised highway and Staines bridge were made early in the thirteenth century by Thomas of Oxenford "out of pure alms," and to provide a safer passage for his wool to London than that provided by the marsh land on the Surrey side; they were afterwards kept in repair by the Abbots of Chertsey, but in 1369 the Abbot objected, declaring that it had been done by voluntary payments. Probably it was owing to this that the right to levy tolls was granted in 1406, on traffic passing over the bridge and on boats passing under it. Early in the sixteenth century the Lord Chancellor was empowered to appoint deputies to receive the tolls and carry out repairs. Staines bridge has a rather remarkable history. Three oaks were granted for its repair out of Windsor Forest in 1262; this refers probably to the bridge built by Thomas of Oxenford.

In 1791 a new bridge was erected from designs by Thomas Sandby, R.A. This was a stone bridge of three arches, and within a few weeks of its opening it had sunk so much that two

arches were taken down ; attempts to rebuild were unsuccessful, and an iron bridge of one span was built by James Wilson from a design by Tom Paine, who had demonstrated his system of construction at Paddington. This was no sooner opened in 1803 than it showed symptoms of failure and was closed, and the old wooden bridge reverted to. A second iron bridge was erected, and the ancient timber one removed, but this also gave way and had to be pulled down. George Rennie was then employed, and built the present bridge, which is a little higher up the river ; it was opened in 1832 by William IV. and Queen Adelaide. Its stability must have proved a comfort to the inhabitants.

To the west of Egham stretches the plain of Runneymead. This I reached from Staines bridge, choosing as near as might be the same day in early June, only seven centuries later, as that which gave it fame.

The river bank is spoiled by gas works, bungalows, and other excrescences for part of the way, but when these are left behind it is a pretty walk ; the cool sound of falling water on a hot day at Bell weir was not rendered less pleasant by the presence of an old-fashioned, comfortable riverside inn—burnt down a few weeks afterwards. There are already some factories on the fields beyond, and many notices of building land to be let. Some of the fields are Crown property, and if the public do not take heed they may soon awake to the fact that Runneymead has been covered with suburban villas.

The undistinguished fields were aglow with buttercups and the hedges white with hawthorn as I searched hither and thither to find a view giving some of the features of the place ; returning at last to the point which I have illustrated ; the willow-covered

bank is near what is known erroneously as Magna Charta Island, but reputed to be the scene where, in 1217, Lewis of France—who had proved a somewhat aggressive guest—agreed to depart from England with his followers. The gently rising ground crowned with wood is Cooper's Hill. The scene, except for the hedges, which were unknown in the days of King John, is little altered; the river runs quietly and very deep, but its channel can have sunk very little in all these centuries, as it is shown at summer level and the meadows are still liable to floods. An occasional pleasure steamer disturbs the swans on the placid stream, but the usual denizens are these happy river-side youths and maidens for whom the shining hours appear to bring no harder toil than the punting-pole or the gentle oar of the pleasure skiff.

The derivation of the name Runneymead has long been a bone of contention, but really, when a meadow has borne the same name for over seven hundred years, it is hardly worth while to search further back.

On the west of Cooper's Hill, towards the county boundary, Ankerwyke Purnish was part of the lands held by Ankerwyke Priory—on the other side of the Thames—from the days of King Stephen. After the dissolution of the nunnery this property for a short time was held by Lord Windsor, but resumed by Henry VIII. and granted by Edward VI. to Sir Thomas Smith; afterwards it was owned for many years by the Salter family, who sold it to the Lees, one of whom married Sir Philip Harcourt about 1626, whose descendants are still the owners.

There are many good houses at Englefield Green, but not

much of interest; to some extent the village has been annexed by the Royal Holloway College and its staff.

"Perdita" died at Englefield Cottage in 1800, and Pistrucci, the medallist and engraver for the Mint, spent his last years at Flora Cottage. The church was built in 1859.

There is little of note until Virginia Water is reached. At the railway station the air was faint with the scent of roses—roses on the signal posts, on the fences, the railway banks—roses everywhere; and a torrent of children in many coloured garments, freed from excursion trains, toddling down the long mile of road leading to their paradise of wood, water, bracken, and heather, were shrieking in their joy, hurrying onwards lest the day should be too far spent before they reached the enchanted land. The entrances to Virginia Water are not so obvious as they might be; not observing the wicket gate by the "Wheatsheaf," I trudged some distance into Berkshire, looking for an entrance, and returned again by the same dusty road before I found it.

This lake was the creation of William, Duke of Cumberland, better known as the commander at Culloden than as a gentleman interested in landscape gardening. In 1746 he came to reside in Cumberland Lodge; the ground was then a marshy waste drained by the Bourne, which flows through Chertsey.

Partly for his own amusement, and largely for the charitable purpose of providing work for the labourers of the district, he resolved to drain and plant, but in a decorative way. He employed Paul Sandby, the water-colour painter, to design the landscape features, the name being chosen, not with reference

to the virgin Queen Elizabeth, but rather to forecast the virgin solitudes and forest wilds that were to be created.

Sandby drained the swamp and deepened it, put a dam across the lower end, and, by diverting all the brooks of the district, obtained a fine sheet of water. He varied the margin, and by planting trees made the most of the landscape according to the taste of the times. At first the effect must have been extremely classical and ghastly, but the years have been kind, and now, though the effect is still formal, the place has become pretty.

The dam gave way in 1768 and flooded all the low lands near, but it was rebuilt again with the addition of the waterfall, which retains all its manufactured appearance, except when the overflow is heavy.

The cavern on the south side of this was constructed of sarsen stones from a Druid temple on Bagshot Heath. Many other embellishments were added, the most extraordinary of these being the Ruins, for which George III. was responsible. All these pieces of sculpture are genuine antiques brought from Greece, Tunis, and other countries, and were lying in the courtyard of the British Museum when they came under the King's notice; he had them brought here and erected as they are. A number of them were cut off from the public when the road, which formerly made a loop to the south, was carried straight on over a bridge near Blackness. We can only look at them and wonder, as we do at the miniature frigate which was placed there by William IV.

The summer greens and blue sky made painting then out of the question, and I returned in November to obtain the

drawing given, when cold, wet, windy weather and the last of the autumn tints made the scene more to my liking.

The summer afternoon was spent searching for the house known as Great Fosters, which I only knew from brief allusions in various books as situated near the road from Chobham to Egham. Screened by two great walnut trees, it might easily pass unnoticed were it not for a glimpse of old roofs and sixteenth-century chimneys among the farm buildings. No doubt it was called Great Fosters to distinguish it from Fosters near Windlesham.

Round this house many legends have been woven, but out of these only a very few facts have been sifted by antiquaries. The legends include as residents Anne Boleyn and Queen Mary; Queen Elizabeth is said to have been imprisoned here, but over the doorway is sculptured the Royal arms, the initials E. R., and the date 1578—the nineteenth year of her reign.

The great extent of Windsor Forest—even after the Chase of Hampton Court was thrown open—extending in this direction to the Crouch Oak at Addlestone a distance of nine miles in a direct line from Windsor Castle, would make intermediate residences or lodges a necessity, and there is little doubt that this was one of these, as tradition says it was. Twenty-five years after the death of Queen Elizabeth it was occupied by Sir John Dodderidge, being described as "my house of fforsters" in his will; he died in 1628. It was afterwards the residence—for how long is not known—of Chief Justice Sir Robert Foster, whose bust in Egham Church bears the date 1663; he was succeeded by his son, Sir Thomas Foster, who died in 1685 and was buried at Thorpe.

Probably the house remained in the possession of his family for some time afterwards, as his wife, two elder sons, and several other members of the family were also buried at Thorpe.

About one hundred and twenty-five years ago a large part of the house at the south end was destroyed by fire. When Brayley wrote before 1848 he describes the place as having been long in the possession of Sir John Chapman of Windsor, and leased apparently to George Furnivall—father of the late Dr. George Furnivall—and Charles Summers, surgeons, as a lunatic asylum (I saw a print of the building so described at Herdwick Farm, Chertsey). The burnt portion was rebuilt by them as it is now.

About fifty years ago Great Fosters was acquired by Colonel Halkett, who restored the place to its original beauty as far as possible.

The entrance hall is a large room panelled throughout, with a fine fireplace; the drawing-room ceiling bears the date 1602, and, like the ceiling of the dining and other rooms, is enriched with so many heraldic devices that we must believe the owner at that date (probably Judge Dodderidge) took the opportunity of thus showing the history of the house up to that time; some of them pertain to Anne Boleyn and others to the Percy family, but many have not been traced.

The principal staircase is large and heavy, in design similar to that at Milton Court. A small staircase south of the entrance hall is probably one of the originals, the post and string boards carved with a guilloche pattern. The stout old entrance door, with a wicket large enough to admit one person at a time, is now used as an inner door, having narrowly escaped destruction when the house was being restored.

Originally the interior was arranged with neither corridor nor closed passage way, having the doors of all the rooms in the centre of the building, each room opening into the next, so that when all the doors were open a view could be obtained from one end of the building to the other, a style of construction only possible when each room extended from the front to the back wall, as they do here. The main staircase is housed in a square tower, which was probably added for that purpose.

Part of the moat towards the present entrance gates has been filled in, though it is visible near the farm buildings; round the lawn and gardens it still remains about twenty feet wide. The drawbridge and old entrance from the east side have entirely disappeared.

The weather-vane on the cupola bears the initials E. R. and the crown, but this is not, I think, so old as the house. These cupolas were often put in place of the old louvre-boarded chimneys where the smoke from the open hearth of the great hall escaped.

The sundial has lost the statuette which formerly crowned the top. The curious lines of carving on the stone make one doubt if it is a sundial at all, and it does not appear to be of much use as a register of time; perhaps they have some astrological significance.

A quaint trinket dug up in the garden some years ago was shown to me by Miss Halkett—a pair of gold tongs holding a burning heart, blue enamel insertions on the legs of the tongs, the heart of red enamel; on the gold is inscribed—

"Hurt not the Hart
That burns for thee."

This piece of jewellery seems to belong by right to Elizabethan days, and one cannot help wondering who "thee" was. It may have been Queen Bess herself who searched and sorrowed for that lost love token in the old flower garden.

Much of the east front is covered with wisteria, and one huge plant of jessamine covers an entire wing of the house, though it was planted only forty-four years ago by Colonel Halkett. The charming old house will always remain in my memory associated with hot, breathless summer days and perfect quietude, and with the kindness of the gracious ladies who no longer dwell there.

CHOBHAM COMMON

The dusty highway towards Chobham Common was something of a change from the moat-encircled garden; through poppy-fringed fields and quiet farms it leads onward on to woodlands, and then through birch scrub and pines into a wide, rolling expanse of open heath extending unbroken for two and a half miles to the gates of Chobham Place, where there is a cool avenue of old firs, beeches, and Spanish chestnuts, with an undergrowth of furze and heather, after a time the road dips into a hollow, and beyond on rising ground is the house. This, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was owned by Anthony Fenrother, and passed by the marriage of his daughter to the family of Thomas, and afterwards to the Abdys. Soon after it passed to Sir Denis Le Marchant of Guernsey, whose descendant, Sir H. D. Le Marchant, is now the owner.

There is said to be some old parts in the house, but as seen

companion was the summer wind. This stretch of heath land, for which Cobbet always reserved his choicest epithets, from his point of view deserved all he said about it—poor, rolling, sandy soil, growing nothing but patches of rough grass, furze, and heather, and these only indifferently, yet it is sometimes very beautiful ; one would like to see its curious desolation broken by a few birds, to hear the whirr of a grouse or partridge, or to see a rabbit or two ; there are myriads of butterflies, but these are hardly sufficient to provide life for the landscape.

Warned by experience, on the second day I left Sunningdale laden John Gilpin fashion : suspended by a string over my shoulders were two bottles of ale ; before reaching the heath a few people stared a little at the equipment, but that did not hurt so much as the thirst that I knew awaited me at the end of the journey.

It was hotter than before, with a stronger breeze to clear the haze and enable me to indicate the gap at Guildford and the ridge of Merrow and Clandon downs, the chimney of the power station and the red dots marking the position of Woking.

Late in the afternoon a car stopped on the road below, and an old gentleman with two ladies climbed slowly to my solitary hilltop, from which he showed them various spots of interest. Passing near me on the way down, he said, "I have just been looking over ground which was once very familiar ; there are not many left now to cumber the ground who were here in camp with me nearly sixty years ago." The tall, upright figure moved slowly down the slope among the furze, and the car passed on. Sixty years ago ! Why, that must have been the great camp formed

here before the Crimean War; it was almost like meeting a ghost, and I shall always regret the lost opportunity of learning what changes had appeared in the countryside since then.

Lower down towards Sunningdale there is a Runic Cross, with an inscription nearly weathered away, erected to mark the spot where Queen Victoria had witnessed a review of the troops before embarkation—though lithographs of the time show her position on the west side of the road.

In these pictures the two clumps of firs are always a prominent feature, and the passing years have not altered their appearance very much, though the trees are fewer in number and some of them show signs of decay.

There is no sign of any attempt at replanting on these knolls, though lower down a little of this has been tried with indifferent success. Unless something is done while the old trees stand as a screen, these landmarks will presently lose their distinctive crown.

So far as I can learn, these hilltop firs were planted about one hundred and fifty years ago by some of the local gentlemen, partly as a decoration in the landscape and partly as an experiment to see if trees would grow there. They provided a refuge for the last of the ravens, and, old people tell me, for the last of their kindred, the highwaymen who "worked" on Bagshot Heath, a solitary tavern between Staple Hill and Longcross being one of their haunts, while the hill itself was a convenient point of observation from which they could note the rich man's chaise or the poor man's waggon as they toiled along the sandy tracks.

In those days Bagshot Heath was the name given to all the

moorland extending to Thorpe on the north, old Woking on the east, and south towards Pirbright.

Spencer in 1771 writes of many recent enclosures by nobility and gentry, and great development of cultivated land around the houses built by them; the process continues, and, though the portions enclosed are smaller, they are also more numerous.

WINDLESHAM AND BAGSHOT

There are now many large houses set in the pine woods on the west side of the open heath land all the way to Windlesham, a straggling village with few traces of antiquity except in some of the cottages; one of these near the church is a fairly picturesque structure of timber and brick, with a thatched roof. "Birch Hall" is a large house of eighteenth-century date, and opposite it in the Rectory ground is one of the largest cedars in Surrey.

The church is now a modern building of brick, with a pinnacled square tower, most of the old features having been removed or covered up during extensive alterations made in 1875.

The ancient church was destroyed by lightning in 1676, and the building which replaced it is hardly recognisable in the present edifice. Some of the eighteenth-century wall tablets have been replaced, but none of these are of special interest. A slab near the south door records the giving of a bread dole by George Chewtor in 1754; this still exists, but great difficulty is experienced in its administration, as the deserving poor do not care to be made a show of.

There is some good modern stained glass, and one window

of poor design erected as a memorial for Major Birch Sharp, who died of wounds received at the battle of Inkerman.

The pulpit is finely carved oak dating probably from the beginning of the seventeenth century; a chained copy of Bishop Jewel's *Apology* is now kept in a glazed receptacle in the wall, the frame having been made from an ancient yew formerly in the churchyard. There is much fine modern work in marble and coloured tiles in the chancel, but the unplastered brickwork of the interior does not provide a good setting for it.

The land towards Bagshot is now all enclosed, though much of it is very poor and overgrown with rushes; a considerable extent of it is used as nursery ground for the propagation of rhododendrons and other ornamental shrubs, and for that purpose it appears to be admirably suited.

Bagshot village, amid much that is entirely modern, retains a certain flavour of the coaching era, though there is none of the bustle that prevailed when more than thirty coaches changed horses here every day. Some of the inns for which it was famous have ceased to exist; one or two have degenerated into taverns or have been converted into shops. "The King's Arms" still maintains its pride of place; this, according to Aubrey, was the chantry belonging to the manor of Freemantles, and was granted by Queen Elizabeth to George Evelyn and Thomas Reve in 1560. The manor was broken up, but apparently lay to the north of the village, part of it being Hall Grove; the chantry with the Fosters estate passed to James Lynch in 1636. I do not think any part of the present building is as old as the time of Queen Elizabeth, though some of the smaller houses on the same side of the street probably are.

WINDLESHAM AND BAGSHOT

The manors of Windlesham and Bagshot are somewhat intermingled, and as both consisted largely of barren heath until recent times their history is not remarkable.

Windlesham was given by Edward the Confessor to the Abbey of Westminster, and the land was of so little value that it was exempt from taxation. After the dissolution it was given by Henry VIII. to St. John's College, Oxford.

An estate called Fosters was held here by George Evelyn, who died in 1603; from the Evelyn family it passed by sale to James Lynch, and it was afterwards held by the Gauntletts, Daniel Moore, Samuel Maynwaring, Heneage Finch, John, and Abel Walter, who sold it in 1744 to Lord Onslow, who is now lord of the manor of Windlesham.

Bagshot appears to have been royal demesne since the Conquest, and, though granted to various persons at different times, remained so until 1621, when it was granted by James I. to Sir Edward Zouche; it then passed with the Woking property of that family until 1715, when it was acquired by John Walter and sold by his son Abel to Lord Onslow.

Bagshot Park was held by the Crown from ancient times; disparked during the Commonwealth, it was again enclosed after the Restoration. The present mansion, a large modern building of brick and stone, is the residence of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

The great holly hedge at Penny Hill and the nursery grounds of Messrs. Waterer are well-known objects of interest in the neighbourhood.

Large tracts of woodland extend to the west, and a short distance southward towards Camberley the land begins to

assume a military character and gradually merges into the widely scattered camps, colleges, and manœuvring grounds surrounding Aldershot.

In the open spaces the tender green of the birch trees stands amid a golden sea of broom and gorse in the early summer, and as these resume the sober greens of the long, hot days, the heath land bursts into blossom, spreading a carpet of pink and crimson on the open ridges and the quiet, dim aisles of the great fir woods.

It is curious how the Scots fir, a quite uncommon tree in old Surrey—though specimens are found in the bogs—should have taken possession of the county as it has done. A large area was planted about the beginning of the nineteenth century, one such space being the great wood between Horsell Common and Byefleet; this occupies the bed of a lake known as Sherewater, and is now full of well-grown timber.

Apparently it was first introduced either by the Duke of Lauderdale or by John Evelyn, who was an enthusiast about it, not only as timber, but for its many other virtues. He declares that its bark will heal ulcers; "the distilled water of the green cones will take away wrinkles from the face; an oil extracted from the ashes is good for the toothache and rot of the bones; and the fruit corroborates the stomach."

CHOBHAM

Five miles of very crooked roads lead from Bagshot to Chobham; the land is now all under cultivation.

The village is a quiet little place. Some old cottages, one

or two larger houses, a mill, and the little Windle brook, which has now changed its name to Hale bourne.

The church is interesting, though it has been drastically restored; there are traces of Norman work, and a good deal of the twelfth century; the square tower with a lead-covered spire and portions of the exterior date from the fifteenth-century. It is a pity that the newer work should have been built entirely with ugly purplish stone, instead of this being mingled with grey and yellowish sandstone as in the older parts.

There is some good old ironwork on the south door, and an old parish chest with a slot in the lid. A modern bronze tablet has been erected in memory of Nicholas Heath, Bishop of Rochester, 1540, of Worcester, 1543, Archbishop of York, 1555, who was buried in the chancel; and several memorials of the Abdy and Le Marchant families; one of these to John Gaspard Le Marchant, "who fell at the head of the Heavy brigade at Salamanca, 1812"—this was the desperate charge which won the battle.

Although the church dates back to Norman times, there was no right of burial there until the thirteenth century, when the rector, Thomas, applied to the Pope for permission to consecrate a churchyard, the parishioners complaining of the great difficulty experienced in carrying their dead to Chertsey Abbey, owing to the badness of the roads and their own poverty. Pope Honorius agreed, the Abbot consented, and Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, consecrated the churchyard, but with reservations for the loss of custom at the Abbey, for which Chobham had to pay twenty shillings and six pounds of wax yearly, with various other stipulations as to tithes and legacies.

About a mile west from the village is Brook Place, built in 1656. This house has a fine stack of square chimneys, and gables alternately ogee and peaked, a charming old house, but so much screened by foliage that only small portions can be seen. Its name arises from the Broke family, who held one of the manors of Chobham in the fifteenth century.

South and south-west of this stretches a great expanse of heath land interspersed with portions of cultivated ground, but containing nothing of great interest. It is a countryside where one stumbles over men in khaki motionless among the heather, or engaged with others in complicated military evolutions; a district which a painter does well to avoid altogether, unless he has a special object in view, or special authority; I had neither, so retraced my steps.

Nearly a mile north-east from Chobham Church, Chobham Park is now merely a farmhouse; this part of the Abbey lands was sold by Queen Mary to Nicholas Heath, Archbishop of York, for £3000—"a meek and modest man"—but he refused to conform to the changes under Elizabeth, resigned his See and retired to his house here, yet he did not forfeit the Queen's esteem; she often visited him in his retirement, and allowed him to have a chapel for his own methods of worship. This consideration did not extend to his brother Thomas, who was arrested at Rochester in 1570 with Arian and Anabaptist tracts in his possession. After the Archbishop's death in 1579 the estate passed to Thomas Heath, probably a nephew, and from him to Sir Francis Leigh. The mansion was afterwards pulled down, the estate divided into farms, and ultimately came into the possession of the Le Marchants.

A little east from this is Stannards, an interesting old house. This manor in the early part of the fourteenth century was owned by John de Hamme, and afterwards by the Lamberts, from whom it was purchased by Henry VIII. In 1560 Queen Elizabeth granted the Manor of Stanyers and Fords to George Evelyn, who in 1607 settled it on his younger brothers, John and James Evelyn. It remained with that family until 1636, when Dame Elizabeth, widow of Sir John Evelyn of West Dean, Wiltshire, sold it to James Lynch; with other estates it was owned by various members of the Lynch family, Gauntletts, and Swantons, till 1694, when it was sold to the Cocks; from them it went in turn to Gibson, Martin, Woodford, Sewell, and Boehm of Ottershaw. The Manor of Aden, with the mill and the northern part of the village, was the property of Nicholas Atte Broke; in 1479 this was sold by his daughter, Isabella Manory, to William Campion, a citizen of London. In 1540 it was owned by John Danister, baron of the Exchequer, and a portion was settled on his daughter Ann, who married Owen Bray of Shere. It passed from his daughter to Mr. Johnson, General Broome, Mr. Chapple, and finally to the Rev. Charles Jerram, the vicar, in 1810.

WOKING AND HORSELL

Horsell Common is a fine open space, which is beginning to suffer from the encroachments of the builder. Great stretches of it had recently been devastated by heath fires, one of which was smoking on the horizon towards Bagshot as I tramped eastward past acres of black dust and skeletons of furze.

The origin of these fires is something of a mystery; they are attributed to children and to tramps. Another cause came under my notice: a hundred yards away a man in a fast-travelling motor-car threw the stump of his cigar on to the bank by the roadside. It fell among dusty grass and dry heather, and before I reached the spot the wicked little orange flames were several feet wide, but easily beaten out with a few twigs; the car had vanished along the dusty road.

Towards Horsell Church there has been much building and laying out of new streets. Standing on a ridge above the village street, the church is pretty; but, having been restored at least three times during the nineteenth century, has lost a good deal of its interest. The square tower and one or two other portions are old—probably fifteenth century. There are brasses in the chancel: to John Sutton and Thomas Sutton, 1603—said to have resided at Castle House, probably near Castle Green, south from Chobham; to John Aleyn; and another to Thomas Edmonds and Ann Frognell, his wife, 1619. A fine monument to James Fenn, of the parish of St. Magnus, London Bridge, Citizen and Skinner, 1793, with figures of himself, wife, and daughter; he was a native of Horsell, who settled in London, made a fortune, and served the office of Sheriff in 1787.

Some of the most beautiful parts of the common are nearest to the new town of Woking; there is a cricket-ground, unenclosed, and beyond that a tangle of furze, bracken, fir trees, and young birches, which form an ideal place of refuge from the streets and roads of a densely built and thickly populated modern town, of which Horsell now forms a suburb. Woking, where it is now, did not exist until the railway was

opened in 1838, when it was named Woking Heath, and a public-house was the only building near it. In recent years it has extended with alarming rapidity. On the eastern side of the railway the development has taken the form of large houses with fine grounds, and that class of dwelling, with the exception of one or two old timbered cottages, extends to the boundary walls of Hoe Place, long ago the residence of the Zouche family.

The manor and hundred of Woking were granted by James I. in 1620 to Sir Edward Zouche, marshal of the Royal household, and his heirs male, by the service that he, and they who came after him, shall on the feast of St. James next ensuing after their succession, carry up the first dish to the King's table and that of his successors, at dinner on that day, and at the same time pay one hundred pounds of coined gold of the realm of England. Sir Edward Zouche is said to have been chief of those who provided their master with fooleries, generally of an indecent description.

His grant included the old palace, which he promptly pulled down and used the materials to build a new house near by, which consisted of two large courts, and was described as a fine specimen of seventeenth-century brickwork; but that was not the present Hoe Place, which was first built by James Zouche, the last heir male of the family, who died in 1708. Much of the materials used in its construction came from the house built by his ancestor, Sir Edward Zouche, and the house has been considerably altered since that time. After his death Hoe Place fell into the possession of his niece Sophia, who had married John Bayes, a draper of London, and has since passed through many hands.

Popular imagination has transferred many of the legends of the older house to the new one, such as underground passages to Newark Priory. If people paused to think, they would see the absurdity of these tales, if only for two reasons: even from the older house, the Priory was at a considerable distance and across the river, and monasteries were dissolved nearly a hundred years before Hoe Place was built.

The history of the manor contains a good deal of interest. It was one of the demesnes of Edward the Confessor, and was afforested by Henry II. in 1154. Richard I. granted it to Alan, Lord Basset; it was held by his descendants until after 1271, when the marriage of the heiress Aliva transferred the estates to another family. They had been held by the service of half a knight's fee and the rendering of a pair of gloves furred with miniver or ermine.

Aliva was twice married—first to Hugh de Despenser, Lord Chief Justice of England, who was killed at the battle of Evesham in 1265, and afterwards to Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk. At her death Woking was claimed by her husband, and by Hugh de Despenser, her son, and obtained by the latter, who was afterwards created Earl of Winchester.

Originally an honest man, his promotion developed another side to his character; the arrogance and injustice displayed by him and the King offended the whole realm. The Queen was driven abroad, and returned in 1326 with a small company of followers, which was soon increased to a great army. The King fled towards Bristol, where he had appointed Winchester as governor, but that town was soon taken. The governor was arrested and hanged on a gallows fifty feet high; the King was

imprisoned and put to death at Berkeley Castle. Woking reverted to the Crown, and the survey made in 1327 describes a large mansion, with a double moat, which enclosed the house, gardens, orchards, and offices.

Edward III. gave the manor to his uncle, Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Kent, but about two years afterwards he was accused of treason and executed by the machinations of Roger Mortimer, who suffered the same fate a year afterwards, when the estates were returned to the family of the Earl of Kent.

His two sons died without issue, and the property came to the son of his daughter Joan (the fair maid of Kent). Her eldest son was created Earl of Kent in 1382; he died in 1397, and was succeeded by his son, Thomas Holland, who was made Duke of Surrey in 1398; he was deprived of his title when Richard III. was deposed, and executed for conspiracy in 1400.

The title Earl of Kent and the estates were restored to his younger brother, who died without issue, and the estates were divided between his two sisters. Woking became the property of Margaret Holland, who first married Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, and afterwards Thomas, Duke of Clarence, son of Henry V.

On her death in 1430 the inheritance descended to her son John, Earl of Somerset, and by him Woking was conveyed to his younger brother Edmund and his wife Eleanor. Edmund was killed at the battle of St. Albans in 1455, and on the death of his widow the property devolved on Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII.

Previous to his accession, through the attainder and execu-

tion of Henry, Duke of Somerset after the battle of Hexham in 1463, the property, subject to his mother's tenure, was forfeited, and Edward IV. kept Christmas at Woking in 1480.

On the accession of Henry VII. Woking was restored to his mother. The King repaired and enlarged the house and often lived there with her; she died in 1509, and Henry VIII. became the owner. Accompanied by Wolsey, he occasionally lived in the house, and on one of these occasions a letter from the Pope arrived informing Wolsey that he had been raised to the dignity of Cardinal. Woking was visited by Edward VI. in 1550, but it is doubtful if either Queen Mary or Elizabeth ever lived there. In 1620 it was granted by James I. to Sir Edward Zouche, and the manor ought to have reverted to the Crown in 1708, when James Zouche, the last of that family, died; but in 1671 Charles II. had granted the reversion for a thousand years to Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland—it will be an interesting legal puzzle for future generations when some of these leases fall in; one of three hundred years did so at Canterbury last year, much to the surprise of the holder—a manor court was held in her name in 1708; she died in that year, and in 1715 the property was sold to John Walter of Busbridge, Godalming; in 1752 it was sold by his son to Richard, Lord Onslow.

The palace stood somewhere in the vicinity of Woking Park Farm, and in 1771 there were considerable portions still standing. Manning says that great part of the foundations were visible in his time, and one apartment; Lewis mentions a guard-room existing in 1849; this remained a few years ago, and may still be there, but I did not see it.

Situated at a distance from the railway and main roads,

WOKING AND HORSELL

Woking is now a sleepy little village with crooked streets huddled round the church and the bridge over the Wey. Many of the cottages are old, and near the south end there are two good examples of Elizabethan and Jacobean building. The oldest is known as the old manor house, the other may have been its successor in Jacobean days; both of these, with part of the village street, are shown in the drawing.

The church stands in a side road close to the river, and is of great interest, though it has been restored again and again. The building is kept locked, but the key can be obtained from the verger, who lives near by.

The only entrance is under the tower, which is probably thirteenth-century work. The doorway and the door itself, with all its fine ironwork, is Early Norman, and is, I think, unique in Surrey.

The gallery bears the inscription—

"This gallery was erected at the charge of the Right Worshipful
Sir Edward Zouche,
Knight, and Knight Marishal of England,
Anno Domine 1622.
Fear God. Honour the King."

The pulpit is Jacobean work of fine design, all the carving being out of the solid timber. This,—with the fine disused south porch,—was probably provided by Sir Edward Zouche, who, considering his life, made a pious ending—in his will. Some of the seats are good rough work of fifteenth-century date, and in the base of the tower are two fine old chests. Some traces of Norman masonry are still visible on the north side of the nave.

Some of the brasses mentioned by Brayley are no longer

visible, but there are three inserted in the wall. One of these bears the inscription: "Pray for the soules of John Shadbolt and Maybell his wife," 1523.

There is a mural monument to several members of the Emily family of West Claudon, with a very long rhyming inscription imbued with all the ponderous solemnity of the eighteenth century—

> "Oh thou whoe'er by sad occasion led
> Shall pause where this recording marble weeps;"

and several others to members of the Lloyd, Merest, Bund, and other families.

I was unable to trace any confirmation of a grim vegetable mentioned by an eighteenth-century traveller. "That when a skeleton was taken up in the churchyard, a plant grows from it like a bulrush, with a head resembling asparagus;" no doubt modern botanists would like to study this plant if it ever existed.

Returning the massive key to its custodian, I crossed the bridge and took the path by the riverside across the meadows to the canal, now of little use for shipping purposes, but providing an excellent swimming-bath for a group of young gipsies; past a decayed lock, and still over the meadows, about two miles altogether, to a large water-mill with a pleasant house beside it. The mill itself is not picturesque, but the rumble of its machinery told the pleasant tale, that it was still at work and keeping its place in the world. In the meadow beyond stand the ruins of Newark Priory, founded by Ruald de Calva and his wife Beatrix in honour of the Blessed Virgin early in the twelfth century.

In the time of Richard I. it appears to have been refounded by members of the same family in honour of the Virgin Mary and St. Thomas à Becket. This must have been only a few years after Becket's death.

The endowments included the Ham or manor of Pappesworth in Ockham, the church at Send, the chapel at Ripley, and others.

Lucy, Bishop of Winchester, at his death in 1204 added land to the annual value of one hundred shillings; Andrew Bukerel gave the manor of West Bedfont and an estate at Stanwell in Middlesex. Thomas de Hertmere gave his manor at Godalming and his rents at Ashurst and Guildown. Many others gave lands and money, and a little was added by poaching from the domains of Chertsey Abbey. In 1237 the Prior claimed Trindele and Horsell, both in the parish of Chertsey. Chertsey settled the matter by allowing them to have Horsell.

The canons obtained the privilege of a fair at Ripley in 1220. In 1262 they held chapels at Woking, Horsell, Pyrford, Leigh, Send, St. Martha, Wanborough, Shipton, Weybridge, Windlesham, Bagshot, Ewell, and the tithes of Sutton. In 1480 the canons were discharged from the payment of all tenths on these benefices.

The last prior, Richard Lyppescombe, received a pension of £40 at the dissolution, and seven canons from £5, 6s. 8d. to £6, the gross revenues amounting to over £294.

The site of the priory, with other estates, was granted in 1544 to Sir Anthony Browne, and now belongs to the Earl of Lovelace.

The ruins are carefully guarded by fences, barbed wire, and warnings to trespassers; application for admission to be made at the estate office, distant about one and a half mile.

Before undertaking that walk I thought myself justified in trying to see whether it was worth while, and after a time found a devious passage to the ruins.

These are of considerable extent, but consist mainly of the flint core of the walls of what was once the Priory church; nearly every fragment of brick or building stone has been stripped off, and all features of architectural interest have vanished. Some of the walls are still of full height, and are about three feet thick, but much was pulled down and used to repair the roads. Grose, in 1761, says the building would have been entirely destroyed but for the interposition of Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons; damage by picnic parties has been the cause of the recent restrictions. As a ruin it is too ruinous: one solitary tomb and the blue flowers of the borage growing among the tumbled flints are the only eloquent reminders of the monks and their herb gardens.

Towards Pyrford the flat meadow land is intersected by many streams—the Wey breaking into seven branches—but the swarming wild fowl have vanished; only on rare occasions may a heron be seen, or a few ducks in hard winter days. Pyrford church and village stand on the rising ground, and neither has much interest nowadays, though the nave and chancel of the church are of twelfth-century work, and the pulpit Jacobean; it has a low tower and a shingled spire; the building was restored in 1869.

The land is said to have belonged to King Harold, and

was given by the Conqueror to the Abbey of St. Peter, Westminster, "free from all taxes, tolls, judgements, and amerciments."

At the dissolution of the monasteries it was retained by the Crown until 1558, when Queen Mary granted the manor to the restored monastery of Shene; twelve months afterwards that monastery was suppressed, and the manor was afterwards leased to Edward Clinton, Earl of Lincoln and Lord High Admiral, who built himself a house there. After his death it was granted to John Wolley, who had succeeded Roger Ascham as Latin Secretary to Queen Elizabeth. Much esteemed by the Queen, he had many honours bestowed on him, and was knighted in 1592; he was frequently visited by the Queen at Pyrford, and her partiality extended to his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William More of Losely, who had been one of the ladies of the Privy Chamber. Sir John Wolley was her second husband, and died in 1595, leaving one son, Francis, a boy of thirteen, who succeeded to the title and estates, and became the good friend of John Donne, when he got into trouble by marrying his cousin, daughter of Sir George More; Sir Francis provided the poet with a safe asylum at Pyrford after he was released from prison, and ultimately prevailed on his uncle to pardon the young people and provide a marriage portion for Mrs. Donne.

His mother had married Lord Ellesmere as a third husband; and Sir Francis died unmarried in 1610, the estate going to his cousin, Sir Arthur Mainwaring. From him it passed to Robert Parkhurst, Lord Mayor in 1635, who died in the following year, and was succeeded by his son and grandson; the latter died in 1674, when the estate was sold to Denzil Onslow. He was visited here in 1681 by John Evelyn, who describes the extraordinary

feast provided for the company: venison, rabbits, hares, pheasants, partridges, pigeons, quails, poultry, all sorts of fowl in season from his own decoy, and all sorts of fresh fish—entirely provided from his own estate. "After dinner we went to see sport at the decoy, where I never saw so many herons." He describes the house as of timber, but commodious.

About the same time Aubrey visited the place. "The park is three miles about, well wooded, and stored with deer, anciently the seat of the Earls of Lincoln; but the house, as now, was built for the most part by Sir John Wolley." He also mentions the decoy pool, with four tunnels.

The mansion was pulled down by George, Lord Onslow, about 1790, and the ground parcelled into farms. The decoy remained in use for some time afterwards, but the extensive enclosures, the draining and planting of the Sherewater, and the increase of population about the beginning of the nineteenth century rendered it useless, and it fell to ruin; no trace of it remains now.

A considerable extent of woodland remains to the north-west of Pyrford; but Mayford, once a pleasant village, is rapidly becoming an outlying portion of the new town of Woking.

The land was held in the twelfth century by Geoffrey de Pourton, by the service of attending the King in his wars within the realm of England for forty days, either personally or by substitute. In 1226 it passed from that family to John de Gatesden, who paid twenty shillings a year in lieu of service. The estate was purchased by Fulk, Bishop of London, in the time of Henry III., and descended with his heirs until it was granted to Sir Edward Zouche.

RIPLEY AND SEND

From Pyrford a road to the south-east leads to Ripley. The village is principally one street along the Portsmouth road, and another leading westward, where there is an Ebenezer chapel for particular Baptists, which must be one of the smallest of its kind.

There is a large green, two inns, and some good old cottages; the church, so well known in former days to multitudes of cyclists, was almost entirely rebuilt in 1846, with the exception of the chancel, which is Norman. It was founded about the end of the twelfth century, and is mentioned in a charter of Edward II. as the oratory of Ripelia; in 1549 it was still described as a chantry chapel "builded long time past for an hospital and sithen altered, unto which chapel the parishioners dwelling nere have used for their own ease to resort to hear Divine service, within which parish of Sende been two hundred and eleven housling people; the incumbent Richard Woode, clerk, age forty, having small learning; no other provision but one small pension of one hundred and six shillings and eightpence out of the late monastery of Newark." There are fine alleys of yew leading from the gates to the church door; and behind the churchyard there is a picturesque old farmhouse.

I have sketched the "Anchor Inn" with the houses and church beyond; across the road is what is known as the old manor house, now converted into cottages; this contains some good brickwork of the seventeenth century, but part of the front is modern.

The village gave the title of Baron to General Legonier,

who served with great distinction under the Duke of Marlborough. He died without issue in 1770, and the title became extinct.

A very brief experience by the pedestrian of this Portsmouth road, either in wet or dry weather, must convince him that Englishmen are eminently a law-abiding race; if it were not so, some of the drivers of motor vehicles would find themselves in the same condition as Mark Twain's celebrated coach guard—"so full of shot holes that he could not hold his victuals"; and one is glad to leave it for less-frequented roads at the first opportunity.

South-west from Ripley there are a number of hamlets, houses, and small villages bearing the name of Send; Marsh, Heath, Grove, Holme, and Green.

The church is at Send Grove, east from the river near Sutton Place; it has an embattled tower and an extra wide nave of fifteenth-century date. The chancel and some other portions are about two hundred years earlier; the screen is probably fifteenth-century work and the south porch sixteenth.

Some of the Slyfields and Onslows are buried here; and in the churchyard there is the tomb of Lieut.-General Evelyn, who died in 1783 at Grove House. He had built this house, and it was afterwards owned by Rear-Admiral Sir Francis Drake, a descendant of the Drake of Elizabethan times, and one of the captains under Rodney in 1782.

SUTTON PLACE

On the west side of the river a path leads southward by a small wood, close past two farms, and out on the broader road near Sutton Green, a very small village near the gates of Sutton Place.

SUTTON PLACE

A house that is unique as being the first "great" house of a purely domestic character built in Surrey, without the defence of either wall or moat.

Edward the Confessor had a house of some kind here held by Wenesi; at the Domesday Survey there were 300 acres of arable land, six bondmen, a mill, twenty acres of meadow, and a wood yielding twenty-five swine. This was bestowed by William the Conqueror on Robert, son of William Malet, a knight whose name appears on the Roll of Battle Abbey, and one of those to whom was allotted the defence of the consecrated banner of the Normans; afterwards he had charge of Waltham Abbey and the sepulchre of Harold.

The services of the father were rewarded by grants to the son of great estates in Suffolk, Essex, and other counties, including the manor of Sutton.

In 1101, after the death of Rufus, Robert Malet took the side of Robert of Normandy, and his estates were forfeited by Henry I. and given by the King to his nephew Stephen, who became King in 1135, and bestowed the land on his son, William de Blois, Earl of Warren and Surrey, who died without issue in 1160, and the manor was bestowed by Henry II. on Master Giry and inherited by his son Alan, who died without heirs. King John gave it to Gilbert Basset, and ultimately it came to Margaret, mother of Henry VII.

Mr. Frederick Harrison says, "Between the Conquest and Bosworth Field, the manor was forfeited to the Crown more than ten times, and at least as often, the owner or his heir was beheaded, killed in civil war, or attainted." It brought ill-luck to all its possessors.

SUTTON PLACE

Henry VIII. in 1521 granted the manor to Sir Richard Weston, with permission to enclose 600 acres of land and pasture, 50 acres of wood, and 400 acres of heath and furze. Fourteen years later the ill-luck showed itself again, when his son Francis, with other four—all gentlemen of the Privy Chamber—were involved in the fate of Anne Boleyn and executed on Tower Hill.

Sir Richard Weston was a descendant of Humphrey Weston, who resided at Prested in Essex in the fourteenth century, and was the founder of two different families—the Westons of Sutton, descended from his son John, and the Westons of Prested. From the latter came the Earl of Portland in the time of Charles I.

From the Sutton branch came John Weston, Prior of St. John's, Clerkenwell, 1477, and William, his nephew, who was prior of that house at the dissolution, and is said to have died of grief on the day that the Act was passed.

Sir Richard Weston of Sutton was his elder brother, and a man of great ability—Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, Treasurer of Calais, under-Treasurer of England, and Master of the Court of Wards and Liveries.

Sutton Place was erected by him between 1523 and 1529, the materials, brick and terra-cotta, being brought from Flanders. The doorways, window-jambs, parapets, and string courses are all formed of moulded brick, and many of the panels still bear the initials R. W. and a ton, with bunches of hops. In later days this gave rise to a tradition that Sir Richard was the King's brewer, people apparently being unable to distinguish from the rebus the difference between a ton weight and a tun or mash tub.

SUTTON PLACE

During a visit by Queen Elizabeth in 1561 or 1591—it is not definitely known which—a great fire broke out and did much damage to the south-west and north-east wings; and these portions of the house are said to have remained in ruins until 1721, when they were repaired and embellished by John Weston. Originally the house was a quadrangle, but the north-east front, with a gateway, was removed in 1787; a lower gateway and screen appear to have been erected then, which Lewis, in 1849, mentions as having been recently removed. The gables where the original cross wing joined the present buildings are still visible.

In 1878 Mr. Frederick Harrison restored the long gallery and described the house as "the single extant production of a peculiar and suggestive type of Renascence Gothic; the mass and completeness of terra-cotta work is hardly equalled by any old work in England." It was also remarkable as a house that never passed out of Catholic hands, and Mass was continuously celebrated in the chapel down to 1876, when the little church near the farm in the park was erected.

The Sir Richard Weston of the first half of the seventeenth century was a man who did much to improve the agriculture and commerce of his county. He made the river Wey navigable from Guildford to the Thames so long ago as 1651, by the introduction of locks; he brought water from Stoke and made water meadows, and is also said to have been the first to introduce turnips, clover, and sainfoin into England. The last of the direct line of Westons died in 1782, and was buried with his fathers in the chapel at Holy Trinity Church, Guildford. The estate then passed to John Webbe of Sarnesfield Court,

Hereford, a descendant from the Westons of Prested; he took the name and arms of Weston, and his descendants have done likewise.

Brayley writes of the interior of the house being in a melancholy state of decay, but that condition of things was remedied by Mr. Harrison. Cobbet passed this way in 1825, and grumbles that a Baron—"something with De before his name. How he came there, I know not—to live in the house of Webb Weston." It is now the residence of Lord Northcliffe.

There are many fine elms and oaks in the large park, and near the house are a number of large lime trees.

As a rule, little sound from the outer world is heard, but one day as I worked there came the hum of a motor in the eastern sky, as the winner of the great air race of 1911 passed over at a distance which made him no more than a swallow on the wing.

WORPLESDON

The road by Whitmoor House towards Worplesdon is pretty, but I revolted from its dust and heat, and turned up a lane to try and find another way. This led through long grass, bracken, and coppice wood, to a beautiful woodland path over Pile Hill. Through the trees I could see a solitary man with a reaping-machine laying the harvest in sheaves on the parched stubble, and the whirr of his "binder" was the triumphant voice of something that has obliterated the old festival of harvest-time, when men, women, and children were all in the fields, happy in their hard toil and well-earned money.

Passing out to the open again at Pray Heath and over the

common to Worplesdon village about one and a half mile from the railway station, much of the land is being brought under cultivation for nursery and market-garden purposes.

There is nothing of great interest in the village or the church, which dates from the thirteenth or fourteenth century; the tower dates from about the end of the fifteenth century; the chancel is probably that of the original building, and has a good east window, and there is a recess for a tomb or seat. The font is a square block of Sussex marble with small sunk panels, standing on a centre shaft with slender round pillars at the corners. The churchyard is pretty, and all around are commons and farms.

The parish is very large, consisting of about seven thousand acres in three manors. Burpham was held at the Domesday Survey by Sibilla, daughter of Earl Roger de Montgomery; she married Robert Fitz Hamon, lord of the Honour of Gloucester. It afterwards vested in the Clares and the Despensers, one of whom, Adam, sold the estate to William de Wintreshull. It remained with that family for three hundred years, until the estate was sold by William Wintreshull to Sir John Wolley, whose son, Sir Francis, left it to his illegitimate daughter, Mary Wolley, who carried it to Sir John Wyrley by marriage. The estate afterwards returned to her mother's family, and from them it was purchased by Lord Onslow.

The manor of Wyke was anciently held by a family of that name, and remained in their possession until the middle of the fifteenth century, when two-thirds of the estate passed to John Logge; from his descendants it passed by sale to William Harding, a yeoman of Wanborough, in 1563. His son died

without issue in 1611, and was succeeded by his sister, who married Sir Robert Gorges; they sold it to Sir Thomas White, from whom it passed to the Woodroffes. The third share passed from the de Wykes to Stephen Parker, who conveyed it to the Manorys. Ann, daughter of Thomas Manory, in 1500 conveyed it to her husband, Ralph Vyne; in 1580 Stephen Vyne conveyed it to Robert White, who, two years afterwards, sold it with Poyle to Sir Nicholas Woodroffe.

The manor of Worplesdon in the thirteenth century was owned by Gilbert de Basseville. His son Gilbert had his estate seized in 1216 by King John; but it was afterwards recovered by the family. The manor in the fourteenth century was owned by Robert de Wykeford, and by him in 1363 was conveyed to King Edward III. It was several times granted to different individuals by various kings, until 1681, when it was purchased by Richard Onslow, whose descendant, the Earl of Onslow, is lord of the manor.

To the north of Worplesdon the great cemetery of Brookwood occupies a part of the space which was formerly a forest belonging to the Grey Friars of Guildford, a mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide; this came into the hands of Sir Edward Zouche. On the east side of this was the small manor of Crastock or Bridley; this is said to be held from the lord of the manor of Pirbright by the annual payment of two shillings and a pound of pepper. In 1337 it was owned by John de Latimer, in the fifteenth century by Thomas Hobson. About 1640 one of the Hobsons sold it to Francis Williamson, from whom, in 1652, it passed to the Caryls of Tangley Manor. From them it passed through several hands until acquired by Lord Grantley.

The country on the west of Worplesdon is now nearly all owned or leased by the War Office.

At Slyfield Green on the south-eastern boundary of the parish, Aubrey says that coal was discovered in the time of Charles II. "How deep the coal is, is unknown, for as fast as the irons were put in they would snap off, thought by Mr. William Lilly to be done by subterranean spirits." Apparently Lilly was a consulting engineer as well as an astrologer.

GUILDFORD

Guildford is now a large bustling place with many new streets and houses, among which there are embedded a few fragments of the ancient town. Unfortunately some of these are considered obstacles in the path of modern civilisation hurrying to nowhere in particular, but demanding insistently that everything shall be cleared out of the way.

Perhaps the situation of the town in olden times did lend some colour to the legend still nursed by local patriotism that this is the Astolat of Arthurian days, the home of the lily maid, and the castle that which Launcelot saw—

"Fired from the west, far on a hill."

Once only I saw the castle glowing like that in the setting sun, as Tennyson may have seen it, but to place the legend in this spot is like trying to localise a dream.

A garden and bowling-green have now been laid out in the castle grounds. Several times during summer these are illuminated, and a band plays. The scene is very pretty, and in the

twilight some of the young people indulge in a stealthy dance on the turf that is sacred to bowls.

The keep is now a roofless shell with walls about ten feet thick. Several chambers are contained in the masonry ; one of these has some rudely carved capitals, and is styled the chapel. A circular stair leads to the top of the wall, which is about 70 feet high and commands a good view over the town. Except on one side, the view of the keep is being blotted out by fast-growing trees ; a dry ditch separates it from the higher ground, and there are several fragments of the outer buildings and walls still standing, but nothing of much consequence.

The name of the town has long been a matter of debate ; nowadays it is generally accepted as being derived from guild, a fraternity, and ford, but this is not quite satisfactory, as the name was in use long before there was any probability of a guild of any sort existing here. It is a parlous subject for an outsider to venture an opinion about, but may it not have been Gil, a stream, and ford ? This name for a stream occurs at least once in another part of Surrey, about a mile north from Charlwood.

Some sort of a town has existed here from very early times, but it first emerges from the haze about 900, when Alfred the Great bequeathed this town and Godalming to his nephew Ethelwald. In 1036 it appears again as the place where the son of Ethelred the Unready and his retinue of six hundred Normans were seized by Godwin and Harold Harefoot, by whom they had been invited to England.

The Normans were put to death ; Alfred had his eyes put

out, and was sent a prisoner to Ely, where he died after fiendish torments.

At the Domesday Survey: "In Gildeford King William hath seventy-five houses in which reside 175 men." The town and manor are described as having been owned by the Crown in the time of King Edward.

Mr. Manning was of the opinion that these tenements were on the west side of the river and that the castle was erected on the eastern side soon after the Conquest. The population then gradually settled near it on land which had been given to the Testard family, who built the two Churches of St. Mary and Holy Trinity for the benefit of their tenants.

Henry II. built a palace here, of which probably the existing keep is a part, and in 1154 enclosed a large tract of land on the north side of Guild-Down. In 1186 he kept Christmas at Guildford, and about the same time gave audience to the papal legates who had been sent to assist at the investment of Prince John as sovereign of Ireland. In the same year he received the prior and brethren of the Convent of St. Swithin, Winchester, who came to complain that their Bishop had reduced their rations from thirteen dishes at each meal to ten. The King thought they ate too much, and gave them no sympathy. He was something of a humorist, and, having several wealthy Jews among his tenants here, he levied a fourth part of their goods and chattels as a contribution towards the expense of a crusade.

King John lived much at Guildford, visiting the place, it is said, nineteen times during eleven years. His last visit was of a hurried character, as he was fleeing before Lewis of France, who soon after took the castle, apparently without any fighting.

Henry III. enlarged the castle, repaired, and beautified it; towards the end of his reign, in 1268, he ordered that several chambers should be fitted up for the use of his "dear daughter" (in law) Eleanor, with a chapel at the upper end of the chamber — this may be the chapel remaining in the wall — another chamber, with a platform, chimney, balcony, and glazed windows, for the use of her officers, and her herb garden to be repaired and set in order by William of Florence, who was artist, clerk of works, and gardener, at the salary of sixpence a day. All this work was for the purpose of providing a home for Eleanor while her husband was absent on crusade.

The park, manor, town, and castle were in 1299 settled on Eleanor's successor, Margaret, the second wife of Edward I. She died in 1318, and the property reverted to the Crown.

The place was neglected by Edward II., though he visited there; Edward III. kept Christmas at Guildford in 1337, 1340, and 1347, and was there in 1371. It is little noticed in the succeeding reigns, but Edward IV. was at Guildford in 1479 and 1482. In 1488 Henry VII. gave the custody of the park and manor to Sir Reginald Bray, one of his most zealous supporters before he came to the throne. Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk and brother-in-law to Henry VIII., died here in 1546, but that king had erected a new house for himself on the site of the Friary, and had no more use for the castle; and the gradual process of degradation set in. It had long been a prison, and the appointment of keeper of the Royal estates was granted to Sir Anthony Browne, Sir Thomas Gorges, and John Murray; the latter was raised to the peerage in 1622, and two years afterwards created Earl of Annandale; partly by grant,

partly by purchase, he obtained all the King's property at Guildford, except five acres on which the castle stood. These were granted to Francis Carter, the mayor of the town; many of the outlying buildings were probably destroyed about this time. It seems likely that the grant was meant for the community, not to the mayor personally, but it was treated by him as his own, and after changing hands several times the property came into the possession of the Duke of Norfolk, from whom it passed to Lord Grantley, and from him the ruins and grounds were purchased by the corporation in 1885, with the assistance of the Rt. Hon. George Cubitt.

The most important part of the outer works is the gateway of which I give a drawing. The cottage alongside, with the addition of some modern rooms, is now the museum of the Surrey Archæological Society, and contains a wonderful and varied collection of relics. Some of these are only qualifying for beatification, such as the last crinoline worn in Guildford, and some very modern ironwork, but most of the exhibits are of great interest. One of the most curious is a charm against ague; this is written on a leaf from a Bible, and was not transferable, the wearer being described by name, and the document signed; it is unfortunate that we have no record of the medical value of this early faith cure.

A little below the castle is the parish church of St. Mary; the only old church now left in the town, and probably the "great chapel" which William of Florence was ordered to adorn with paintings in 1223. The tower is considered to be older than the Norman Conquest, and round it the Norman church was built; there are portions of various dates, down to the

fifteenth century. A semicircular apse at the east end was cut off about 1825 to widen the street, and, tradition says, to get rid of an awkward corner which interfered with the progress of George IV. on his way to and from Brighton; a part of the churchyard had been cut off in 1755; but according to contemporary reports it was this last "improvement" that afforded most gratification to the local authorities. The Lord forgive them!

The interior of the church is generally Norman in character, and of great interest. The paintings on the groined roof of St. John's Chapel, probably executed by William of Florence, have a remote similarity to the work at Chaldon, but the figures are more fully draped, are not so well drawn, and lack the rough humour of that great design. This chapel and that of St. Mary on the south side were both mutilated by the removal of the eastern portion of the church, though the old window was replaced.

The church was much associated with Prince Henry, the son of Edward I. and Eleanor, a sickly child; he was left in charge of his grandmother, Eleanor of Provence, at Windsor, during the absence of his father on the Crusades; a serious illness overtook the boy, and he was sent to the Dominican Friars at Guildford; apparently he recovered, and, accompanied by his sister, made pilgrimages to several shrines in the south of England.

He was present at his father's coronation on 19th August, and was back at Windsor on 26th August 1272. He became ill again and was brought to Guildford in 1274, and put under the care of the Friars. Masses on his behalf were said at the Friary Chapel, and here at St. Mary's; candies, syrups, and

medicines were sent from London, but all in vain; the boy died on 20th October. Masses were said for the repose of his soul here, and when the body was removed to Merton Abbey and thence to Westminster, his heart was retained at St. Mary's and exposed in the church on each anniversary of his death. How long this practice was continued is not known.

Returning to the higher part of the town. I have made a drawing of the interior of the quadrangle of the Grammar School, first founded by Robert Buckingham, a grocer of the city of London in 1507. This was on the messuage and garden given by him close to the Castle Ditch; it was endowed with lands and rents in Guildford and elsewhere, but from mismanagement these all disappeared in time, except some ground rents in Bromley.

The school was erected on its present site about 1553, and enlarged at various times, until 1571, when the picturesque front with three gables towards the street was finished; the heavy oak door and wicket gate are probably of the same period.

In 1553, the year of his death, Edward VI. had, at the strong persuasion of Sir William More of Losely and Lord Northampton, added the revenues of three chantries in Surrey to the endowment, and thus provided funds for the rebuilding of the school; but that is hardly sufficient justification for the inscription over the gateway, which gives to the King the credit of being the founder; it was indebted to many different persons more than to him. In 1555 the mayor and corporation purchased a close of land and a garden plot in the parish of Holy Trinity for a site, and in 1557 at their own expense erected a large room for the schoolhouse. John Austen,

who had been mayor, commenced in 1569 a lodging for the schoolmaster, which was finished by his son George in 1586. In 1571 William Hammond, the mayor, built a house for the usher.

Many of the books in the library were bequeathed by John Parkhurst, Bishop of Norwich, who died in 1574 and was buried in Holy Trinity Church; a considerable number of these are chained books.

Among the eminent men who were educated here, five bishops are mentioned—John Parkhurst, Bishop of Norwich, 1560; William Cotton, Bishop of Exeter, 1598; Henry Cotton, Bishop of Salisbury, 1615; Robert Abbot, Bishop of Salisbury, 1615; George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1610.

The original Free Grammar School was provided for "the poorest men's sons," who were to be taught to read and write English and cast accounts, so that they should be fitted for apprenticeship; but the charter of Edward VI. altered all that, and provided that the scholars were to be instructed in Latin and Greek, none to be admitted to the school unless they had learned the rudiments of grammar.

Every boy from the town had to pay three shillings yearly towards the provision of brooms and rods, and one shilling at Michaelmas yearly to provide clean waxen candles to keep light in the schoolhouse, to study by, morning and evening in the winter-time. The senior scholars were allowed to converse in Latin only. The system of education has altered somewhat from those days; the modern boy would probably go on strike if requested to get out of bed and study by candlelight on winter mornings.

The buildings on two sides of the quadrangle have been altered and rebuilt, but the part shown in the drawing seems to be the original schoolroom of 1557.

Holy Trinity Church is near the school, and has been entirely rebuilt. Originally it belonged to Merton Priory, but after the dissolution it was neglected and gradually fell into decay. Attempts were made to repair the church in 1739, and by the following year £750 had been expended. Workmen engaged taking down the bells had just left the building when the tower fell and destroyed the whole church.

It is said that some one went and told the verger that the steeple had fallen. He replied gravely, "It is impossible; I have the key in my pocket."

By subscriptions and the selling of some land the church was rebuilt and opened in 1763.

Few of the monuments escaped destruction, the most important being that of Archbishop Abbot, 1633, erected by his brother, Sir Maurice Abbot, a director of the East India Company and Lord Mayor of London; at his funeral Laud was chief mourner, the High Street was draped with black cloth, and nearly all the townspeople joined in the procession. There is also a monument to Arthur Onslow, the third of his family who had been Speakers to the House of Commons, and who was buried at Merrow in 1766.

The only portion of the old church now standing is the Weston Chantry, founded in 1540. In this were buried nearly all the Westons of Sutton Place, the last of the direct line, Melior Mary Weston, in 1782.

On the other side of the street Abbot's Hospital, built in 1619, still bears the name of its founder. George Abbot was one of the six sons of a clothworker in Guildford, three at least of whom rose to fame and fortune.

Aubrey supplies the necessary legendary colour to the story of his birth "on the testimony of the minister and several of the most *sober* inhabitants of the place." It may be a coincidence that the place of this interesting event at the time of Aubrey's visit, was a public-house with the sign of the "Three Mariners," the first house over the bridge in the parish of St. Nicholas.

"When his mother was with child of him, she dreamt that if she could eat a jack or pike her son would be a great man." She tried to procure the fish, apparently without success, but soon after dipping a pail of water from the river she found a pike therein, which she cooked and ate.

The story being told to some neighbouring gentlemen, they became sponsors for the child and provided for his education. After leaving the Grammar School and Balliol College, he passed rapidly from one preferment to another. He acted on the puritanic side, and was active in the destruction of crucifixes, images, painted glass, and anything deemed by him to be superstitious. He was employed on the translation of the New Testament, and accompanied the Earl of Dunbar as his chaplain to Scotland, where he had his Puritanism reinforced, and flattered his way into the good graces of James I., who in 1609 made him Bishop of Lichfield and in 1611 Archbishop of Canterbury. He and his royal master rekindled the fires of Smithfield and burned Bartholomew Legate as "an obstinate Arian heretic," and a crazy man, Edward Wightman, for "entertaining the errors

of the ten heresiarchs," whoever they might have been. He opposed the wishes of James I. in the Countess of Essex affair, and in reference to the King's desire for Sunday sports.

The foundation of this hospital is even now attributed as an act of atonement for the accidental killing of a keeper in the employment of Lord Zouche at Bramshill Park in Berkshire. The Archbishop shot at a deer and killed the keeper; it was quite an accident, and Abbot paid the widow a pension of £20 annually, and kept every fourth Tuesday as a fast for the rest of his life. Far from being offended, the King was quite consolatory, and said that "an angel might have miscarried in that sort." The hospital had been founded two years before.

The Archbishop died at the palace in Croydon in 1633. Clarendon says he was a man of morose manners and sour aspect; other writers say he was ignorant. Welwood says he was "a person of wonderful temper and moderation"; and others say he was eminent for piety and care of the poor, and hospitable. Whatever may have been his evil deeds, the foundation of this hospital in emulation to that of Whitgift in Croydon must be reckoned to his credit; it is a much larger and finer building, and was endowed by Abbot with £200 per annum, for the support of a Master, twelve brethren, and eight sisters. It received further endowments of £600 from Sir Nicholas Kempe, £2000 from Mrs. Jane Molyneux of Losely, and £600 from Thomas Jackman.

The gateway is shown on the right in the drawing of the High Street; in the room over the archway the Duke of Monmouth was lodged as a prisoner on his way from Sedgemoor to the Tower.

The quadrangle is gay with flowers, and beyond, through another archway, there is a kitchen garden, the produce being divided among the inmates.

The little chapel is interesting and the windows contain some fine old glass, traditionally said to have been designed by Albert Durer, and brought here from the Friary in the town. The library is a fine apartment panelled throughout, with an elaborate chimney-piece, which appears to be older than the rest of the woodwork and may also have come from the Friary; the few portraits may be originals; the doors are good carved work of the early seventeenth century. The common dining hall is no longer used for its original purpose, as each brother and sister receive their weekly stipend and provide for themselves. The rooms shown to me consisted of a combined scullery and kitchen, with a large bed and sitting room. The rules are not irksome, every reasonable liberty being allowed, but, as in all these places, the male inmates suffer from the lack of a little employment, and time hangs heavy on their hands; still, it is a pleasant harbourage wherein to spend the evening of their days.

A long-continued and acrimonious controversy as to the desirability of removing some old dwellings on the upper side of Abbot's Hospital, so that a narrow and dangerous part of the street might be widened, has terminated during the last few weeks by this being done. The result is said to be a great improvement both from a commercial and a picturesque point of view; the hidden building of the hospital can now be seen, and it is proposed to lay out the cleared space as a garden instead of again building on the site. Mr. Hoskyns Master and other

gentlemen have offered to assist in the matter, and it is to be hoped that they and the authorities will succeed in carrying it through. Though the castle grounds are not far away, the town has been somewhat overbuilt and has a tendency to become decidedly arid.

The view down the High Street, over the valley to the ridge of the "Hog's back," is fine under some lights, but hardly so good as the view looking upwards from the bridge, especially in the evening. My reason for painting the view given is obvious; it shows the gateway of Abbot's Hospital, the churchyard wall of Holy Trinity opposite, the Exchange, the Town Hall, the tower of St. Nicholas Church, and the rising ground beyond on which the gallows and gibbets were placed (as stated by Spencer in 1771), "so that the shopkeepers can stand at their own doors and see the executions"—a privilege which, in those days, seems to have been regarded with much favour.

According to a story told, when personally interested in the "party," a nearer view of the proceedings was the fashion. Two townsmen had grown up together; one succeeded in life and became a solid and portly citizen; the other had gone astray, and for some small matter was sentenced to be hanged. On the day appointed a matter of business detained the portly citizen until near the fatal hour, and he hurried up the hill wiping the perspiration from his face, when suddenly he made up on the cart conveying the victim seated at ease on his coffin, who calmly greeted his old friend. "No need to hurry, Henry; there's plenty time. Nothing can be done till I get there."

The feature of the street is the projecting clock, dated 1683, and the recently restored bell turret, roof, and balcony of the

Town Hall. The projection of this great clock over the roadway probably took place at the same time as the bell was taken from St. Martha's Chapel and placed here. Lewis in 1849 says, "The town hall, erected in 1683, is surmounted by a turret *in which is a clock*."

In the hall there are some good portraits, including Charles II. and James II., by Lely, and Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Onslow, 1797, by John Russell, R.A., the pastellist, who was born here in 1745. The council chamber contains the fine chimney-piece brought here from Stoughton Place, when that family became extinct and the house was pulled down, about the close of the seventeenth century.

There are several famous old inns, but all much altered or rebuilt. Beneath the "Angel" and the houses opposite there is a large range of underground chambers with groined roofs; these are usually called crypts, but no real history of them exists; those nearest to the castle were probably storerooms belonging to that building, which is supposed to have extended to, or over, the present High Street.

On both sides of the street towards the bridge there are many picturesque alleys and old houses still standing. The bridge is modern and commonplace, built in 1900 to replace the old one of brick and stone which was carried away by a flood in February of that year.

The portion of the town on the west side of the river, the manor of Artington, is supposed to be the site of the ancient town before the castle was built, and formed a portion of the royal manor. Leased in the twelfth century to Stephen de Turnham, it passed by inheritance and marriage among his

descendants until about 1600, it was granted to Sir George More of Losely, and has descended with the other estates of that family. Most of the buildings are modern, but there is one inn of the early eighteenth century, and a few picturesque old cottages which have been threatened with demolition in recent years, but, for the present, the hand of the destroyer has been stayed.

The present church of St. Nicholas justifies the dishonour awarded to it; so far as I have seen, it is the ugliest church in Surrey, inside and out, and that is no small distinction; there are others.

The ancient church was the first built in Guildford—Anglo-Saxon work with a round tower, probably a votive chapel erected for the use of wayfarers before or after the passage of the river; this was superseded by the old church, which was rebuilt, with the exception of the tower, in 1836. This in turn vanished entirely, and the present building was erected.

The only portion which has survived all these alterations is the Losely Chapel, and that has not escaped altogether. It is kept locked, and the monuments can only be seen indifferently well through some glazed apertures from the church; there are monuments to Sir Christopher More, 1549, Lady More, 1590, Sir William More and his wife, 1600—the latter a fine piece of work—various other members of the More and Molyneux families, and one to Arnold Brocas, rector in 1395.

In the porch there is a brass to Caleb Lovejoy, wagoner to Oliver Cromwell and contractor for the supply of wagons to his army. He was a poor boy of Guildford, who made his fortune in London; he died in 1676 and left considerable

property in Southwark for charitable purposes; and almshouses, in his native town.

A tablet to Arthur Wight of Brabeauf, and to Henry Arthur Wight, Lieut., 6th Dragoon Guards, who died at Scutari, September 1856, is inscribed—

> "He was prayed with, and soothed in his last moments
> by a ministering angel, Florence Nightingale.
> To the eternal gratitude of his sorrowing mother."

Such a tribute has fallen to the lot of very few in life.

In this church was celebrated annually on 3rd February the festival of St. Blaise, a saint whose portrait has been noticed in Kingston Church and whose name is still invoked by the common expletive of "Blazes." He was the patron saint of wool combers—having suffered martyrdom by means of their instruments—and of all who suffer from obstructions of the throat.

The making of woollen cloth was long the principal industry of Guildford, and this saint's day was the greatest feast of the year among the townsmen, and continued so until the trade ceased to exist about the close of the eighteenth century.

The churchyard has been considerably reduced in size, and many of the tombstones placed against the walls; others have been laid side by side as pavement on the paths—hardly a proper use for the memorials of even the humblest of past generations.

The Friary founded by Eleanor, wife of Henry III., is only remembered by the name of the roadway on the west bank of the river; the house itself is described as having stood on the eastern bank. Little is known of its history or extent; Edward I. granted them some extension of their boundaries, and

Sir Reginald Bray in 1503 bequeathed to them £200, to be spent at the rate of £10 yearly for twenty years to say masses for his soul and the souls of his father and mother. The Priory was seized by Wolsey in 1523, and apparently retained in his own hands.

Henry VIII. built a house on the site, which was given by James I. to Sir George More, who sold it to George Austen, by whom it was pulled down. Austen's lease was bought by James Murray, afterwards Earl of Annandale, who, after 1630, built a new mansion. This, in 1749, was fitted up as officers' quarters in connection with the cavalry barracks, and with them was pulled down in 1818, houses called Friary Place being afterwards built on the site.

From the Friary roadway on the west bank of the river, on rare occasions for a few moments before sunset, the most beautiful view of the town can be seen, looking across by the mill and up the steep slope where the old castle walls are "fired from the west" while all the low ground is in twilight, the water full of velvety shadows and ripples passing over the reflection of the mill. A few little maids were playing "school," the task assigned to them by a blue-eyed energetic damsel of some twelve summers being recitation. The poetry of the summer twilight seemed to have entered into them, and one little mite after another in her lisping treble announced "'The Children's Hour,' by Longfellow." Few of them reached the end of the first verse without breaking down, and the demonstrator showed them how it ought to be done, repeating the whole poem with excellent effect. The concluding lines—

"Till the walls shall crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away,"

were scarcely uttered when the sound of breaking glass and angry voices from a neighbouring tavern drew all the party away in a sudden swirl, and we came back once more to modern England.

There is a pleasant walk by the towpath from the footbridge at Quarry Hill towards St. Catherine's Chapel. Near the base of the hill a small boy with monstrously swollen face and hands was carrying something in a wet towel. "What have you been up to, sonny? What have you got?" "Wops!" "What are you going to do with them?" "Bait!" So this laconic child explained in two words his condition, his spoil, and his intentions; young wasps are a favourite bait, and no doubt the youngster had his reward.

The walk under the beech trees and round the base of the hill is very pretty. The ascent is rather steep from the riverside, but from the road beyond it is quite easy.

The chapel is perched on the top of a hill of crumbling sandstone, only the roofless shell being left. Its origin is not known; there was a chapel here in the thirteenth century, and this was probably erected in connection with the pilgrim road to Canterbury. No doubt it was a temporary structure as, when Richard de Wauncey, parson of St. Nicholas, purchased the freehold in 1301, the place was decayed, and he rebuilt it. At his death in 1324 it was discovered that the fine payable on the purchase had not been paid to the King, and the chapel was given to the parson of St. Mary's for life. Brocas, rector of St. Nicholas, however, retained possession, and, though legal action was taken against him, he made good his claim.

In 1308 Richard de Wauncey procured a royal charter for

a fair on St. Katherine's Hill, on the eve, day, and morrow of St. Matthew. When Mr. Manning wrote, this fair was still held on the same date (old style), and he states that "during the fair every inhabitant of the manor is then permitted to sell ale, on paying a small acknowledgment to the lord of the manor." This still exists as a pleasure fair held on 2nd October. The tolls levied at these church fairs provided a large part of the revenue required for the support of the priest and the church fabric. At many of them, the liquor necessary to make glad the heart of man was brewed and sold by the clergy and lay brothers. This custom was the origin of the tavern adjacent to almost every country church; really, these fairs, "church ales," and "wakes" were the equivalent of the modern bazaar. After the Reformation the brewing and selling went into private hands, or remained with the lord of the manor, as here.

The mullions and tracery have disappeared from all the windows, but the jamb and hood mouldings are still fairly good, and the masonry, though weather worn, is still quite sound. The square tower at one corner was, no doubt, a look-out and beacon tower combined.

The ruin was repaired in 1793 by Robert Austen of Shalford. It is not known when it ceased to be used for worship. The views from the hill, especially to the east and south, are very fine.

The manor of Brabeuf, in which the chapel stands, was part of the estates of Stephen de Turnham, held in the right of his wife, Edeline de Broc. In 1232 it passed from her to Geoffrey de Brabeuf (spelled Breybuffe in the roll of Battle Abbey); it was held by his male descendants until 1363, when Andrew

de Brabeuf died, leaving an only daughter, Agnes, who married, first, Robert Danhurst, second, Robert Loxley. The estate descended by marriage and relationship to the Danhursts, Loxleys, Jenyns, and Wights. The manor house is a pleasant residence situated near St. Catherine's.

Stoke-next-Guildford is now a densely built northern suburb; it was Crown land from the days of Edward the Confessor to the time of King John, by whom the manor was broken up, and in 1204 granted to the Bishop of London it remained among the possessions of that See until Bonner was deprived in 1559. The manor was then taken by Queen Elizabeth, who, in 1587, granted it to Thomas Vincent of Stoke D'Abernon, who almost immediately sold it for £1400 to Sir Lawrence Stoughton. It remained in the possession of his descendants until 1697, and was then sold to Edward Hubbald; it passed from his descendants in 1718 to Nicholas Turner, and by his younger brother it was sold to Jeremiah Dyson, father of the very precise Clerk of the House of Commons, who was a friend of Charles Lamb, Akenside, and other literary men. He died in 1776, and the manor soon after was acquired by William Aldersey, who enlarged the park and made many improvements, constructed a new road, a causeway, and a bridge over the river. He died in 1800 and the property was afterwards broken up and passed through many hands.

The manor of Stoughton was part of Stoke, and the Stoughton family claimed to have lived there soon after the Conquest. They certainly were there in 1261, and with varying fortune the estates remained their property until the death of the last male Stoughton, Lawrence, who died in February 1691.

The baronetcy became extinct and the estates were broken up. Stoughton Place was pulled down, and the demesne lands afterwards came into the possession of Mr. Aldersey.

The church of Stoke has some fourteenth- and fifteenth-century features and a good tower. There are several brasses and memorials to the Stoughton family, to Jeremiah Dyson, his wives and children, 1835, and to his father and mother. There are also memorials to Charlotte Smith, the poet and novelist 1806, William Aldersey, and Major-General Sir George Pomeroy-Colley, who fell at Majuba Hill in 1881.

Guildford begins to throw out suburbs in every direction—towards Stoke on the north and Shalford on the south; rows of houses are perched on the high land towards Merrow Down on the east and the "Hog's Back" on the west. It has grown apace since the days when several of its citizens turned from it to join the "Pilgrim Fathers," or when George Fox and William Penn came to preach and encourage the brethren who were evilly treated by the townsfolk. If growth shows prosperity, then Guildford is prosperous, and that too often brings with it the destruction of its most charming features.

COMPTON AND PUTTENHAM

The old road to the west ascends steeply from the western part of the town to the ridge of the hill; the new road, a little to the north, has superseded this, and joins the old track near Sunnydown, passing along the ridge known as the "Hog's Back" until it drops gradually down into Farnham. Where the two tracks join, a road down the hill to the south-west leads

into Compton, past Limners Lease, the house built by the late G. F. Watts, R.A., and the art school founded there by him.

The sculpture gallery was not open, but much well-designed potters' stuff was arranged outside. One of the rooms contains reproductions of his pictures, and a range of galleries, works in oil—"The Brewer's Horse," "The First Oyster"—many portraits and subject pictures, and, alas! essays in landscape. He was a great man and a great painter, but it would be hard to find a man with less sense of the charm of English landscape than Mr. Watts; his sculpturesque touch and sense of colour were altogether at variance with the facts before him; his hand and eye were so trained in certain traditions that they failed entirely in landscape sketching, as shown here. A little farther on is the wonderful mortuary chapel erected to his memory. The style and decoration of this building are so novel and in many ways so beautiful that, if one wished to criticise, it is impossible to do so. It is a building one may like, or dislike, and that's the end of it; personally, I like it, though the angelic figures are essentially types of the nineteenth century.

The small village is pretty in parts, but elusive; one may "stalk" it from every point and find that just as a picture begins to form it drops away again; the finest view is the one from the south end of the village looking towards Pease-marsh.

The church is a building of great interest, and has been examined, discussed, and illustrated in every possible way by experts. Very small, with Norman columns and very slightly pointed arches. Jacobean pulpit with sounding board and altar rails of the same date; the wooden rail over the Norman arch of the chancel is archaic in design and may be Norman work, but

looks more like a "finish" added when the roof was raised in 1180; the double chancel may be explained by the builders having the good sense to retain the groined roof, and building their own many feet above it at the same time. The screen in front of the organ is Jacobean, and has probably been placed there during some of the restorations of the nineteenth century. Two spaces in the wall of north aisle may have been tombs, and there is a small Norman window and doorway on that side. There is a twelfth-century door on the south of chancel admitting to what is known as the "watching chamber," for the priest on duty between times of service. Some portions of the tower are considered to date from the time of Edward the Confessor.

For such an ancient building, the memorials are few and of no great interest: one to various members of the Fulham family, from 1694 to 1772; one to Thomas and Charles Williams, messengers to the Honourable House of Commons, and other members of their family, 1775 to 1806; a modern brass to General Charles Hagart; and another to Colonel Arthur More Molyneux and various members of his family. The font is old and unusual in shape.

The road to the west passes over the remains of Puttenham heath, many new houses, but a few patches of heather still survive. The manor of Compton was held at the time of the Domesday Survey by Walter, son of Otho, a Florentine, who came from Normandy in the time of Edward the Confessor, and was governor of Windsor Castle, an office which became hereditary in his family, who assumed the name of de Windsor and owned large estates at Stanwell, in Middlesex. Compton was

afterwards divided into the manors of Westbury, Eastbury, Polsted, Field Place, and Down. Westbury belonged to the monastery of Dureford, and was granted by Henry VIII. to William Fitz William in 1542, and sold by him two years later to Sir Christopher More.

Eastbury in 1313 was held by Sir William Paynell from Sir Richard de Windsor; it afterwards passed to the family of Brocas, who held it till about the end of the fifteenth century. It was several times transferred, and was purchased in 1667 by Edward Fulham, whose descendants became extinct in 1832, after which the estate was divided, one part being sold to the owner of Losely, the other to George Smallpiece of Field Place. The manor house is near Compton Church.

Field Place was held from the de Windsors by Henry de Guldeford, about 1460, and afterwards by Sir Thomas St. Leger, who married the Duchess of Exeter, a sister of Edward IV., his descendants owned it till 1546, when it was sold to Thomas Hall, by whose descendants it was held till 1694. Afterwards the estate was held by the Manships, and passed from them to George Smallpiece. The manor house is now the residence of Colonel J. H. Annand.

Down is astride the "Hog's Back," the manor house being on the north side, the farm on the south. This was held by Gregory de la Dune from the de Windsors; in the time of Henry VIII. by Fitz William, Earl of Southampton; by him it was settled in reversion on Sir Anthony Browne, his half-brother, in 1542. The manor changed hands several times until it was brought in marriage by Sarah Gore to Sir Edward Turnour, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in 1661, by whose descendants it was

sold in 1830 to James Mangles. The manor house is now the residence of Mrs. Bett.

Polsted was held from the de Windsors by Hugh de Polstede; part was granted by him to the Monks of Waverley in 1260, part belonged to the Wintershull family, and the whole was purchased by Sir William More in 1558.

Puttenham is prettily situated at the bottom of the down, and contains a number of seventeenth-century cottages, some of them perched high above the road. I have drawn a view of the village street looking towards the church, with the square tower showing above the trees; formerly this had a spire, but that was burned in 1736, and never replaced. Restoration in 1861, and, I think, since, has removed most of the ancient features of the church.

There are tablets in the chancel to members of the Sumner and Cornish families, and a brass to Henry Beedell and Peter, his son, 1636, 1692.

In the organ chamber, a brass to Francis Wyatt, gent, and Timothie Burrell, his wife, daughter of Ninian Burrell of Cuckfield, Sussex, "for whose pious memorie Timothie his loving wife caused this memorial, and desireth also here to be buried," 1634. There are two eighteenth-century oak chests; all the rest of the internal fittings are new. A heavy buttress at the south-east corner of the tower contains a stairway to the bell loft.

One of the notable rectors was Thomas Swift, a cousin of Dean Swift's, and said to have been chaplain to Sir William Temple; he became rector in 1694 and held the office for fifty-eight years. His name appears in the *Journal to Stella*; it

appears that he was inclined to poach on the Dean's name, and made some claim to the authorship of *The Tale of a Tub.*

At the Domesday Survey the parish bore the name of a small manor or farm which still exists about a mile south from the village—Rodsell, afterwards owned by the Francis Wyatt whose brass is in the church, one of a family long settled at Shackleford and who retained this estate until 1819, when it was sold to Edward B. Long.

The rest of the parish belonged to the Fay family, one of whom, Phillipa, gave her share to Beatrice her daughter, wife of William de Wintershull. In 1421 Thomas Wintershull died, leaving two daughters, one of whom, Mrs. Weston, obtained part; the other part afterwards went to the Priory of Newark.

In the reign of Elizabeth both portions, then known as Puttenham Bury and Puttenham Priory, were held by Sir Nicholas Lusher of Shoelands; in 1627 both manors were owned by William Mynterne of Thorpe, whose daughter and heiress married Sir Francis Leigh. Their family retained it until 1744, when the estate was sold to General Oglethorpe of Godalming.

The old mansion of Puttenham Priory, near the church, was bought by Admiral Cornish in 1775; after his death in 1817 it was sold to the Sumners. The house has been rebuilt, and is now the residence of F. Smallpiece, Esq., one of the lords of the manor.

Shoelands is about a mile west from the village, a pretty road with patches of hop garden, a fine house with beautiful gardens, but much modernised, there is little left of the old building except one stack of late Tudor chimneys.

The name seems to imply a tenure from Waverley Abbey

having something to do with the supply of shoes, and the Lusher family are supposed to have been tenants of the Abbey long before the Reformation.

Afterwards they were owners, and the house was built by Sir Nicholas Lusher in 1618. Soon afterwards it passed to the Packingtons, and in 1656 it was owned by John Caryl of Great Tangley; from his descendants it passed to Giles Strangeways and to the Simmons, one of whom sold it in 1823 to Edward B. Long. It was recently the residence of Dion Boucicault.

The road runs west in the hollow between the "Hog's Back" and the rising ground of Puttenham Common, which is covered with fir wood, bracken, and heather, past an old farmhouse—East End Farm—with wide timbering and Tudor chimneys, which may be the Cotte Mill mentioned in the thirteenth century, and on to Seale; but, turning back, I crossed the ridge to Wanborough.

WANBOROUGH

This I visited for two reasons: because the name sounds like one from an old ballad, and something of interest might be expected; and also that a farm near it is marked on the map as Christmas Pie Farm, suggesting ancient joviality. The farm was disappointing, utterly commonplace, partly eighteenth century and partly modern; the name probably refers to the tenure by which it was held from Waverley Abbey.

Wanborough came nearer to expectation. Situated at the bottom of the hill, there are a few modern houses for farm hands, a large brick mansion with gables, a long range of

barns enclosing a square, one of them a specimen of the great fifteenth-century timber barns, and a tiny church.

The church is only forty-five feet long and eighteen wide—rather less than half the size of the barn. In the churchyard there is the stump of a large elm, and beyond, a row of walnut trees. There is neither tower nor belfry, the bell being suspended from the west gable.

The clergyman showed me the little treasures of the church and told me something of its history. One of the old registers remains, and is interesting for its fine writing. This is probably the register examined by Brayley, who gives the last entry of marriage as 1658, and of burial 1684. In the recently built vestry there is a good Jacobean chest carved with a guilloche pattern. The church contains a fifteenth-century screen and two memorial windows; there is practically nothing else, but, considering its history, it is a wonder that there is so much.

In the time of Edward the Confessor Wanborough was held by Sweyn and Lewin, supposed to be sons of Earl Godwin and brothers of Harold; Sweyn died while on pilgrimage to the Holy Land; Lewin was killed at the battle of Hastings.

The manors of Wanborough, Carshalton, and Clapham were given by William the Conqueror to Geoffrey de Maundeville. His grandson of the same name took the side of Empress Maud against King Stephen, and was arrested; he died in 1144, and his eldest son Arnulph was driven into exile.

King Stephen gave his Surrey estates to Pharamus of Boulogne, nephew of Queen Maud, and, though Henry II. restored the titles and lands to Geoffrey de Maundeville, youngest son of the late Earl, Pharamus retained possession of

Wanborough and sold it to the Abbot of Waverley for one hundred and twenty marks in silver. This sale was ratified by the King, the Earl, and the Pope in 1147. It was further secured by a charter from Richard I. in 1189, and again in 1279 by Edward I.; in that year William de Abbecroft gave his capital messuage in Wanborough to the same Abbey. At one time Wanborough was claimed by the Bishop of Winchester, but the Abbot made his case good; it is included in the list of churches owned by Newark Priory in 1262; but the Abbot of Waverley retained possession until the dissolution of that Abbey in 1536. The valuation then made shows: "profits from woods at Wanborowe, 13s. 4d.; from a fair held there, 6s. 8d.; perquisites of Courts, fines, etc., 7s. 4d.; oblations from pilgrims and others to the chapel of St. Bartholomew, Wanborowe, annually, 13s. 4d."

The manor and rectory were granted to Sir William Fitz William, Earl of Southampton. At his death in 1542 these devolved on his half-brother, Sir Anthony Browne, whose grandson in 1612 conveyed the estates to John Murray, afterwards Earl of Annandale; his son in 1643 sold them to James Maxwell, whose daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton, and her second husband, Thomas Dalmahoy, sold them to Elizabeth Colwall; and to liquidate the debts of her grandson the estate was sold to Lord Onslow in 1707, and he sold the land on the north side of the hill to James Mangles, and the land on the south side to Richard Sumner, but retained the manorial rights, which are still held by the Earl of Onslow.

After the dissolution of the monasteries the church became the absolute property of the lord of the manor, and some sort

of service was conducted there until about the days of the Commonwealth. It was not endowed, and no permanent arrangement was made to provide a stipend. After a time it became the carpenter's shop of the estate; a part was cut off to form a mausoleum for James Mangles in 1838, but this has been thrown open again. It continued in this state until 1862, when the church was repaired and restored to its proper use; the local benefactor who did this also gave £50 a year for the preaching of one sermon every Sunday, and the tenant of the farm gave a slice of his garden to form a churchyard. It serves a scattered community of about three hundred, who in the interval had used Puttenham as their parish church.

A fair for cattle on the 4th September is mentioned late in the eighteenth century, no doubt a survival of the earlier church fair.

The chapel at one time belonged to the Manor of Downe, but when that was broken up, the house near the church became the manor house, and was often visited by Mr. W. E. Gladstone.

I left the clergyman ringing the bell for evening service and took the path across the fields. About three-quarters of a mile north, Flexford is a fine old farmhouse with mullioned windows, and about a mile beyond that is the little village of Normandy, near which Cobbett spent the last years of his life.

By Wanborough wood—the name suggesting fairy tales and old romance—I climbed once more to the top of the hill.

The views obtainable from this road on the "Hog's Back" are, I think, finest between the fifth and sixth milestone from

Guildford; it is then open practically all round, and a tremendous panorama is spread out before our eyes. After that, westward, the view is obstructed by hedges and woods, but every gate and gap provides new pictures. The wide green sward on either side is infested with gipsies, who beg continuously and persistently, one family taking up the whining tale as the other drops behind.

There are two modern houses by the wayside—Hampton Lodge, and Poylehill (C. B. Penlington, Esq.); near these Poyle Park stretches away to the northward. This manor takes its name from the family of Poyle, who owned it early in the thirteenth century. In 1268 Walter de la Poyle obtained the wardship of Alice, daughter and heiress of Stephen de Hampton, of Hampton in Oxfordshire. He married his ward and became the owner of her estates, since called Hampton Poyle; from one of his descendants the estate here was purchased in 1440 by John Gaynesford, who died at Crowhurst in 1450. Poyle was sold by Edward Gaynesford in 1503 to Ralph Vyne. It was mortgaged by one of his descendants, and passed to Sir Nicholas Woodroffe in 1581, with other lands in Tongham. The manor was held by the Woodroffes in the direct line until 1779, when it passed to a nephew of the last Woodroffe—William Billinghurst, who took the family name. At his death it passed to his brother, Colonel George Woodroffe. The house was modernised by Captain Mangles, who held it on lease in the early part of the nineteenth century. It is now the property of H. M. Chester, Esq. There appears to have been a wayside chapel or rest-house here, as Poyle House at one time was called the Hospital House of St. John.

SEALE AND TONGHAM

The Hampton Lodge estate, on the south side of the hill, does not derive its name from Hampton Poyle, but from a yeoman family named Hampton, by whom it was held for several generations. It was afterwards owned by William Payne, who sold it in 1766 to Thomas Parker, who built a residence on the land. In 1799 the estate was bought by Edward B. Long, a descendant of the John Gaynesford of 1440.

Seale is a very small village with a little church on a knoll on the south side of the "Hog's Back." There is nothing of interest in the village, and many restorations have practically modernised the church, which is prettily situated and begins to assume once more the tints of age. The south porch was repaired in 1826, but remains a piece of good fourteenth- or fifteenth-century work. The font may be Norman work.

Formerly there were many brasses to the Woodroffe family, beginning with Sir Nicholas, 1598, but these all vanished when the chancel was repaired in 1831. There are memorials to members of the Long and Woodroffe families; one to Edward Noel Long, who was drowned at sea in 1809, is a bas-relief of fine workmanship.

Climbing the hill once more, a path across the fields leads to Tongham; approached from the south by an elm-shaded road, there are some old cottages, an inn, and a hop kiln, which make rather a pretty picture on a wet evening; but there is little to note in the village. Formerly a hamlet of Seale, now the presence of the railway has drawn most of the parishioners

to live there. The church was built in 1865 and the district formed into a parish in the following year.

In the churchyard there is a tower with a peal of tabular bells. The donor of these has recorded the gift on the memorial brass to his sister in the church.

The manor was held by the Gaynesfords of Poyle, but was divided early in the sixteenth century ; one part was mortgaged to Robert White, son of Sir John White of Aldershot, who in 1579 acquired the whole estate. His daughter, Mary, married Walter, second son of Sir Benjamin de Tichbourne, who was knighted by James I. in 1604. The manor was held by the Tichbournes until after 1720, when it was sold to Richard Smith. His descendants held it until 1811. It afterwards became the property of Mr. Barron. The ecclesiastical commissioners are lords of the manor.

Tongham Grange belonged to Waverley Abbey, and after the dissolution was granted with the rest of the Abbey lands to the Earl of Southampton ; this also was acquired by Robert White, and has since passed with the manor. It is now a farm.

Tongham is almost on the county boundary and adjacent to the suburbs of Aldershot and the hop fields of Farnham. Crooksbury Hill and a great stretch of fir wood are on the south, and the "muffled drums of Aldershot" sound here and there among the scattered camps which extend northwards to Bagshot heath.

FARNHAM

Farnham is described in the eighteenth century as "a large, populous, well-built town, where there is a great market for

hops, as there was formerly for corn." Nowadays, though it is no smaller, it is neither large nor populous. There is no great market for hops, corn, or anything else.

It consists of one long street containing many picturesque houses and old taverns, with a few shorter streets around the church and the Bishop's Park, Castle Street, and a newer part of the town extending beyond the railway station. Of all these the view up Castle Street, with the Bishop's Palace, is the most picturesque.

This street now seems unnecessarily wide owing to the removal of the market house which formerly stood there. This had been erected by John Clark, the senior bailiff, at his own expense, and, judging from the story given by Fuller, it was a thankless enterprise for that gentleman. Perhaps the townsman at the end of the sixteenth century had a more fastidious taste in architecture than his descendants of the present day; the workmen were continually hindered by people who objected to the design and method of construction, causing the exasperated donor to carve on one of the stones—

> "You who don't like me, give money to mend me;
> You who do like me, give money to end me."

The building was finished somehow, and opened in 1566. The ground floor was left open for the purpose of depositing corn or other merchandise for sale; and the upper storey, like most market houses, was used as a court-house and town hall, with a small corner reserved as a prison. This most picturesque building continued in use until 1866, when it was demolished, leaving the windy, open space fringed with poor houses on both sides.

The modern corn exchange is a hideous brick building without features, its ugliness being accentuated by the charming front of the bank next to it. This, though too large in scale for its neighbours, has no other fault as a reproduction of the Elizabethan half-timbered style. Another good restoration of an old timbered house faces up the street. A little way up on the right are the almshouses founded by Andrew Windsor in 1619 for eight aged persons. Many bequests have since added to the funds of this institution—by Mrs. Mary Smither (in 1792), Captain Fenner, Mr. Bristow, and Mr. Mill. In 1650 Henry Smith gave £1000 for the benefit of the poor generally.

The remains of the castle and the Bishop's Palace are the dominating features of the town.

Without going back to the Saxon Chronicle with its dubious history; when Stephen was king (1135) his brother, Henry of Blois, erected this castle, a place of great strength, yet, like Guildford Castle, which it resembles, Lewis of France took it without much trouble. During the following reign—Henry II.—it became a retreat and stronghold for various turbulent barons; when Henry III. ascended the throne he had the castle destroyed.

Rebuilt by the Bishops of Winchester as a palace for that See, additions have been made from time to time.

Bishop Peter de la Roche died here in 1238, and his heart was buried at Waverley Abbey. William de Edyngton was bishop in the time of Edward III., and by him was appointed prelate to the newly established Order of the Garter—a dignity still held by the Bishops of Winchester. Among his successors were William of Wykeham, Cardinal Beaufort, and Bishop

Waynfleet. The square tower, with the two large sundials, was built by Bishop Fox, the founder of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. In 1523 he had become totally blind, and Wolsey tried to obtain his resignation, but the old man stoutly declined, insisting that, though he could not tell black from white, yet he could distinguish between right and wrong. He died five years afterwards, and Wolsey laid hold of the bishopric but in the following year he fell from his greatness.

Queen Elizabeth visited the castle several times. While Bishop Horn was here, she came in 1567 and in 1569. During the latter visit the Duke of Norfolk dined with her, and on rising from the table she "pleasantly advised him to be careful on what pillow he laid his head," referring to his proposed marriage with Mary Queen of Scots. Bishop Cooper had the honour of her company in 1591, and in 1601 she and her numerous company were "feasted and entertained by the learned prelate, Doctor Bilson."

James I. came a good deal oftener than he was welcome, and on one of these occasions his servants carelessly set the stables on fire and nearly burned the palace.

One visit to the castle by Charles I. is noted.

During the civil war two of the governors were poets. Sir John Denham was appointed by Charles I. and laid in provisions for a siege, but personally he retired to the King's headquarters at Oxford, leaving his men to do the fighting. There was not much of this done when the place surrendered to Sir William Waller, and by him some portion was blown up, but a garrison was left in charge while Waller engaged in various expeditions and skirmishes in the neighbourhood, including a

fruitless attack on Basing House. He was succeeded in his post by George Wither, who had sold his estate and raised a troop of horse for the Parliament. As a governor he was not a success, and complained of his inability to keep the castle in a proper state of defence, a condition of things for which he blamed Sir Richard Onslow, who, he says, tried to persuade him to quit the post; ultimately he did this, the castle and estate being taken and plundered by the Royalists. Wither was accused of deserting his appointment, and sent to prison.

In 1648 the movement of Royalists under the Earl of Holland alarmed the Government, and Oliver Cromwell came to inspect Farnham Castle; on his report it was resolved by Parliament "that it be shorn of its defences, so that it shall no longer endanger the peace of the country." Its fighting days were over.

At the Restoration Charles II. appointed his old tutor to the See, and after the expenditure of several thousand pounds, Bishop Duppa made a portion habitable. He was succeeded in a year or two by Bishop Morley, who expended £8000 in restoring the house to something approaching its present condition.

During his long tenure, the palace was once more graced by the presence of a poet—a poet in prose. Izaak Walton was a lifelong friend of Morley, and when he was appointed to the See of Winchester, rooms were reserved in the house for Walton to occupy when he pleased. He was then an old man, but still had many years before him; most of his work had been written, but there was yet to come the Life of George Herbert and of Bishop Sanderson. Perhaps in those days the brook in the meadows provided him with a little angling.

There was one more fighting Bishop. Sir Peter Mew had been a soldier in his youth, and at the outbreak of Monmouth's rebellion he lent his horses to draw the guns, and personally directed the artillery at the battle of Sedgemoor.

Since that time, though soldiers and field-guns pass its gateway most days in the year, the occupants of the castle have—

> "Hung the trumpet on the wall
> And studied war no more."

The old keep was turned into an orchard by Bishop Hoadley. Recently the trees were removed and a flower garden laid out within the old walls; but this has not proved so successful as the orchard; lacking the binding given by the roots of the trees, the soil, sodden by much rain, burst the south wall and overwhelmed some of the buildings below. This took place in January 1913.

Many of the apartments in the palace (or castle—the words are now used indifferently) are of great interest, and some of them are portions of the original building. The main staircase and the chapel are fine and rich in seventeenth-century woodwork and carving.

A dry ditch or fosse divides the house and gardens from the park, a small doorway in the wall showing where the bridge and sally-port once passed over to the fine avenue of elms that stretches for three-quarters of a mile towards Aldershot, with many charming glades where herds of fallow deer still roam.

From early times Farnham was ruled by the Bishops; all the old charters were granted by them, even that of Edward II., by which they sent a member to Parliament, and vested the government of the town in two bailiffs and twelve burgesses.

FARNHAM

In 1452 Bishop Waynfleet granted the town to its representatives, with certain reservations, and confirmed all their customs and liberties, but raised their rent from £9 to £12 yearly. A new grant was made by Bishop Horn in 1566, in similar terms. Local patriotism was not of much account, and the vacancies arising from the death of burgesses were not filled up. In 1790 Mr. William Shotter found himself the sole surviving burgess and bailiff; having been indicted for not repairing two bridges at Tilford, for which the bailiffs were liable, he surrendered the charter, and sent the corporation records to Brownlow North, then Bishop of Winchester. The town is now governed by an Urban District Council.

One of the most notable of the old houses is that in West Street formerly known as Culver Hall, where Charles I. was lodged when on his way to London as a prisoner; it is now called Vernon House; it was probably the best house in the town then; it is a plain substantial house with two projecting wings and fine gardens at the rear. When the King lodged there it was owned by the Vernon family, and continued their property for six or seven generations afterwards. On leaving, the King presented his silk cap to his host; this relic is still in the possession of one of his descendants.

In the same street stood the house where Augustus Toplady, author of "Rock of Ages" and other hymns, was born in 1740. His parents, being unable to obtain lodgings at any of the inns, had to take accommodation in a private house. Except the fact of his birth, the hymn writer had no other connection with Farnham; the house was pulled down in 1875.

The parish church stands in the middle of the little valley,

and can be reached by various alleys and by a lane from Downing Street. It is large, squat, and solid, with huge buttresses; the tower is similar in construction, and a considerable addition to its height was made during one of the restorations in recent times. There are many memorials in the church, several painted escutcheons, a helmet, two old brasses to Benedict Jay and his wife Elizabeth, and to Francis Jay, a tablet in memory of Augustus Toplady, and a good bas-relief portrait of William Cobbett erected by his colleague in Parliament, John Fielden. The church is of various dates from the twelfth century downwards, and has been remodelled and restored in many ways, but cannot be much changed since Cobbett's time. His tomb is just outside the north door, a heavy structure surrounded by iron rails; at a little distance on the other side of the valley is his birthplace, so that, after all his wandering, he came near to home in the end. His name is the only one that is universally known by all ages and conditions of people in the town, though many of them are not at all clear as to who he was or what he did.

It is somewhat late in the day for much to be said of this extraordinary man. Surely no man was ever so self-righteous, so sure that his every word, deed, and thought were just; no man ever claimed so loudly for himself that honesty of purpose which he denied so strenuously to his opponents and all who differed from him. Those in his favour received a cool patronage; to oppose him in politics was an unforgivable sin for which no punishment was severe enough. His political writings have ceased to interest except as examples of vituperation—of which, however, he had no monopoly at that period—and though he seemed to jog on his pony along the country lanes in a state of

continual ebullition, with a keen eye for good crops and bad, yet his writing has charm, and occasionally infinite tenderness; above all others he loved the county of his birth, and its scenes always remained vivid in his memory.

After his return from America in 1800 he relates a visit paid to the home of his childhood.

"Everything had become so pitifully small! I had to cross, in my postchaise the long and dreary heath of Bagshot; then, at the end of it to mount a hill called Hungry Hill, and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned before the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scots fir trees. . . . This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. 'As high as Crooksbury Hill' meant with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore, the first object that met my eyes was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed and a little heap put in its stead. . . . From the garden of the Bush Inn I could see the prodigious sandhill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should

FARMER

have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a Secretary of State's in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited on by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world, no teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequences of the bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinction of rank, birth, and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment—less than a month after my arrival in England—I resolved never to bend before them."

Cobbett's birthplace, facing the end of the bridge, is now a tavern, and was probably somewhat altered for that trade; the cottages on either hand are certainly much older than 1762, but I am not so sure about the front of the building.

To the class for whom he originally wrote, even in his native town, he is only a name. What he struggled for, the reforms which he desired, have become vague and misty things; he dwells in their minds as a strong personality of bygone days, whose tomb is in the churchyard, his name painted on his birthplace and associated with various places in the neighbourhood. And really, for all his work—except the literary portion of it—there is not much to show; it is doubtful if the labouring man is any better off. His *Cottage Economy* finds no place in the cottage of to-day; his introduction of maize had no effect; his loudly proclaimed discovery of the virtues of the acacia—which had been tried in England long before his time—has not caused any revolution in forestry; his efforts to revive the long-established industry of straw-plaiting have been in vain

so far as the southern counties are concerned; his objection to the use of potatoes as human food are as chaff before the wind. There remains the doubtful benefit conferred by him on suffering humanity, an official report of the proceedings in Parliament, which enables members to cite what their opponents said on any subject after they have forgotten their own intentions; for this, no doubt, some of his countrymen are duly grateful.

There is still a considerable industry in hops — first introduced here about 1700 by Robert Bignell—the fields where these are cultivated being quite close to the town; but many of the picturesque barns and kilns are no longer required, and are falling into ruin. The clothing trade is extinct, and neither corn nor cattle markets are of much account. The meadow between Cobbett's birthplace and the centre of the town has been laid out as a public garden, intersected by a branch of the river Wey, and there still remain a few picturesque corners among the old hop-kilns and houses of Downing Street.

As in Cobbett's time, "The Bush" is still the principal hotel. The oldest part of the present building appears to date from the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the gardens are still fine, though now surrounded by modern buildings; it is mentioned by Thackeray in the *Virginians*. A few picturesque cottages and old taverns still remain among the modern dwellings towards Aldershot.

A path from the churchyard crosses the meadows to Weydon Mill, but the wheel is silent and the place falling into decay. Six mills existed at Farnham when the Domesday Survey was made; now there is only this, and another on the north side of the town. It is a pleasant mile by the side of the brook to Wrecclesham,

a scattered village with a few old cottages, a church first built in 1840 and rebuilt in 1877 on more ornate lines. The only thing of interest is the little pottery where the well-known green Farnham ware is made; this industry is conducted by relatives of William Cobbett, and is of ancient date.

It would appear from a letter quoted by Brayley from the Losely MSS. that the green pots used by the lawyers in the Temple for their liquor were of this ware; the letter is dated 1594, and refers to it as an old custom.

FRENSHAM

To the south and south-east of Farnham there are many large stretches of beautiful country, much of it covered with dense fir wood, some little fields of poor land, and a great expanse of heather. Towards Frensham and Hindhead the road passes over a series of ridges and valleys, with many modern houses set into the woods, and one or two small villages striving to adapt themselves to modern conditions. None of the villages are pretty, but their surroundings are invariably so.

The first of these is named Bourne, from the intermittent brook which sometimes flows through it from Lodge Pond in Hampshire to the Wey at Waverley; this village has provided the material for a series of remarkable studies dealing with village life under modern conditions, which have been written by "George Bourne" in recent years.

During my first explorations in the vicinity, all this country-side was showing its least attractive appearance; a long period of drought had dried the brooks, scorched the grass, and taken the

colour from the lichen-covered roofs, and it was pleasant to come to the clear, swift-running stream by Millbridge—one of the branches of the Wey which drains the Frensham Ponds and the country west by Hindhead.

South from the bridge there is a rather picturesque house dating apparently from late in the sixteenth century, but considerably altered and added to; and on the rising ground to the north the fine modern houses—"Pierrepont," the residence of Richard Combe, Esq., and Frensham Place, C. Arthur Pearson, Esq.

The village of Frensham has few features of interest except the church, which was first built here in 1239, but is much restored and altered. The low, square tower is partly of fourteenth-century date. The font is Norman and older than the church. The porch is fourteenth-century work restored, and there is a portion of an old canopied tomb supposed to be that of John Bel about the middle of the fourteenth century. The copper cooking or brewing pot, which stands in the base of the tower, is about three feet wide and twenty inches deep. Popular imagination has made this into a witches' cauldron, and appropriated to the use of an imaginary witch. It may have been used for church-ales or feasts here, but there is nothing improbable in the legend that it came from Waverley Abbey; cooking vessels like this were a necessity when large numbers of men had to be fed in a rough-and-ready fashion.

Beyond the church there is a mill, and a pond which still contains some good trout; the buildings are all modern, though bearing the name attached to the old house standing on a knoll a little farther up the brook. Frensham Beale, now locally known as the manor farm, is an interesting many-gabled

house with a large garden, much altered and modernised, partly covered with hung tiles which are beautiful in colour, but none of the work seems older than the seventeenth century. There is a huge barn, but this has been rebuilt. Apparently this was at one time the house of John Bel, whose tomb has been noticed in the church, and who had a licence for the celebration of divine service in his manor of "Fermesham" in 1325. In 1664 the estate was owned by Ann Bowyer, who contemplated marriage with Edward Morley and agreed to settle it on him on condition that she had a jointure of £300 per annum out of his estate. The marriage took place, but Mr. Morley did not fulfil the agreement and mortgaged the estate to Henry Dobie. After the death of Mrs. Morley the mortgage was paid off by Sir William Morley, who held a manor court here in 1688, but the estate was recovered by process of law by Sir Henry Bellingham, cousin and heir of Mrs. Morley. He sold it in 1701 to Caleb Woods, whose son bequeathed the reversion to his grandson, William Gill, who became lord of the manor in 1767; it afterwards became the property of his niece, Mrs. Frankland of Easting.

Tankers Ford was a copyhold estate held from the manor of Frensham Beale. This, in 1748, was sold by John Mabank to the Hon. John Mordaunt, who added buildings and built a house; in 1753 it was sold to the trustees of Henry Fiennes, Earl of Lincoln; in 1760 it was bought by the Duke of Kingston, who converted the estate into an ornamental farm and called it Pierrepont Lodge, from his family name. He sold it in 1771 to Mr. Senior, and it passed to several owners, until 1785, when it was bought by Ralph W. Wood, who, having erected a mansion on High Field, pulled the old house down. Another house was

afterwards built, and the estate became the property of Crawford Davison. It is now the property of Richard Combe, Esq., who is lord of the manor.

The manor of Pitfold is at the south end of Frensham parish, beyond Hindhead. This was acquired about 1285 by the family of Bavent, lords of the manor of Hacchesham in Camberwell (near New Cross); in 1335 it was sold by Roger de Bavent to King Edward III., who granted it temporarily to John de Wynwyk with reversion to the Prioress of a convent at Dartford; in 1372 the Prioress surrendered the grant and obtained a new one including Hacchesham or Hatcham. After the dissolution of the monasteries it remained with the Crown until 1562, when under the name of Pitfold-Dartford it was granted by Queen Elizabeth to John White, alderman of London, who was afterwards knighted, and in 1566 conveyed Pitfold-Dartford to Viscount Montagu in exchange for Tongham Grange. It remained with the Brownes until the last male heir of these was drowned at Schauffhausen. The estate then passed to his sister, who married Stephen Poyntz, and after his death in 1840 it was sold by his daughters. Frensham Hall, the residence of Lord Cawdor, was built near the site of the old manor house.

From Frensham Beale onward, the path becomes a sandy track by the side of the alder-fringed brook, and reaches the road again at the west end of Frensham Great Pond—part of which is in Hampshire—where there is a comfortable inn well known to anglers. The road then follows the southern side of the pond to the Hindhead road and a great expanse of heather-covered moorland. New houses are being built at this end, but the

open moor is still quite large enough to give a feeling of "over the hills and far away." Children were paddling in the clear water and building sand-castles quite in the seaside manner, varying their water frolics by hunting for brambles, now beginning to turn red and possible of absorption. I searched hither and thither for a subject, but all the colour had been burned out of the landscape, and I left it, to return twelve months later and paint the scene near Frensham school, looking south-east towards Hindhead. For two hours of the time I was surrounded by the girls of the village school, who had a cricket pitch near by, where they played an energetic game, somewhat to the danger of the painter. The girls were all well grown and much more bulky than the boys; they run, bat, and bowl as well, and certainly make more noise and squabble more violently; before the whistle blew, free hitting and the sloping ground accounted for a hundred and twenty runs, but I was not sorry when the play ceased.

Beyond the ridge the ground is broken by patches of woodland and farms, and there lies the Little Pond, a fine piece of water, which, with its surroundings and water-lilies, is rather more picturesque than the other. On the brook to the eastward there was formerly another called Abbot's Pond, but the embankment of this burst in 1841, and the ground was afterwards drained and planted with wood.

HINDHEAD AND HASLEMERE

Southward from Frensham Great Pond I pursued my way towards Hindhead and Haslemere on one of these clattering

motor omnibuses which serve as the connecting link between the inner world and that numerous section of mankind who are here building houses by the wayside, and endeavouring to combine country life with town habits—a rather difficult thing to do, and no doubt these vehicles help a little towards a solution of the problem. At any rate, many seem to be trying the venture; the roadside blossoms with notice-boards proclaiming eligible sites for sale, and land has become valuable which has been worthless since the waters receded from the face of the earth.

The road runs over a series of ridges with hardly a yard of level ground; a few small villages and many modern houses sit amid picturesque surroundings. The county boundary is followed closely all the way through Churt, and finally up on to the breezy heights and the moorland of Hindhead, first made fashionable by Professor Tyndall in 1887, but, since the advent of motor vehicles, growing so rapidly that it threatens to cover the whole of the ridges in a very short time. Following a roundabout route, the omnibus drops down into the valley at Haslemere. Formerly a part of the royal manor of Godalming, with which it was given by Henry II. to the Bishop of Sarum, the greater part of the parish still belongs to that manor. The manor of Haslemere has the same boundaries as the borough; this was granted by Queen Elizabeth to the Mores of Losely, and in 1784 was sold by the trustees of Thomas More Molyneaux to Sir James Lowther, along with various freeholds owned by General Oglethorpe, Lord Gwyder, and Philip Webb. The value of the purchase lay in the fact that Haslemere returned two members to Parliament. Cobbett refers to this in his *Rural*

Rides, September 1822. The borough was disfranchised in 1832. The principal landowners now are Sir Richard C. Garton, who is lord of the manor, and Sir Jonathan Hutchinson.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century there was a considerable industry in the manufacture of crape, but this died away, and was succeeded by a large trade in wood-turning. In recent years a successful attempt has been made to revive village industry, and weaving is now done in linen, cotton, silk, and carpets with considerable success. An educational museum was provided by Sir Jonathan Hutchinson, and various learned societies have been fostered by him in the town.

The general appearance of the place now is that of a thriving little modern town; there is one group of old cottages on the east side of the market-place, and another near by associated with the name of Queen Elizabeth. These are almost the last remaining links with past times, yet it is proposed to demolish the first of them—surely a short-sighted policy in a place like this, where one expects to find some bit of ancient days on which to rest his eyes. The old church, built as a chapel of Chiddingfold in the fourteenth century, has been rebuilt except the tower, and contains little of interest except the fine window designed by Burne-Jones in memory of Tennyson.

I returned to Hindhead, a new village of large houses which sits raw on the moor. Many of the inhabitants have adopted the novel method of having a heather garden instead of lawns and flower beds; while the heather is in bloom, the effect is pretty, but during eleven months in the year this is not a very cheerful plant to have growing up to the drawing-room windows.

There are many fine points of view, that from Gibbet Hill

with the Devil's Punch Bowl being rated most highly, perhaps from having the additional attraction of an eighteenth-century tragedy ; but I have chosen the less-regarded prospect from Beacon Hill, looking north towards Aldershot, which in some moods is as fine as any.

From Hindhead the road northwards passes the three little hills known as the Devil's Jumps, and Kettlebury Hill—Cobbett put these hills forward as an absolute proof of the Trinity, and invited Unitarians to come and look at them and so be convinced of their errors. There are stretches of heath land on either side and considerable plantations of fir, a beautiful country, but nothing of much interest by the way until the small village of Tilford is reached—the houses scattered round a large green once famous for its cricketers. The two branches of the Wey meet here, one from Farnham and one from Frensham. The place is as quiet as any heart can desire. The first church was built in 1857 and the present one ten years later.

There is one old farm ; and Tilford House probably dates from the end of the seventeenth century. At one time this was occupied by Sir Thomas Abney and his wife, the lifelong friends of Dr. Isaac Watts, who is said to have been their guest here. Charlotte Smith, the novelist, died at Tilford House in 1806 after one year's residence there. It is now the residence of the Rev. Martin S. Ware.

The Tilford oak is about ten feet in diameter and still a thriving tree ; Cobbett in one of his lapses of memory declared that in his boyhood it was quite a little thing.

Probably it is over nine hundred years old, and is mentioned

in the charter given by Henry of Blois to the monks of Waverley in 1250; in this, their bounds are described as "from the oak at Tilford, which is called the Kingoak, by the King's highway towards Farnham even unto Wynterbourne, and thence by the bank which runs from Farnham to the hill which is called Richard's Hill, and by crossing that hill and the bridge of Wainford, even unto the meadow of Tilford which is called Ilvethams mede, and thence upwards directly to the aforesaid oak." This grant proves that more than six centuries ago the Bourne was a periodic or winter bourne.

Brayley thinks that Richard's Hill is what is now Crooksbury, but I think it rather refers to the high land opposite Moor Park, the boundary only crossing the Wey at Wainford (probably near the present bridge at Waverley), south to the Wey again, and back to Tilford; this would enclose an elongated piece of land with the river contained in it. In 1853, when the village green was, by an enclosure Act, placed in the hands of trustees, this oak was specifically reserved to the Bishop of Winchester and his successors.

From Tilford to Millbridge on the one side, and Waverley on the other, is one great tract of fir wood extending to the outskirts of Farnham. These woods have a quiet sombre beauty all their own; there is little or no undergrowth, and the ruddy stems give a warmth of feeling even in winter, while the fallen needles form a carpet which gives forth no sound. Nothing could be more restful. Many houses are being built here and there by the roadsides, and should form ideal residences, but the summer of 1912 showed one drawback: the chance that one night the owners may wake to find the "Red Cock" crowing in their

backyard ; then they may wish that the fir trees were not quite so close.

Waverley Abbey is little more than a mile from Tilford and two miles from Farnham, but the roads are rather crooked. Entering by the lodge gate of Waverley House, you find the broad meadow where the ruins are situated almost encircled by the river Wey and an artificial backwater, which forms a lake in front of Waverley House.

This convent of Cistercian monks was founded in 1128 by William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, who brought twelve monks from the Abbey of D'Aumone in Normandy. A church was erected and dedicated to the Virgin Mary and the necessary conventual buildings were provided. This being the first abbey of that Order in England, it was considered as the headquarters of the Cistercians, though its supremacy was disputed by Furness Abbey, which was founded rather earlier as a house of Benedictines, but afterwards changed to Cistercians. The dispute was eventually settled by a compromise dividing the honours.

In 1179 considerable additions were made, and a water supply brought from Ludewell in Moor Park ; in 1216 this supply failed and a new one was found by Brother Simon and called St. Mary's Well. By that time there were seventy monks and over one hundred lay brothers at Waverley.

Soon afterwards, the Cistercians having made some trouble about the supremacy of King John, that sovereign removed any doubts from their minds by fining the Order the sum of £33,000. How much of the fine was paid is not known, but the Abbot, monks, and lay brothers fled, and do not appear to have returned for several years. When they ventured back, the building of

the great church was begun in 1203 by William of Broadwater, rector of that parish in Sussex, who superintended the work until his death in 1222.

Several altars were consecrated in 1230 by the vicar of Peter de Roche (Rupibus), that bishop being then absent in Palestine, but the church was not entirely finished until 1278.

Peter de Roche died at Farnham Castle in 1238; his body was buried at Winchester, but his heart was deposited at Waverley. In 1280, when his successor, Nicholas de Ely, died, the procedure was reversed, his body being buried at Waverley and his heart at Winchester.

Waverley was one of the houses which provided a temporary sanctuary to William of Wykeham, and on one occasion Henry III. came here, being received with great solemnity and admitted as a member of the brotherhood. He showed considerable favour towards them and made them a grant of lands at Netham. This kindness was probably one of the reasons of their success in a question of sanctuary which arose during his reign; the Abbey shoemaker had been arrested for murder by the officers of the law; the Abbot objected, and they were compelled to return the culprit, ask pardon of God and the monks, do penance, and be flogged at the Abbey gate. After all these trifling ceremonies had been attended to, they received absolution and "joyfully departed," having no desire to execute warrants at this Abbey again.

Though they had great lands and possessions, the later history of the house appears to have been uneventful. A great flood in 1233 caused much damage to the buildings, but this was remedied by embankments, and raising the floor level of the buildings, not, as recorded in the *Annals of Waverley*, by

removing the entire monastery to higher ground. Considering the magnitude of the buildings, their revenue at the dissolution was very small, being only about £174, and none of the Abbots attained great eminence.

Aubrey visited Waverley in 1673, and his description shows a large number of buildings then standing. The river acted as a fence round three sides, the fourth being a strong wall ten feet high, enclosing sixty acres, the walls of the church and cloisters, a chapel now a stable, no escutcheons or monuments remaining, some painted glass, and the Hall "very spacious and noble with a row of pillars and vaulted overhead."

The monastery was suppressed in 1536, and the site, buildings, rectories, manors, etc., in several counties were granted to Sir William Fitz William, treasurer of the Royal household. He settled this and other estates on himself and family, with remainder to his half-brother, Sir Anthony Browne; Waverley came into the possession of Viscount Montagu, son of the latter, and by his grandson it was sold to the Coldham family early in the seventeenth century. By one of that family it was sold to William Aislabie; after his death in 1725 it was purchased by Mr. Child, an attorney at Guildford; by his descendants the property was sold in 1747 to Thomas O. Hunter, who died in 1770, and by his son it was sold to the trustees of Field-Marshal Sir Robert Rich; his son, Sir Robert, died in 1786, leaving one daughter, who married the Rev. Charles Bostock, who took the name of Rich, and was knighted by George III. in 1792; about four years afterwards the estate was sold to John Thomson, a Russia merchant, who in 1820 assumed by sign-manual the name of Poulett. His son, Charles Edward Poulett,

born at Waverley in 1799, became Governor-General of Canada in 1839, and did much to promote the union of Upper and Lower Canada and foster a spirit of loyalty towards the mother country; he was created Baron Sydenham of Toronto in 1840. From the Poulett family the estate passed to George T. Nicholson. It is now owned by Rupert D. Anderson, Esq.

The present mansion was largely built from the stones of the Abbey, by the Coldham family. Sir Robert Rich added wings from the same source to the central portion erected by Thomas O. Hunter in the reign of George II., possibly from designs by the brothers Adam. In 1833 the house was partially destroyed by fire and rebuilt by Mr. Nicholson. It is pleasantly situated, and Cobbett described the gardens as finer than anything he had seen in England.

No doubt much of the stonework of the Abbey was sold, besides the portions used in building Waverley House. Lewis in 1849 says, "The chief part remaining is the south aisle of the church, in the windows of which, within the memory of the present generation, were many specimens of rich stained glass."

At the present time the ruins consist of many scattered fragments, only one small portion, the undercroft of the dormitory, being of any consequence. Much careful excavation has been done on the site and many relics discovered; in 1731 a casket containing a human heart—supposed to be that of Bishop Peter de Roche—was found; but none of the silver figures of the twelve apostles, which legend says are buried in the ruins, have ever been seen. One curious stone coffin is still in its original position; this must have been made to contain a skeleton, as no human body could possibly be put in it. An old man repairing

the fences said boys often tried to fit themselves into this coffin, but in vain; he was puzzled why the monks had made a coffin for a "skellington." All the stones of the building were familiar to him; he had worked with some of the exploring parties, and often wished he could find at least one of the silver apostles.

As we talked, the wind rose a little and fanned the fire which had been smouldering for three days on Puttenham Common into a furious blaze. Immense columns of black smoke rose in the clear sky, tinged with orange from the sinking sun; the air was laden with the sweet resinous smell of burning fir; red-hot twigs, two or three inches long, began to fall around us. The noise of the fire drew nearer, rising and falling fitfully, at its loudest like the rumble of many railway trains, and the flames began to show over the tops of the trees on the high ground surrounding the meadow land; every moment it seemed that they would top the bank and rush down the sloping ground. I left the old man among the ruins and determined to try if it were possible to get some picture of the scene. Clouds of swallows appeared flying just under the canopy of smoke, and startled pheasants broke through and flew cackling to the woods beyond, yet no alarm seemed to arise among the wood-pigeons cooing among the trees over which the smoke was drifting.

I found the Elstead road—a beautiful avenue of old firs—so thick with smoke that one walked as in a fog; farther on there were scattered cottages by the wayside from which the inmates were hastily removing their furniture, covering the little piles with wet sheets, watching in anguish, and brushing the burning twigs away as they fell.

An occasional motor-car or a man on a bicycle hurried past, shouting through the smoke some remark as to the progress of the destroyer.

Again and again I plunged into some of the green rides of the woodlands, trying to catch a glimpse of what was happening, or get to the weather side of the flames; but always in vain; the heat and smoke made it impossible to see anything at all; sounds of falling timber and shouts here and there indicated the presence of many men at work trying to check the flames, but of the actual struggle I saw nothing. The woods were unknown to me, and when darkness fell I had some difficulty in reaching the road again where the cottagers still kept their weary vigil; tired, black, and thirsty, I took my way towards Farnham.

These great fires lead one to doubt the wisdom of planting the large unbroken stretches of fir wood, beautiful though they are in their solemn quiet. No doubt these trees take more kindly to the barren sandy soil than any others; but in dry weather, they are nearly as inflammable as celluloid and constitute a grave danger to the scattered inhabitants. One of the firemen who was at work on this fire told me that once during the evening it travelled over heath, furze, and Scots fir for the distance of a mile in seven minutes, despite the efforts of a small army of men who were trying to stop it; and only a change of wind prevented the fire from travelling right down to the open valley at Moor Park and Waverley and clearing all the wood on Crooksbury Hill.

When Sir William Temple purchased the estate of Moor Park from the descendants of Sir Francis Clark, who died in 1633, a house of some sort already existed there; Swift describes

it as a small seat "which he took a great fancy to for its solitude and retirement and the healthy and pleasant situation; and being much afflicted with the gout and broken with age and infirmities, he resolved to pass the remainder of his life there, and in November 1686, in his way thither, waited on King James then at Windsor."

Temple was then fifty-eight years of age, and he remained at Moor Park—except for one short break—until his death in 1698.

There have been alterations and additions to the house since then; but in the main it is probably much the same as in Temple's time. In the arrangement of the house and gardens he followed closely the plan described in his *Essay on Gardening* as existing at Moor Park in Hertfordshire. "The perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad," and it is more than likely that in recollection of this Hertfordshire paradise he gave his house the name it bears.

The one period of absence from here was during the Revolution of 1688, when Moor Park, "lying in the way of both armies," was deemed unsafe, and he returned to the house at Sheen, which he had given to his son. While in residence there he went to greet William of Orange at Windsor, but refused to become Secretary of State or take any further part in public affairs, though William III. came several times to Sheen urging him to do so. To rid himself of these importunities Temple returned to Moor Park in 1689; King William came once to visit this place while on his way from Winchester, and Temple sometimes waited on His Majesty at Windsor and Richmond, but resolutely turned his back on public life and "saw little company in a place so desolate."

It is still remarkably quiet, sheltered from east and north-east winds by the ridge of the "Hog's Back" and Crooksbury Hill, and on the south-west by the high ground on the other side of the little green valley of the Wey, a placid stream which was used to give something of a Dutch aspect to the lower portion of the grounds; the kitchen garden is on the north, and except that there are more flowers in it nowadays—Temple relegated these to the ladies—is little changed.

At what time the house was covered with cement is not easy to determine; the substance known as Portland cement was not invented until the nineteenth century, but there was a preparation of lime and sand used in the same fashion in Surrey at an early date. The patches of modern cement do not show either the same texture or colour.

There are fine old trees in the grounds and some remains of a formal garden in the Dutch manner with a canal and an island. The brook flows as clear as ever it did, but no fin stirs its surface, the fish having been poisoned by the surface water from chemically treated roads and disinfectants washed into the stream at Farnham.

In the flower garden at the south-east end of the house is the sundial under which the heart of Sir William Temple was buried, when his body was taken to Westminster Abbey. There are many variations in the story of this interment, and the original position of the dial is a matter of dispute. The enclosing casket is stated as a silver box, a china bowl, an ivory casket; in 1848 the position of the dial is given as east of the house. This is impossible as a road and public right of way passes the front of the house, and always has done so. The

servants' apartments at the north end are as old as the house, and show that the position has not been changed. Another version says it was placed in the centre of a grove of trees; that is unlikely, as a sundial in such a position would be useless.

Cobbett says the heart was buried under a garden seat, but this had been destroyed when he visited Moor Park in 1825; still another account says the sundial stood some distance south-west from its present position. On the whole it seems most likely that the sundial stands approximately in its original position in the flower garden near some birch trees, which may be as old as Temple's time. Whether the casket still remains there is another question; there have been many changes of ownership.

Temple died here in 1698, and Lady Giffard continued in occupation until her death in 1721; the estate then passed to a granddaughter, who devised the property to her nephew, Basil Bacon—probably the gentleman who provided casual visitors with a cold collation, as recorded by Spencer in 1770. His death some years later brought the Temple line of heirs to a close, and he left the estate to Charles Williams, who assumed the name of Bacon, and whose descendant, C. N. Bacon, was the owner when Brayley wrote.

The place was let to various tenants. Mr. Timson, a London merchant, made many alterations at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Cobbett writes of another, as Mr. Laing, an Indian planter. There is a tombstone in Farnham churchyard to Thomas Day of Moor Park, 1817. About 1850 it is described as "having been an hydropathic establishment, but now advertised for sale as building ground for villas," a fate which was fortunately

averted—fortunate not so much for the memory of Sir William Temple, honest man and considerable statesman, but rather that it was the home of Dorothy Osborne.

Possibly nothing in the world would have surprised Temple more than any suggestion that three figures in his household would, in after days, become more famous than himself; that for one who would read his essays, poetry, state papers, and correspondence, thousands would read the work of his secretary; that the name of his wife's maid would be better known than his own, or, beyond all, that the love letters written to him by his sweetheart during their long seven years of waiting would, long after they had both turned to dust, procure a thousandfold more "servants" for her than the mere handful of lovers about whom she wrote.

The letters are inimitable; she pokes fun at him, scolds sometimes, and describes her many suitors, occasionally shows a little of the weariness of waiting and fending off the schemes of her father and brother for her marriage elsewhere. Temple must have hated Oliver Cromwell's son Henry when Dorothy announces his advent, and declares "he will be as acceptable to her as anybody else," and that he has promised to get her a dog.

After her beauty had been destroyed by smallpox, the quiet wedding that she wished for took place, but the love letters did not cease; ten years afterwards she writes to answer him—

"'Tis mighty well, too, that I have sette upon thornes these two howers for this sweet scrip full of reproaches. Pray what did you expect I should have writt. Tell me that I may know how to please you next time.

But now I remember me, you would have such letters as I used to write before we were marryed. There are a great many such in your cabinet yt I can send you if you please, but none in my head, I can assure you."

Or "Can you tell me when you intend to come home, would you would, I should take it mighty kindly good deare make hast. I am as weary as a dog without his master."

Lady Temple died in 1694, and her place was filled as far as might be by his sister, Lady Giffard.

The only other objects of interest are Stella's cottage—a modern name, I think, as the house does not appear to be anything like so old as the seventeenth century—and the spring which formerly supplied the water for Waverley Abbey, then known as the Lude or sheltered well. In Cobbett's time this was known as "Mother Ludlams Hole," and he regrets the destruction and alteration of the cave which he knew as a boy; it is now enclosed with a gate, and a few more fairy tales have been woven round it in modern days.

Sir Walter Scott visited Moor Park when collecting materials for his Memoir of Swift, and adopted the name of the Abbey for the title of his first novel.

During my visit Moor Park was owned by Mrs. Johnstone Foster and tenanted by William Brass, Esq., to both of whom I owe thanks.

ELSTEAD, PEPER HAROW, AND SHACKLEFORD

From Stella's cottage the road passes through an avenue of old firs with gnarled roots clinging to the soft sandstone and,

with a few open spaces, follows the woodlands for two miles, nearly to the village of Elstead, a pretty place with a broad level green, a water-mill, a bridge of five arches, some good old cottages, and a picturesque little church with a wooden belfry and a small spire. The organ chamber and the south aisle are entirely new, and there has been a good deal of restoration otherwise; much of the timber work is old and fine and probably of the same date as the porch—about the fifteenth century. Brayley notes that the registers begin in 1538, the year in which the Act was passed establishing these records. At one time there was a considerable woollen industry and a manufactory for military braid here, but the only reminder of that now is the sign of the village inn, "The Woolpack."

About a mile to the eastward the road turns off and crosses the Wey near the boundary of Peper Harow Park. The house is disappointing; built from the designs of Sir William Chambers in 1765, it has not one picturesque external feature.

The church is near the house, and was practically rebuilt by Pugin in 1843. There are still some traces of Norman work, and a brass to the memory of Joan, widow of William Brocas, Lord of Peper Harow, 1487 (one of this family was rector of St. Nicholas, Guildford, in 1395). Most of the modern work is finely designed and effective in construction.

A few yards from the church there is a square of fine farm buildings, a grand old barn, and a great yew hedge. The large park, with its fine groups of oaks and chestnuts, stretches of greensward and bracken, and herds of fallow deer, resembles

in many ways the park at Richmond, but this has the advantage of a larger river flowing through it. At the southern boundary there is a remarkable group of farm buildings erected by Pugin in place of the old Grange, which was used as a dower house; these are so extravagantly "Puginesque" as to be almost absurd.

The name Peper Harow is said to have arisen from the name of an ancient proprietor "Pipard," whose name is said to be on the Roll of Battle Abbey, but I do not find it there.

At the Domesday Survey it was held by Walter Fitz-Other and afterwards by his descendants who adopted the name of De Windsor, until about the close of the fourteenth century as superiors. William Branche held it from them in the thirteenth century, and it passed from Sir Nicholas Branche to Henry de Guildford in 1298; he died in 1313, and it passed to the Stoughton family, but before 1354 had returned to Andrew Branche. In 1360 Sir Bernard Brocas was lord of the manor; he died in 1396, and was succeeded by his son bearing the same name, who was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1400 and his estates forfeited. They were recovered by his son William, and remained with the Brocas family until they passed by marriage to Ralph Peckshall, Master of the Buckhounds to Edward VI.; his son and successor died in 1571, leaving four daughters, who sold their portions to Henry Smith. He in 1609 conveyed the estate to Walter Covert, and his heirs in 1655 joined in the sale to Denzil Holles, who had married the widow; by his successors the estate was sold in 1700 to Philip Frowde, and from him it was purchased in 1713 by Alan Broderick, by whose descendant, Viscount Midleton, it is still owned, and who is lord of the manor.

Oxenford was held by the Abbot of Waverley from Richer de Aquila, lord of the manor of Witley ; it was granted in 1536 with the rest of the Abbey lands to William Fitz William, and in 1542 was settled on his half-brother, Sir Anthony Browne, and sold by his grandson. In 1624 it was owned by John Chesterton, and was afterwards divided, and passed through various hands until 1822 when the whole came into the possession of Lord Midleton.

Aubrey states that so much gold and silver money was dug up in one part of the estate that the tenants gave two shillings an acre more for the land. This bullion crop is now exhausted.

The drive across the park leads out on the road near Eashing bridge, a picturesque ancient structure built, it is said, early in the thirteenth century, long before people troubled about parapets. An ugly modern flock mill near the Stag Inn does not improve the amenities of the place ; but the old village and its surroundings are still pretty. In mid-Victorian days it was quite a haunt for artists ; then there was a paper-mill at work, and, judging from the talk of the old villagers, this had something to do with its popularity. It is rather comical to hear the names of learned, grave, and reverend seigneurs in art—most, if not all of whom have passed away—coupled with the lively doings and "likely wenches" of those days. As the old men talk, they hail some aged dame standing by her garden gate, asking if she "minds on" Mr. ——— ; the old ladies are not so garrulous over ancient exploits, but the smile which comes when certain names are mentioned is evidence that there is still a warm corner in their hearts for those who

have long passed beyond their ken. Those happy days are generally coloured in the minds of the aged men by the memory of the abundant supplies of ale provided by the painters. "No wenches at the mill now, and ne'er a pint of ale to be given away of a Saturday night; railways have been the ruin of it all; there were none then nearer than Guildford; now, if a visitor comes to the place he walks through and goes back to Godalming." In those far-back days "they young chaps used to stay here all the summer long."

It is quiet enough now except for the grinding machinery in the mill. A few old cottages straggle along both sides of the highway, and at the south end, set under a sandstone bank, is surely the smallest chapel ever built.

Nearly opposite the road leading to Peper Harow Park a path leads towards Hartmore; but there is little of any interest there, or at Shackleford, where the ancient house of William de Shackleford stood until 1781. This had come into the hands of Richard Wyat, who founded an almshouse at Godalming in 1618, and remained with his family until 1748, when it was sold to Edward Garthwaite, who built a new house. The estate passed from him to Charles Goreing, to John Richardson, to Richard Sumner, and in 1797 to Viscount Midleton. Hartmore belonged to the de Windsor family and vested in the Crown owing to the forcible exchange made by Henry VIII. It was granted by James I. in 1616 to Sir Edward More and Anthony Gooch; about 1655 the manor was sold to the Bennet family, and by a female descendant was conveyed in marriage to James, fourth Earl of Salisbury, who was impeached for high treason in 1689, the treason consisting of conversion

to the Church of Rome, but the prosecution was abandoned; by his great grandson the estate was sold to John Richardson about the close of the eighteenth century.

LOSELY

A field path leads through Binscombe and out on the road near the gates of Losely Place.

This is one of the great houses which still remain the pride and the glory of Surrey. Like all the others, it has had many troubles and changes of fortune; at one period associated with all that was famous, at another, neglected and falling into decay, and now again restored as a goodly old house.

According to the editor of the Losely MSS. (Mr. Kempe) the manor bore its present name in Saxon times; it was given by Osmond to Edward the Confessor. William the Conqueror gave it to one of his companions in arms, Roger de Montgomery, who was created Earl of Arundel; he founded several religious houses, including the Priory of Shrewsbury, where he spent the latter part of his life, and died, 1094; his daughter Sibilla married Robert Fitz-Hamon, Lord of the Honour of Gloucester, to which Losely was united.

In the thirteenth century it was held of that Honour by Hugh de Deol, and on the death of his grandson in 1356 the property devolved on his two daughters, Joan and Margaret. Joan married John de Bures; Margaret married John de Norton. From their descendants the property was conveyed to the families of Westbroke and Cross. In 1515 the Westbroke share was bought by Christopher More, who in 1532 also bought the

other share from William Sidney of Stoke D'Abernon. In 1545 he added to the estate by the purchase of Westbury in Compton parish.

Christopher More was a member of a Derbyshire family; he was one of the clerks, and afterwards in 1546 was appointed King's Remembrancer to the Exchequer. In 1533 he received a licence to empark and surround with ditches and pales two hundred acres of his manor of Losely. This enclosure appears to have been used as a deer park, but no house of any consequence seems to have been erected; his death in 1549 is recorded by an inscription in the Losely Chapel at Guildford. One of his daughters married her cousin, Sir Thomas More.

Christopher More was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, William, who, like his father, became Sheriff of Surrey, sat as Member of Parliament for Guildford, was appointed Vice-Admiral of Sussex, and in 1576 was made a knight by Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, while in the Earl of Lincoln's garden at Pirford. The Queen, on giving him her hand to kiss, told him "that he well deserved the honour which she had then conferred upon him."

William More began in 1562 to build the central portion of the present mansion, a little to the north of a former house which had been erected by his father; the work when completed in 1568 was practically the present building as it stands; it had been intended to extend wings southward at each end, but the design was not carried out.

Sir William More stood high in the esteem of Queen Elizabeth, and she came to Losely in 1577, 1583, 1591, and

probably on other occasions. Considerable trouble was caused by these visits, and several letters exist among the Losely MSS. giving directions as to some of the things thought to be necessary. One letter written from Oatlands by Sir Christopher Hatton in 1583 advises the recipient to have his house kept sweet and clean; a later letter, referring to the same visit, repeats this with additions, "to see it made sweete and meete to receave her Ma^tie and that in the meantime you may avoyde (send away) your famely, and prepare every thinge agaynste the daye prefixed as to yo^r owne discretio' shall seeme most needeful for her Ma^ties good contentatio' at her repayre thether"; another letter written in 1595 shows the old Queen making jokes with Sir William's daughter Elizabeth about her father, "saying er long I should find a mother-in-lawe, w^ch was herself, but she was affrayd of the tow wydows that ar ther w^th you, that they would be angrye w^th her for yt; and that she would gyve ten thowsand poundes you were twenty yeeres younger."

Among the uneasy favours conferred on Sir William More was the custody of Henry Wriothesley, second Earl of Southampton, who, suspected of being a papist, was detained at Losely for three years.

The honour of a visit from Queen Elizabeth was a doubtful pleasure and an expensive one; the Losely MSS. provide various instances of attempts to be excused. One of these letters, also from Sir Christopher Hatton, says, "A past excuse will not serve again, for I have been heretofore informed that you had some sycke of the infectione the last year, and of other dangerous diseases of late in it, wch is now reported here as a misinformacion, and for otherwise than the bruit declared."

Sir William died in 1600, aged eighty-one years, and the splendid monument in the Losely Chapel at St. Nicholas Church is to his memory and that of his lady.

He was succeeded by his son George, who also was high in the Queen's favour. In 1597 he had been nominated Sheriff of Surrey and had received the honour of knighthood; in 1601 the Queen added to his estate the lordship and hundred of Godalming. In the next reign he was also favoured; he was appointed Treasurer to Henry, Prince of Wales, and in August 1603 James I. and his Queen visited Losely, where they were "royally entertained"; three years later the King again visited Losely.

In 1610 Sir George was appointed Chancellor of the Order of the Gartern; in 1615 he was made Lieutenant of the Tower in place of Sir Gervase Elwes, who was removed in consequence of being implicated in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; the King himself was not free from suspicion in the matter, and Sir George More had done a good deal to clear his royal master, who wrote to him, "It is easie to be seen that he (the Earl of Somerset) wolde threattin me with laying an aspersion upon me of being, in some sorte, accessorie to the cryme."

Charles, Prince of Wales, was entertained at Losely in 1617. Sir George More was guardian to Lord Herbert of Cherbury, but that trust expired soon after he succeeded to the estate, and how much time was spent here by that romantic personage is not known.

Besides his other honours Sir George was Member of Parliament for Guildford in the time of Queen Elizabeth and

King James, and representative for Surrey in several parliaments of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I.

John Donne was distantly related to the family, and while employed as secretary to Lord Chancellor Egerton he took a kinsman's privilege in making love to the niece of his master, Ann, daughter of Sir George More; they were privately married in 1600. When this was known Sir George proved a stern parent. The clergyman who married them was sent to gaol; Donne was dismissed from his employment and imprisoned, and the lady kept in close custody at home. After a time the bridegroom was released from the Fleet, but the father retained the bride, and though the son-in-law wrote entreating him to deal with the matter "as the persuasions of nature, reason, wisdom, and Christianity should dictate," it was in vain, and Donne was involved in a tedious lawsuit through which he struggled for his "deare life." He did not obtain a decree confirming the marriage until 1602.

He had influential friends in the Earl of Essex and Sir Robert Drury—the latter giving him a house next his own in Drury Lane—and Sir Francis Wolley had him to live in his house at Pirford. After a time Donne gained the favour of James I. and took Holy orders on his advice, becoming lecturer at Lincoln's Inn and finally Dean of St. Paul's; possibly these evidences of royal favour caused Sir George to change his attitude; they became reconciled, and the gates of Losely were opened to receive John Donne and his wife.

Sir George More added a western wing to the house, which included a gallery 120 feet long, a chapel, and some other apartments; he died in 1632, one year after his famous son-in-

law. None of his four sons survived him; Robert, the eldest, died in 1626, leaving six sons and five daughters; the eldest of these sons, Poynings More, succeeded his grandfather. He was Member of Parliament for Haslemere and for Guildford, and was created a baronet by Charles I. in 1642; he died in 1649, leaving two sons. The eldest, Sir William, was six years old when he succeeded to the title and inheritance; he became Sheriff of Surrey in 1669, and ten years later was Member of Parliament for Haslemere; dying without issue in 1684, his younger brother having died previously, the baronetcy became extinct and the estates devolved on a younger brother of Sir Poynings More, the Rev. Nicholas More, then rector of Fetcham, near Leatherhead, who only lived a few months afterwards. His son Robert died unmarried, leaving his two sisters co-heiresses; Elizabeth, the eldest, died in 1691, leaving her sister Margaret sole heiress.

This lady married Sir Thomas Molyneux of Sefton, in Lancashire (an ancestor of the present Earl of Sefton); she died in 1704, and her husband died in 1719. They were succeeded by Sir More Molyneux, who married Cassandra, daughter of Thomas Cornwallis of Abermarles, Caermarthenshire; the lady died in 1754, her husband in 1760. He was succeeded by his second son, Sir Thomas More Molyneux, who was Member of Parliament for Haslemere, and died unmarried in 1776, when the male line of the family became extinct.

After his death the Losely estates descended to his sisters Cassandra and Jane, both of whom died unmarried, the latter in 1802. The line of descent then reverted to the descendants of Thomas More Molyneux, who died in 1776, and the house is

still owned and occupied by descendants of that branch of the family—Lieut. Molyneux Macgowan and his lady, who was the heiress of the estates. During one period the house was leased to strangers. Cobbett in 1825 notes, "A snug little house stuck under the hill on the roadside, just opposite the old chapel on St. Catherine's Hill, which house was not there when I was a boy. I found that this house is now occupied by the family Molyneux, for ages the owners of Losely Park, on the outskirts of which this house stands. . . . I believe that Sir Thomas More lived at Losely, or, at any rate, that the Molyneuxs are in some degree descended from him. The estate is, I fancy, theirs yet; but here they are in this little house while one Gunning (an East Indian, I believe) occupies the house of their ancestors."

In 1845 S. C. Hall describes the condition of the house with some bitterness: "The old Hall has been shorn of its proud and graceful proportions; repairs have been made by sloven hands, parts of the moat have been filled up, but so coarsely as to seem the result of accident rather than design . . . the odious face of a modern clock covers the ancient horologue . . . the porch, which bears the date 1812, . . . is of a non-descript character utterly out of keeping with the structure. . . . Nor is the impression removed upon entering the venerable hall—venerable only for its age—for bad taste appears to have studied how most effectually to deface it. These unequivocal signs of neglect and tokens of indifference towards ancient honours and long-ago renown are mournful indications—grieving the heart of the antiquary, and nullifying the belief that a proud name is a noble heritage because a stimulus to rivalry in honour and fame."

Many of these evils have been repaired in recent times. Some of the ceilings and internal fittings are very fine; the great mantelpiece, with its caryatides, has been illustrated in many architectural books, this is entirely of chalk rock, and extends from floor to ceiling, almost every inch of its surface being worked in fine bold carving and elaborate detail. The house is no longer shown to the public owing to the damage done to this and other portions of the building by mischievous fools and souvenir hunters.

Outwardly there has been considerable alterations since F. W. Hulme made his drawing for "Baronial Halls" about 1845. The doorway is then shown under the fourth gable from the right, a flight of steps leading up to it, with a small verandah on each side, and above it the wall terminated in a machicollated parapet at the level of the upper window-sill. The grey slates have been replaced by ugly blue ones, and the lawn cleared of many bushes and shrubs. The western wing added by Sir George More has entirely vanished, and there have been alterations on the south front. There is a large pond in the hollow north from the house, but there is little trace of a moat now, though the name Conduit Farm, half a mile away on the hillside, marks the source of an artificial water supply. The colour of the stone used gives the old house a sombre appearance that goes well with its history.

The waning of summer was shown by the golden patches here and there on the elms; under the great chestnuts of the avenue the autumn crocus bloomed among the fallen leaves; and, surest sign of all, there came in the brooding silence the

chilly little trickle of the robins' song, though out beyond the shade the open fields were shimmering in the hot haze and the dust of the earth rose in clouds around the ploughmen and their horses as they scored dark lines across the stubble fields.

SHALFORD

On the east, Shal or Shallow ford no longer exists; it has gone the same way as Broad ford higher up and Guil ford lower down the river, the two upper fords being removed when the Wey was deepened and made navigable about the end of the eighteenth century. Even their position is doubtful, but probably this at Shalford was on the direct line of the old road by Orange Grove and Littleton, passing close by Shalford House and church, onward towards the manor house—now a farm—beyond which the track is still open.

The older part of the village is close around the church on both sides of the high road, and must suffer intensely in dry weather from the dust caused by the motor traffic. There are some fine old cottages, and a tavern which—for an inland village—has the curious sign of the "Sea Horse"; this sign may be a testimony that the road was once used to some extent by sailors on their way to and from Portsmouth, or it may be the crest of some forgotten family; it is sculptured on one tomb in Lingfield church. The stocks remain by the churchyard wall, but they are in a rather decayed condition, and show by the height, like several others in Surrey, that the victims had to sit on the ground and not on a comfortable bench as many illustrations would lead one to believe. Pest house lane leads from

St. Catherine's ferry towards St. Martha's, the old building which gave its name being now Cider House Cottage. It is questionable if a pest house would be erected alongside the highway, and probably the place was at one time a pilgrim hostel.

Shalford mill is quite picturesque, with hanging tiles of fine colour clothing it like scale armour; the lower storey is of brickwork dating from about 1700; all the rest of the building is good sound oak. It is doubtful at what time this system of wall tiles was introduced; John Evelyn mentions it as a novelty which he first saw at Nonsuch in 1666. "Scales of slate fastened on the timber . . . like a coat of armour preserved it from rotting." Possibly, like several other novelties, it was brought into popular use by him. There can be no two opinions of its success—time has proved that; and the beauty of many cottages and other buildings in Surrey is entirely dependent on the fine colour which these tiles assume after many years. This mill is still engaged at its proper work of grinding wheat, though the large dam constructed to supplement the flow of the Tillingbourne has been allowed to silt up and become overgrown with reeds and water plants. The stream is rendered intermittent by the powder mills higher up the valley, and this dam is now of little use as a storage reservoir.

Shalford House was originally built about 1600, but was rebuilt in the eighteenth century, and has undergone alterations since that time. Its general character is now that of an eighteenth-century building, though one room still remains with fine panelling and a carved oak mantelpiece of unusual design, having double pilasters and carved brackets extending to the ceiling; the work appears to date from early in the seventeenth century,

and is probably part of the original house, which is now occupied as an hotel.

John and George Austen were members of a Hertfordshire family, some of whom settled in Surrey during the sixteenth century, became prominent citizens of Guildford, and acquired extensive estates in the county. John, son of John Austen of Toddington, Hertfordshire, was buried at Chiddingfold, and his son of the same name married Joan Snelling, daughter of William Snelling of East Horsley, and died in 1561; his grandson, also John, was Mayor of Guildford in 1566, having previously represented that borough in Parliament. George Austen, his brother, was also a member of that Corporation, and was Mayor in 1579, 1588, and 1600, afterwards M.P. for Haslemere and for Guildford; he was a contributor to the building of the Grammar School and of Abbot's Hospital. These two brothers were the builders of Shalford House, which is still owned by their descendant, Lieut.-Colonel H. H. Godwin-Austen.

The church anciently belonged to the Prior and Convent of St. Mary's Hospital, Bishopsgate Without, London, being granted to them by Edward I. in 1279. Granted by Queen Elizabeth to Sir John Wolley, it was transferred by sale to his brother-in-law, Sir George More of Losely, from whom it was purchased by John and George Austen in 1599. The old church was taken down and a new one built on the same site by Robert Austen, lord of the manor in 1790—to whose memory there is a tablet in the chancel—but that church was again taken down and a new one built in 1846. John de Guldeford, who was rector in the early years of the thirteenth

century, obtained a grant to hold a fair in the church and churchyard on the eve, day, and morrow of the Assumption, but the numbers resorting thither were very great, and ill-disposed persons committed divers enormities; an inquisition was held at Shalford in 1287, with the result that the fair was removed to what is now the common; the site viewed by the judge and jury is described as one field near the vill containing eighty acres, another field adjacent containing fifty acres, with a meadow between the church and these fields, which they considered room enough. This area of something like two hundred acres is an indication of the importance of the fair, which was attended by merchants from all parts. Efforts have been made to identify this with the "Vanity Fair" of John Bunyan, who is said to have lived here at one time; though there is often a sound basis for local tradition, I have been unable to verify this. The common is now surrounded by modern houses; the ground was drained and levelled in 1844; one portion has been laid down as a cricket pitch, but the rest has been left in its natural state.

At the Domesday Survey there was a considerable population in Shalford—twenty-nine villeins, eleven bordars, and ten bondmen, a church, and three mills. Held by Robert (de Wateville) from Richard de Clare. In the latter half of the twelfth century the estate was sold to Robert de Dunstanville. In the time of Henry III. it had descended to William de Longespee, who granted Shalford and Audfaud to John, son of Geoffrey de Magnaville, Earl of Essex; in 1297 the inheritance devolved upon females, and their representatives being attainted of treason, the manor was escheated to the Crown, and then divided

in two portions—Shalford-Clifford and Shalford-Bradestan. Shalford-Clifford took its name from the husband of one of the heiresses, Roger de Clifford, whose grandson lost the estate by insurrection against Edward II. in 1321; his younger brother Robert obtained restitution in 1344, and the estate descended to Thomas, Lord Clifford, who was killed at the battle of St. Albans in 1455. His son and successor was killed in a skirmish at Ferrybridge, before the battle of Towton in 1461; after his death he was attainted and his estates confiscated. When Henry VII. became king the estates were restored to his son Henry, Lord Clifford. Henry, Earl of Cumberland, son of the man to whom the estates were restored, sold Shalford-Clifford to Sir Anthony Browne in 1544, who, having about the same time obtained Shalford-Bradestan by inheritance, settled the whole on his second wife, the "fair Geraldine." The Viscounts Montagu, his descendants, retained possession until 1655, when the estates were sold to Sir John Nicholas of West Horsley; after the death of his son, Edward Nicholas, they were purchased by Thomas, Lord Onslow, by whose descendants they are still owned.

Shalford-Bradestan was assigned to Idonea de Vipont, sister of the lady owning Shalford-Clifford; early in the fourteenth century this was sold to Hugh de Despenser, and on his attainder was escheated to the Crown. After some temporary grants, it was given by charter in 1330 to Sir Thomas de Bradestan. Elizabeth de Bradestan, a descendant, conveyed it by marriage to Sir William de la Pole, and after several transfers owing to female succession, it came into the hands of Sir Anthony Browne and descended with Shalford-Clifford.

The demesne land of the entire manor was comprised in East Shalford Farm, and this was sold in 1779 by the Earl of Onslow to Robert Austen—some of the farm buildings are old, but the house has been rebuilt.

Bradestan Brook House, from the path across the park looks older than it really is, having been built in 1791 by Thomas Gibson, a London merchant, and occupied by his descendants for many years ; it is now the residence of J. H. Renton, Esq. It is prettily situated in a large level park ; the pathway leads onward by the railway, first on one side and then on the other, through pleasant meadows by the Tillingbourne ; near the powder mills the road is reached ascending to St. Martha's Chapel.

CHILWORTH AND ALBURY

Down this road, not for the first time, came William Cobbett in November 1822 ; on previous occasions he had noted its beauty, but this time the raw winter air must have spoiled his temper, so that he breaks out—

"This valley, which seems to have been created by a bountiful providence, as one of the choicest retreats of man, which seemed formed for a scene of innocence and happiness, has been, by ungrateful man, so perverted as to make it instrumental in effecting two of the most damnable of purposes ; in carrying into execution two of the most damnable inventions that ever sprang from the minds of man under the influence of the devil ! namely, the making of *gunpowder* and *banknotes* !

Here in this tranquil spot, where nightingales are to be heard earlier and later in the year than in any other part of

England ; where the first bursting of the bud is seen in spring, where no rigour of seasons can ever be felt ; where everything seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness—here has the devil fixed on as one of the seats of his grand manufactory. . . . To think that the springs which God has commanded to flow from the sides of these happy hills, for the comfort and delight of man ; to think that these springs should be perverted into means of spreading misery over a whole nation."

Then, having had his say, he reflects that gunpowder may be useful at times, and that some of the paper may have been used for printing his own "Registers" ; he felt better, and rode more cheerfully into Albury.

The paper mills have long vanished. The gunpowder works are still in existence. As factories they are of ancient date, having been first started here by the Evelyns in 1570. Aubrey mentions sixteen mills in the vale ; in Mr. Manning's time there were four powder and two paper mills ; now I think there is only one factory. None of the buildings are of great age, and they are by no means pretty, but they are a cheerful survival of one of the old industries of Surrey. The various dams and the clear, brisk-running trout stream are quite picturesque.

The road winds steeply up the hill, crossing the track from Shalford manor, and, higher up, the two tracks, supposed to be the pilgrims' way to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury, and at an earlier date the path by which tin was brought from Cornwall to the east coast. The higher of these tracks passes Tyting Farm—sometimes spelled Tyling in old books. In the middle of the nineteenth century, remains of a religious house are noted here ; this may have been a house where accommoda-

tion was provided for the motley crew of pilgrims which began to flow towards Canterbury soon after the death of Thomas à Becket.

The popularity of pilgrimages would be a little puzzling if their advantages were not remembered. Besides the pleasure of tramping through strange land, the pilgrim enjoyed several useful temporal privileges. If he was a priest, he drew his stipend all the time, unless his absence exceeded three years; if he was a layman, he was exempted from all taxes and other public burdens; after he received the sanction and blessing of the Church, and had the badge sewn on his cloak, debts ceased to trouble him; being under the protection of St. Peter and the Pope, he could not be sued in any court; troublesome wives, debts, and transgressions were left behind; a little ready money was necessary, but even that might be picked up on the way from the superfluity of other pilgrims, if we may judge from the warnings conveyed in the guide book printed by Caxton in the fifteenth century. The Church was thoroughly business-like in its dealings; accommodation, however rough, had to be paid for, and there were fixed charges for viewing relics, the pilgrim being compensated by the indulgences provided. Local pilgrimages were mere week-end outings in comparison with those to the Holy Sepulchre, but, as all classes indulged in them, they were a source of great revenue. Kings and nobles, merchants and wealthy men paid on different scales, but even the poorest had to give something.

The chapel of St. Martha-on-the-Hill is said to be mentioned in 1150, but the oldest part of the present building appears to date from about 1200, when the stream of pilgrims attracted the

attention of the Prior of Newark ; he then had the chapel rebuilt, and collected there a large number of relics pertaining to Thomas à Becket, at the same time adding the name of St. Thomas to that of the Virgin Mary as patron saints of Newark Priory. This branch establishment became St. Martyr's in memory of Becket, and not from any earlier incident on the spot.

It is said that the Prior acted on the ancient and modern belief that no medicine is good unless it is nasty, and made it the rule that pilgrims must crawl up to the chapel on their hands and knees ; this exercise would occupy some time as the distances from Tyting Farm, and the track on the south, are about half a mile ; when the chapel was gained the devotee would probably be thankful.

Doubt may be expressed whether people who were more or less on pleasure bent would undergo this toil ; but with the example of Henry VIII. before us, walking barefoot for one and a half mile to the shrine of Our Lady at Walsingham, in 1511, there is no reason for doing so. Whether the exercise rankled in his mind and had any influence on the dissolution of the monasteries, or not, is a question to which there is no answer.

The steep path leads upwards through a wood of oak, fir, and birch to where the chapel stands solitary on the hilltop, surrounded by a graveyard enclosed by a low stone wall. In every direction, except north and north-east—where the view is closed by young firs and birch trees—the country is spread before the observer like a panorama ; the heather grows close up to the churchyard where there are a few mounds and modern graves.

It is not possible to obtain a close view containing the

chapel and its surroundings, and I have drawn it from Shalford Common, from a point where its general situation can be seen.

The chapel fell into decay during the Wars of the Roses, and in 1463 Bishop Waynfleet offered forty days' indulgence "to such as should resort to the chapel on account of devotion, prayer, pilgrimage, or offering, and should there say Paternoster, the Angel's Salutation, and the Apostles' Creed, or should contribute, bequeathe, or assign anything towards the maintenance, repair, or rebuilding of the same." After the dissolution the relics were scattered and the chapel neglected, though the tomb of William Morgan, who died in 1602 and was buried in the church, seems to show that there was still some sort of service there.

Gradually it became a roofless ruin, and many of the stones were used to repair the roads. It is noted in 1735 that "it is sometimes used for weddings either for luck or privacy"; but that might be among the ruins. The bell was removed to the town hall at Guildford early in the eighteenth century.

The stout old walls resisted all the powers of weather and neglect, and a great part was firm and strong when the chapel was restored and rebuilt in 1848; in the outer wall of the south transept there is evidence of ancient alterations and extension of about four feet; this may have been done in Waynfleet's time.

The church is cruciform, with a square tower over the transept, the materials used being an iron-impregnated sandstone, with grey sandstone quoins and dressings; the roofs of the church and tower are covered with dark tiles; there is very little ornament and no great beauty in the building, but it is wonderfully impressive in its silent loneliness.

Following the sandy path down through the heather towards Albury, looking across the hollow towards Newlands Corner and musing on pilgrim days and pilgrim ways, the twentieth century is obtruded suddenly and tersely by a notice-board bearing the legend—

"Trespassers will be prosecuted
and
Stray dogs shot."

One can never be sure on moorland paths whether he is trespassing or not, and the brevity of the notice leads one to look for a man with a gun, but nothing happens, and presently a broader road is found leading downwards under the shadow of old trees to the pleasant modern village of Albury.

The old village was erased and the church allowed to go to ruin in the early part of the nineteenth century by Mr. Drummond, who owned the property. There is a path across the park which Cobbett followed after he had relieved his mind on the subjects of banknotes and gunpowder; rather to his surprise he found Mr. Drummond very civil and obliging in allowing him to pursue his way. This is rather a pity; had it been otherwise, we should have had a portrait of Mr. Drummond and comments on his ancestors, which would have made excellent reading.

The ruins of the old church still exist and are said to be of pre-Norman date. According to tradition, the octagonal pillars of Sussex marble were brought here from a Roman temple which stood on Blackheath, about two miles away.

Many of the Duncumbes of Weston were buried in the old

church ; the brass to John Weston of Weston and the font were removed to the new building. A cathedral-like edifice belonging to the Catholic Apostolic body is now the only place of worship in the park, Mr. Drummond having been one of the principal followers of Edward Irving.

The gardens at Albury were laid out by John Evelyn at the request of his friend, Henry Howard, Earl of Arundel—the collector of the Arundel marbles ; there are many references to the house and gardens in the Diary. An arcade of yews, a quarter of a mile long, is part of Evelyn's work ; there is also a very fine holly hedge ; but the house of Evelyn's time was burned down early in the eighteenth century and rebuilt by the first Earl of Aylesford. Albury was sold by the fourth Earl to his brother, the Hon. William C. Finch, afterwards admiral, who made many alterations on the house and added to the estate. After his death the place was sold in 1800 to Samuel Thornton, Governor of the Bank of England ; in 1811 it was purchased by Charles Wall, who sold the estate in 1819 to Henry Drummond, an eminent banker of London, who rebuilt the house. At his death the property passed to his son-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland, and is still held by that family.

The lands belonged to the Clares, and from them David de Jarpenvill held one knight's fee, but the greater portion was held by John D'Abernon. After the death of his son in 1327 the estates passed to the Bray family. John, second Lord Bray, died without issue in 1557, and after the death of his mother, two years later, the estates were divided among her six daughters. After several transfers Albury was mortgaged to George Duncumbe of Weston, and he took possession in 1641, a sale to

Thomas, Earl of Arundel, having fallen through ; but this sale was afterwards carried out by the grandsons of George Duncumbe and the grandson of Earl Thomas. He enlarged the old timber house and laid out the park and grounds, much as they are now. He died in 1683, and his son sold the manor to Heneage Finch, a younger son of the Earl of Nottingham, who rebuilt the house, as noted previously. Another manor, Weston-Gumshalve or Gomshall, may be that owned in 1222 by Jarpenville ; this came into the hands of the Westons in the time of Edward I. Some time after 1441 the estate went by marriage to Thomas Slyfield of Bookham, and about 1521 was purchased by Richard Elyot ; from the Elyot family it was purchased by George Duncumbe in 1612. It remained with the Duncumbes until 1723, when the estate was sold to Abel Alleyne ; from him it was purchased by Robert Godschall, Lord Mayor of London in 1741, and from his descendants it was purchased by Henry Drummond in 1825.

Following the valley westward from Albury, by Postford, there are several meres or ponds, and good views of St. Martha's from several points on the road to Chilworth. The land had long been in the possession of the Crown, and when the gunpowder industry was started by the Evelyns they must have done so as tenants of the Crown, even as later manufacturers were tenants of the lord of the manor.

Some time during the reign of Queen Elizabeth the manor of Chilworth was granted by her to William Morgan, who in 1583 settled a part of the manor on his son John on his marriage with Ann Lumsford ; six years later he married the second of his four wives and the property was resettled. William Morgan died in 1602 and was buried in St. Martha's Chapel, leaving eight

daughters and one much-married son, who was knighted by the Earl of Essex for his services under him at Cadiz in 1596. He died in 1621, leaving one daughter by his first wife; she married Sir Edward Randyll, and the estate remained with their descendants until after 1715, when Morgan Randyll, ruined by expensive parliamentary elections, sold it to Richard Houlditch, one of the directors of the South Sea Company. His estates were seized, and sold in 1721 to the Duchess of Marlborough, and by her this was left to her grandson, the Hon. John Spencer; from that family it passed in 1796 to Edmund Hill, a manufacturer of gunpowder, and from him to William Tinkler. The Duke of Northumberland is now lord of the manor.

WONERSH

Great Tangley Manor is considered one of the finest specimens of the half-timbered construction in Surrey, and is said to contain portions of a dwelling built there by King John about the beginning of the thirteenth century. In the latter part of that century it was owned by a family whose name it still bears; in 1279 Ernold, son of Richard de Tangley, is mentioned as heir to John de Brunnyngfeld, who held lands in Surrey.

In 1305 Walter de Geddyng obtained a grant of free warren for his estate of Tangley. From the Geddyngs it passed to Stephen de Frolesbury, who in 1338 granted it to Thomas Weston of Albury. The Weston property held together until 1441; and after other transfers, during which the manor and manor house did not always go together, the manor was purchased by Richard Caryll, who had married in 1542 a sister

of John Bartlet, a former proprietor, and he resided here until his death in 1576. The manor and a moiety of Bramley descended to his son John, who built the present house in 1582; he died in 1656, leaving two daughters as co-heirs, and his estates were divided in 1677, when the manor of Tangley and the portion of Bramley were assigned to Letitia, wife of John Ramsden, who in 1678 conveyed it to John Child of Guildford. He was succeeded by his son Charles, who died in 1754, and left the property to his nephew, Charles Searle, by whom, five years later, it was sold to Sir Fletcher Norton, from whom it descended to his son William, Lord Grantley.

Sir Francis Duncumbe married the widow of the John Caryll who died in 1656, and it seems probable that the Duncumbe family continued to live in the manor house for a considerable time. When the estate was acquired by Sir Fletcher Norton he pulled down a large part and converted the remaining portion into a farmhouse; from this low estate it was rescued and restored to its present condition by Mr. Wickham Flower, F.S.A., in recent years. It is now in the possession of Colonel E. Hegan-Kennard.

This beautiful old house is quite hidden from the outside world by fine gardens, and a moat crossed by a bridge with a long covered alley way leads to the front of the house. The moat is no longer full to the brim, but has been made a more ornamental feature by reducing the quantity of water and covering the sloping banks with turf.

Some of the brackets still bear the date 1582; the curved braces and ornamental timber work show the final stage of that style of construction, when the builders began to play with their

material and over-elaborate the design with an eye to outward effect, no longer depending on the natural curves of the timber, but sawing them out to whatever shape they desired. A more highly ornamented example of the same style can be seen in St. Peter's Hospital in Bristol, but this is, I think, with the exception of one in Godalming, the only one in Surrey.

There are three other manors here, but they have no great interest.

Rowley, before 1508, was owned by Humphrey Sydney ; it was then conveyed to Robert Harding, a goldsmith. His granddaughter Catherine married Richard Onslow, from whom it descended to George, Earl of Onslow, and by him was sold in 1806 to Mr. Richard Sparkes, one of a family still represented in the district.

Aveldersh or Haldersh came into the hands of George Duncumbe, that eminent conveyancer who acquired Weston and several other estates in the neighbourhood about the end of the seventeenth century, and, after passing to various branches of his family, was acquired by Henry Drummond of Albury.

Clinthurst was owned by Humphrey Sydney and sold by him in 1532 to Sir Christopher More of Losely, whose son William exchanged it with John Wight of Wimbledon for Polsted in Compton parish ; it was held by the Wights until 1788, when it passed to Mr. John Sparkes.

The road continues bordered by broad green margins almost to Wonersh, once a great centre for the manufacture of woollen cloth for export ; but, according to Aubrey, this trade was spoiled by the greed of the clothiers, who devised a method of stretching the cloth ; this was carried to such an extent that the

poor heathen declined to buy articles "made in Wonersh," and the trade was ruined. It is now a quiet little place with some old houses and a timbered tavern. On the south side of the village is Wonersh Park and Wonersh House, now the property of Mrs. Sudbury; the central portion is partly of the sixteenth century, but, so far as can be seen from the church path, the house consists largely of the work done when it was acquired by Sir Fletcher Norton about 1770, and that added by the third Baron Grantley in 1836.

About the beginning of the seventeenth century it belonged to Richard Gwynn, citizen and cloth worker of London, who died in 1701, leaving the estate to his niece Susan, who married Richard Clifton, "Filazer" for London and Middlesex (an officer in the Common Pleas who files the writs on which he has made process). Their daughter, Trehane, married Sir William Chapple, judge of the King's Bench, who died in 1745; and their daughter and heiress, Grace, married Sir Fletcher Norton.

The church is near the house and entirely hidden from the road; it was partly destroyed by fire in 1793 and remained in ruins for three years, when the south side and west front were rebuilt; it was again restored in recent years. There are some interesting remains of ancient work in the tower and north wall, both portions of the old church, some memorials to members of the Sparkes family and the Grantley family. Four brasses are still on the floor; one of these is dated 1513 in memory of Henry Elyot, his wife, and their twenty-three children. Probably this was the father of Richard Elyot, who bought the Weston estate about 1521. A bread dole, by which a number of four-pound loaves were distributed at the church every

Sunday, from money left by Richard Gwynn in 1701, was abandoned a short time ago.

BRAMLEY

The village of Bramley is only a short distance to the west; there are a few old houses in the street, but none of much interest. The pretty church has been entirely rebuilt; some of the old memorials have been replaced on the walls; there is good stained glass, and the chancel is a most gorgeous arrangement in gold and colour. The memorials belong to the Ludlow, Bridger, Sparkes, and other local families. The churchyard was consecrated by the Bishop of Winchester in 1676 "at the procurement and charges of Rychard Bridger," who was the first person buried there, in the same year.

At the Domesday Survey the manor was held by Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and was forfeited to the Crown when he was "abjured the realm" in 1088. About the beginning of the twelfth century it was granted to Eustace de Bretteville, but again escheated. Henry II. gave it to Ralph le Fay, who died in 1241, leaving his two sisters co-heirs. Phillipa received Bramley South Court and married William de Nevil; their daughter Beatrice conveyed the manor by marriage to William de Wintershull and his descendants. In 1421 Thomas de Wintershull died without issue, and the estate passed to his sister Joan, wife of William de Weston. One of their female descendants carried it to the family of Welles; and in 1541 it was sold to William Harding of Knole, Cranley, who died in 1549, leaving two daughters, one of whom, Catherine, married Richard Onslow

and purchased the share of her sister. The entire manor was bought in 1805 by William Norton, second Lord Grantley.

The manor of East Bramley or Tangley went to the other sister, Maud de Fay, who was twice married, and the manor came to William de Braose, her grandson by her second husband. It descended with that family to Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, who died in 1524; one of his successors sold it to Richard Caryll, who died in 1576, then, for a time, it descended in the same way as Great Tangley manor house. After the death of the widow, who married Sir Francis Duncumbe in 1675, the inheritance was divided, and Letitia Caryll had for her share the mansion of Tangley and that part of the manor known as East Bramley. Another sister, Elizabeth, married Peter Fermor, and their share was acquired by Richard Gwynn.

A third sister, Margaret, married Henry Ludlow and obtained the portion known as West Bramley. Their only child was a lunatic and died in 1749, when the inheritance devolved on her cousins, Captain Harcourt Masters and Giles Strangeways, who divided the property in 1750. The Bramley property came to Captain Masters and was sold in two portions; passing through various hands, the manor as a whole was afterwards purchased by Mr. Shurlock, and passed to the Sparkes family of Gosden House, who held the lands. The manor was sold to Lord Grantley in 1808.

The manor of Wintershull was held by a family of that name, one of whom married Beatrice de Fay, and continued in their hands until the beginning of the seventeenth century. John Wintershull married as a second wife a daughter of Sir Christopher More of Losely, and died in 1571, leaving one son

William, a minor, who was lord of the manor in 1602. After that year, even Mr. Manning could find no trace of the name or family ; apparently they vanished from the face of the earth. From 1639 to 1648 the manor was farmed by John Shudd and Richard Chandler, and sold in 1672 to John Child, town clerk of Guildford. From his family it was purchased by the Barrets and is now owned by George W. Barret, Esq.

Unsted, a name said to be a corruption from Town-Hampstead, is west from Bramley and is a doubtful manor which formerly consisted of two farms. One of these, the manor farm, was exchanged by the first Earl of Onslow with John Sparkes for a farm at Wanborough ; it was then sold in succession to Mr. Parry, to Captain Bertie, to Captain Pierrepont, and to H. Trowers. The other farm, towards the end of the fifteenth century, was owned by Henry Stoughton and conveyed in 1547 by Laurence Stoughton to John Parvish. In 1608 it was bought by Sir George More, who sold it to George Austen, whose son John conveyed it to the trustees of Henry Smith for the use of the poor of Godalming.

Unsted Park is now owned by Lionel C. W. Philips, Esq. The manors of East Bramley, West Bramley, and Bramley are now held by the Hon. Henry Cubitt.

GODALMING

From the road by Peismarsh—where there are no peewits now—the towers of the Charter House School are the dominating features of the landscape ; though they have been there for some forty years, they still seem alien ; the style of architecture

does not adjust itself to its surroundings like the old houses which seem to have grown naturally into the scheme of nature.

At Farncombe there are a few old cottages, which form a nucleus for a small modern town; and at Mead Row the group of almshouses founded by Richard Wyatt in 1618 for ten poor men, five of whom must be parishioners of Godalming, the others from the surrounding parishes, is a plain brick building with a chapel and large gardens. The charity is administered by the Carpenters' Company of London, and affords a pleasant harbourage for its inmates.

Modern houses extend all the way to the eighteenth-century bridge leading into Godalming, from which the view extends down the valley of the Wey and over the low land to St. Martha's Chapel, and upwards over the meadows to the church and the back of the town.

In Bridge Street the houses are mostly modern, but one or two ancient dwellings remain. The most venerable of these has some misty association with Henry VII., but, having been re-decorated with black varnish and white paint a few days before, it looked like a modern antique.

I have drawn a group of houses at the corner where this merges into the High Street; there is no particular history attached to any of them, but they are one of the features of the town, and their presence near the entrance leads one to expect more of the same kind—an expectation doomed to disappointment. There are many single houses of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and one good group including the "White Hart Inn," the market house, and some old cottages with curved timbers at the west end of the High Street, from

which good drawings have been made, but the making requires a larger margin for seeing round corners than is justified for the present work.

There are two gabled houses with good fronts opposite the Angel Hotel, probably these have formerly been an inn ; and there is some old work in the back of the Angel, but the front has been modernised. The "King's Arms" has also been rebuilt since 1698, when Peter the Great and his suite consumed a gargantuan meal, the bills of fare for which are preserved in the Bodleian Library. No doubt when this was the principal road to Portsmouth there were many feasts here, which, if the particulars were known, would rival the achievements of the Czar. In a court nearly opposite this inn there are some interesting old cottages, one having a huge external chimney ; and on the north side of the High Street there are two houses with fine brick fronts and cornices dated 1663.

The market house is a quaint little structure which drivers of motor-cars find very much in the way ; it stands in the roadway on the site of the old court-house, and was built about a century ago. There is little use for a market house now, but the upper floor makes an excellent studio for a well-known painter, who is fortunate in being able to paint some of his pictures looking out from his own fireside.

Sometimes in the twilight there is a beautiful view looking from the High Street towards the church, but the beauty is purely one of dim light, it is nothing at any other time. The church is the principal building of interest in the town. Aubrey says that before the Conquest this was an episcopal see with bishop, dean, and canons, Losely being the bishop's house, and

the canons having their residence in what is now Church Street; some remains of ancient masonry are said to exist behind the Angel Inn, but otherwise there is nothing in the story; even Spencer, who was credulous enough, rejected it. The matter was thoroughly investigated by Mr. Manning and more recently by Mr. Welman, who has traced the history of the church through all its changes; this is a story of perpetual rebuilding, restoring, removing the restorations, and alterations; traces of all the periods from the eleventh century downwards exist, but not all are visible; the poor church has suffered many things and it is a marvel that it remains the goodly building of to-day.

There are many tombs and memorials to the Elyott, Webb, and Oglethorpe families, but the one of principal note for those who have to do with the history and antiquities of Surrey, and without whose long labours much of the later writing on the subject would have been impossible, is that to the Rev. Owen Manning, F.R.S., F.A.S, who was vicar here for thirty-seven years. This memorial appears to have been erected contrary to his expressed wish, as part of the inscription reads—

"With a modesty becoming his character, he directed his family to erect no monument to his memory; but the inhabitants of this parish, grateful for his eminent services, have dedicated this. As a just tribute to his piety and virtue, in order that so much worth should not remain undistinguished in the grave."

Owen Manning was the son of Owen Manning of Orlingbury, Northamptonshire, where he was born in 1721. Subject to epilepsy, he narrowly escaped death on two occasions in his youth, each time being saved by his father. He was educated at

Cambridge, and held a fellowship there for fourteen years until 1755, when he married ; he was presented to the vicarage of Godalming in 1763, and in 1769 Lord Midleton bestowed on him the rectory of Peper-Harow. These benefices he retained until his death in 1801. From the time he settled in Surrey he employed himself on the history and antiquities of the county, and had accumulated a vast mass of information, which he had partly arranged for publication, when blindness obliged him to desist from his labours. After his death, his papers were put into the hands of Mr. Bray, who completed the work, and it was published in three volumes-folio 1804–14.

One of the vicars of the seventeenth century was the strenuous son of John Speed, the historian—Samuel Speed, who had been sea chaplain to the Earl of Ossory. During the action against the Dutch in 1665 an old ballad relates that—

> "He prayed like a Christian and fought like a Turk,
> Crying now for the King, and the Duke of York,
> With a thump ; thump ; thump."

Another distinguished vicar was the Rev. Anthony Warton, who was here for thirty years and died in 1715. His son Thomas was professor of poetry at Oxford, and the poetical tradition was carried on by his grandson of the same name, who wrote much that was admired by Hazlitt, Coleridge, and Leigh Hunt, and compiled a History of English Poetry, which formed the basis of his reputation. One of his brothers was master of Winchester School, and also a considerable poet.

The lead-covered spire is unique in Surrey ; the curious herring-bone pattern visible on it is caused by the battens inserted

under the lead to prevent "creeping," a characteristic of this metal on all sloping roofs, expanding by the heat of the sun more than it contracts, and so gradually moving downwards.

The old town, with its narrow streets closely packed in the valley, was once a great seat of the woollen industry. The first weavers were probably some of those for whom regulations were made by Parliament at Northampton in 1336. These enacted that whatever cloth-workers of Flanders or other countries should dwell and inhabit in England, they should come peaceably and quietly, and have most convenient places assigned to them, with great liberties and privileges. An attempt was then being made to introduce a new industry; up to that time Englishmen were not skilful in cloth-making, and nearly all the wool was exported, the cloth being brought back for sale. The attempt was successful, and by the sixteenth century Grafton notes that hardly any wool was sent out of the realm, though great quantities of cloth were so disposed of.

Godalming, Guildford, and all the surrounding villages became hives of industry, and continued so until the seventeenth century, when the export trade decayed, largely owing to the dishonest practices of the manufacturers, then the people starved, and various schemes were adopted to increase the home consumption of woollen cloth, one of these being an order that all bodies must be buried in garments of that material. Even so late as 1770 Spencer notes that "Godalming is a flourishing place, particularly for the manufacture of woollen cloth and worsted stockings, of which last large quantities are made here"; he also adds, "The river is made navigable up to the town (in 1760), which must be of great service to the inhabitants. There are several paper mills

in the town which have continued here since the reign of James I. All sorts of provisions are in great plenty, particularly fish, which they take in great numbers in the river, such as salmon, pikes, roach, etc." In 1849 the chief manufactures are given as "fleecy hosiery, worsted and cotton stockings, silk, paper, and tanned and oiled leather." Since then the town has increased in size and decayed in industry, the only remnants now left being tanning, leather, and some stone quarrying; there are still a few trout in the river, but salmon have long vanished.

It is not easy to get a comprehensive view so that some of the older parts may be visible, and I have drawn the one given from the top of the railway embankment on the west side of the town.

The manor of Godalming was bequeathed by Alfred the Great to his nephew, Ethelwald, but that Prince having claimed the throne in opposition to Edward the Elder, his estates were forfeited. Before the Norman Conquest the manor was broken up into four portions—Godalming, Tewesley, Ferncomb, and Hertmere. The last two had been detached from the Royal demesne, and Tewesley was connected with Godalming.

The manor was given by King Stephen to his son, William of Blois, Earl of Warren and Surrey, but the grant was revoked about 1155, and in 1156 the manor was granted to the Bishop of Sarum and retained by the Bishops of Salisbury until 1542, when Henry VIII. took the lands in exchange for others. In 1601 Godalming was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Sir George More of Losely in consideration of the sum of £1341, 8s. $2\frac{3}{4}$d., with the rents of the free tenants in this manor and others extending to Shackleford, Haslemere, and Chiddingfold; it descended with

the Losely estates for many years, but is now owned by the trustees of James S. Hodgson of the manor house, Haslemere.

Several small manors may be noticed. Farncombe was held by the Bishop of Sarum; early in the fifteenth century it was owned by the Ashhurst family, by one of whom it was sold in 1508 to John Skinner, and after changing owners several times, in 1680 it was bought by Ann Duncumbe of Shalford, and remained with her descendants until 1733, when it was sold to Henry Page. From his widow it passed to John Skeete of Effingham, and afterwards to W. S. Robinson and others.

Catteshall was granted early in the twelfth century to Dynus Porcellus or le Broc, whose son, Ranulf le Broc, held this and the manor of Ertindon. Both of these passed by the marriage of one of his descendants to Robert de Gatton, and from that family by marriage to the Northwodes, and from them by marriage to the Westons of Albury, from whom it passed by sale about the middle of the fifteenth century to the Wintershulls. By one of them it was sold in 1565 to Sir William More, whose descendant in 1836 sold the estate and manor to George Marshall, who afterwards acquired Broadwater and other property in the neighbourhood. There are some remains of a chapel and other old buildings supposed to be part of a grange belonging to the Bishops of Salisbury.

Busbridge gave or took its name from a family who owned it in the sixteenth century. James de Busbridge sold the estate to John Elyott, whose son, Laurence, accompanied Sir Francis Drake on one of his voyages. The estate remained in the possession of his descendants until Laurence Elyott, in 1710, sold this and their estates at Hambledon to John Walter. His

son Abel sold Busbridge to James Doliffe in 1737; he died ten years later, after which the estate was sold to Philip C. Webb, M.P. for Haslemere and a distinguished archæologist. His second wife, whom he married when he was totally blind, obtained such influence over him that at his death he left her everything he possessed. In the following year the widow married Edward Bever, a young man of Farnham, who, in a very short time, spent the fortune, and the estate was sold by Mrs. Bever to Sir Robert Barker; after his death in 1789 the property was sold several times. The house originally built by Sir William Elyott was altered and enlarged at various times, but was entirely pulled down a few years ago. The property is now owned by Percy N. Graham, Esq.

The manor of Westbrook is immediately west from the town, and probably takes its name from the brook flowing near it. William de Westbroke owned the manor previous to 1437, and it passed to the Hulls by marriage about 1548; from them it passed by sale to John Platt, the ejected rector of West Horsley, who died here in 1669. The present house was erected by Sir John Platt, his heir, and by him sold in 1688 to Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, whose father's estate in Yorkshire was confiscated by Parliament. The son was a soldier, and served under the Duke of Monmouth at Bothwell Bridge in 1679 and in 1685 at Sedgemoor; he died in 1702, and this estate descended to his youngest son, James Edward Oglethorpe, who was M.P. for Haslemere and Deputy-Governor of the Royal African Company.

In 1733 he became the first governor of the colony of Georgia, and in 1737 was made General of the forces in Georgia

and South Carolina, and befriended George Whitefield when he went to Georgia as a missionary ; he served under the Duke of Cumberland in 1745 in Scotland, and was among the pioneers in the attempt to abolish negro slavery ; he absolutely prohibited the introduction of negro slaves into Georgia. As one of the earliest prison reformers he in 1729 obtained a parliamentary inquiry into the conditions prevailing in the Fleet and other prisons ; the evidence then produced was horrible, and matters were improved for a time, but plenty of work remained for Howard and others to accomplish.

The tradition that the Pretender was once concealed at Westbrook must refer to the Old Pretender, and in the time of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe ; an amplification of the same tradition says that the "warming-pan child"—the Old Pretender—was really a son of Sir Theophilus, and therefore a brother of General Oglethorpe ; it could not be the Young Pretender against whom the General served in 1745 who was in hiding here. The house has been much altered, and probably a storey has been added to the height, while the internal arrangements would be entirely changed in fitting it for its present use as a Home for Epileptic Women.

The Mary Toft story of 1726 may be left to slumber ; it was only another example of human credulity, of which there is no lack at any period in the history of the world.

From the south end of Godalming a fine road shaded by oaks and chestnuts leads to the gate of Eashing House, and, following the boundary wall for about half a mile, we find the group of old cottages which I have drawn. These have been originally the farmhouse ; the stackyard and a fine old draw-well

are behind them, and over the way is the more modern farm, an unpicturesque building of the eighteenth century. These cottages are a good example of the style introduced when the outside chimney was abandoned; the great centre chimney-stack was erected first, and the house built round it; if the house were taken away the chimney would remain standing on its own base and requiring no support.

A little way south from this a glimpse can be obtained of a timbered building, now apparently derelict, which was probably the manor house in olden days before it was superseded by the comfortable Georgian house which stands a little way from it on a bluff of sandstone overlooking the road. The estate is mentioned in the will of Alfred the Great as given with others to his nephew, Æthelm. Long after that it was the property of the Tichborne family, and was sold in 1729 by Sir Henry J. Tichborne to Ezra Gill, who erected the present mansion. He died in 1736, soon after the house was completed, and it became the property of his son William, who died in 1813, leaving the estate to his brother, Henry S. Gill, whose daughter Mary married James Henry Frankland. It is now the property of Miss Seymour Kerr.

There is not a great deal of interest at Milford except the pretty little manor house of Mousehill. This manor was owned by Robert Court early in the fifteenth century; it afterwards passed to the Shudd family. Richard Shudd died in 1536, leaving one son and a widow, who afterwards married John Stilwell. In 1671 Thomas Shudd was the owner, and left one daughter, who also married a John Stilwell, of Cosford in Thursley. At his death Cosford and the manor of Mousehill

went to his eldest son John, Edmund the second son receiving the lands of Mousehill ; James, the son and heir of John, conveyed the manor to his cousin the son of Edmund, and so reunited the property. Considerable alterations were made on the house by a later John Stilwell, from whom the estate was purchased in 1821 by Lord Midleton ; it was afterwards used as a vicarage.

A considerable number of new houses have been built between this and the pretty village of Witley.

WITLEY AND THURSLEY

Mr. Hook settled here more than half a century ago, and since then the district has always been a haunt of artists ; probably every possible subject in the neighbourhood has been painted more than once.

The church has been restored in recent years, but is quite picturesque, with a central tower and small spire, stone porch with wooden barge boards, and a pretty churchyard. The south doorway is Norman work, and other portions including the tower may be early fourteenth century. The font is probably of that date, and is unusual from the number of small shafts surrounding the centre stem ; there are eight of these ; others of similar design in the county have four only. There are memorials to various members of the Chandler and Webb families ; a defaced inscription of 1468 to George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., who was lord of the manor. Probably the fact that the manor was held by the Crown accounts for the presence here of brasses to Thomas Jonys and Jane, his wife, "which Thomas was one of the sewers of the chamber

to our sovereign lord, King Henry VIII."; and to Henry Bell, clerk, controller of the household of "our late sovereign lord, King James, of blessed memory." There is also some good old glass.

An interesting experiment is being tried on the east of Witley in fish culture. A small stream has been dammed and several lakes formed for trout fishing; so far, I understand, it has been a success.

The history of the manor is much entangled. Before the Domesday Survey it was held by Earl Godwin, and after the Conquest was bestowed on the family of Eugenulph de Aquila, who was killed at the battle of Hastings. He left three sons—Richer, Gilbert, and Roger. Gilbert held Witley and had four sons, two of whom went down in the *White Ship* in 1120; of the remaining two, Richer was the eldest and heir to the property, but, engaging in insurrection against Henry I., his estates were forfeited. He made his submission to King Stephen in 1137, but did not obtain all his lands again until 1158, under Henry II. His son Gilbert succeeded while a minor, and came of age in 1227; but for some cause the lands were again seized, and in 1235 Henry III. granted the Honour of Aquila to Gilbert Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke. Other grants were afterwards made, and finally all these were revoked and the property bestowed on Prince Edward, son of Henry III. When he became king as Edward I. the estates were reckoned as Crown property, and were held in dower by his mother, and after his death, by his widow. In 1443 the manor was granted to Lord Say and Sele, but he was killed by Jack Cade's men in 1451, and the estate reverted to the Crown. It was afterwards held by various members of the

royal family, including the Duke of Clarence in 1465. In the time of Henry VII. it was held by Sir Reginald Bray. In 1553 Henry VIII. made Sir William More of Losely steward of the manor, but he resigned in 1571. Various grants were made by Queen Elizabeth, and in 1599 the property was sold to George Austen of Shalford and William Mynterne of London, they acting as trustees for Elizabeth, Lady Wolley, sister of Sir George More, who afterwards married Lord Chancellor Ellesmere. The property descended to her son, Sir Francis Wolley, who conveyed it to his uncle, Sir George More. It was transferred in 1614 to Henry Bell, whose brass has been noticed in the church; he died without issue, and the estate devolved on his sister, the wife of Henry Smyth of Roke. From his descendants it passed by marriage to Philip Carteret Webb of Busbridge, and descended with that property.

The manor of Roke was sold in 1585 by Thomas Clarke to Thomas Caryll and Thomas Marshall. In 1618 it belonged to the Westbrooks, and in 1674 was sold by William Westbrook to Thomas Smyth, and was transferred to Caleb Payne by marriage with his daughter about 1680. It afterwards became the property of the Webb family now represented by Robert W. Webb, Esq., who inhabits Milford House, the residence built by Thomas Smyth some time after 1750.

The manor of Witley Park was part of the lands bought for Lady Wolley. In 1679 it was owned by Symon Bennet, whose daughter and heiress married the fourth Earl of Salisbury, by whom the estate was sold in 1791 to William Smythe, who died unmarried and bequeathed his property to Richard Smythe of Burgate. At his death it was left to his niece, widow of George

Chandler, and passed to her son, Allen Chandler. G. H. Pinckard of Combe Court, Chiddingfold, is lord of the manor.

There are some wide stretches of rough ground with sandy tracks leading towards Brook, and occasional fine glimpses of Hind Head, thence by lanes to Bowlers Green, a small village with some fine old cottages and perfect quietude. For a long distance the lane has followed the boundary walls of Lea Park, and still continues doing so downwards towards the little brook which forms the beginning of that chain of hammer ponds which extends for about two miles to Bogmoor Common near Oxenford Grange, a dry, rough road now, but the side-path built high above the roadway bears testimony of floods in season. Cosford House, formerly the residence of the Stilwells who owned Mousehill manor, has, I think, been rebuilt, but occupies a beautiful situation on the side of the wooded valley. It is now the residence of Captain Rushbrooke.

Beyond this the Portsmouth road is crossed, and a track leads across the fields to Thursley, now a few old cottages, a much restored church, and bearing the memory of a tragedy. Yet it was a busy little place in olden days where glass was made ; all around iron ore was dug and manufactured, until near the close of the eighteenth century ; after that iron was made for local use only. There was also a considerable silk industry at one time. The church contains some fine timber work, and there is a good reredos, a sundial on the south side of the belfry, an old oak chest dated 1622, and in the churchyard the monument of the unknown sailor who was murdered on Hind Head in 1786, with its queer rhyming inscription and sculpture in bas-relief.

Rain began to fall heavily and prevented any attempt at

drawing, and I sought shelter and food at the "Three Horse Shoes," a comfortable little inn at the north end of the village—the sign recalls the old industry of the district—and waited in vain; instead of ceasing, the downpour increased and the afternoon was well-nigh spent; studying picturesque old cottages through a wet window-pane is a sport soon tired of, and I took the road again towards the "Red Lion," another feature of the local tragedy, and found it an ordinary roadside inn, somewhat altered since 1786, but in the main much as it is described in Baring-Gould's *Broom Squire* under the title of the "Ship," though it has now got a neighbour on the bleak moorland where teas are provided. The rain continued, and as I passed the milestone which records Portsmouth 33, Hyde Park Corner 36, no living thing was visible—furze, bracken, heather, mud, and glimpses of distant fir woods through the driving showers.

The hammer ponds have still a good flow of water, but, with the exception of the great lake in Lea Park, they are much silted up and overgrown with reeds and rushes. Lea Park was formerly a farm purchased by Mr. Luff in 1736, who pulled down the house and erected another on the same site. From him the estate passed to a relative, Mr. Leech, who altered the house; it was again enlarged and rearranged by John Leech, M.P. for West Surrey, and was afterwards acquired by Mr. Whittaker Wright, who built a great mansion and greatly extended the boundaries of the demesne. After his death the estate had varying fortune for a time, but recently it was purchased by Lord Pirrie, who now owns it.

A motor scout was trying to shelter by the wayside, and near

the "Half Moon" inn a drenched man was endeavouring to make a small motor-car climb the hill, with poor success; looking back towards Hind Head, the stretch of woodland, moor, and wet road were a beautiful harmony of greys, but work was impossible, so, striking a path that seemed to lead through the fir woods towards Witley, I walked on for a time, but in the gathering dusk the diverging paths soon made me lose my way and my bearings, and it began to look as if it might mean a night in the damp woods when a gipsy on horseback came in sight, who was going in my direction, and he acted as pilot to Wheeler Street—a cheerful sort of vagabond in ragged clothes, without either jacket or cap, and caring no more for rain than if he had been a duck. He chatted easily about his methods of gaining a livelihood—making baskets and clothes-pegs in winter, fruit-, pea-, and hop-picking in summer; potato-gathering he did not undertake. "It would not be right to take all the work from the house-dwellers, and, besides, it was cruel hard work. Ah! if he had a steady job at ten shillings a week he would sleep in the open and live like a king."

He always liked his pony to have plenty to eat, and was on his way to a farm where there was a bit of nice grass. When one sees a gipsy taking a pony through the woods quietly in the gloaming it means something like that. However, that was none of my business. This child of nature had a beautiful thirst for old ale, and that being partially quenched, we parted in the darkness by the ale-house door. He and all his people had been born under the open sky, and hoped to finish their journey under the same conditions. There are always many of these gipsies around Hind Head; one cannot say they are generally popular—

yet some of them are well known among the people of the countryside, and are trusted to any extent; how much this is owing to their glib tongue and power of passing peccadilloes on to other shoulders is difficult to tell; personally I have always found them honest.

HAMBLEDON AND CHIDDINGFOLD

Hambledon is a small village beautifully situated with some old and many new houses. The church is about half a mile away on the north-east, and has been rebuilt; a few small portions of ancient work remain, and there are some fine old yews in the churchyard. A brass to Richard Colyns and an inscription to John at Hull, mentioned by Manning, are no longer visible.

From early times the manor was held by the Hameldons, and continued with them until it passed with Matilda de Hameldon to Thomas at Hull by marriage; this was towards the end of the fourteenth century. It was held by the Hulls until about 1614, when it was sold to Laurence Elyott of Busbridge. His descendant, Laurence Elyott, sold the manor, together with Busbridge, in 1710 to John Walter; his son sold it in 1737 to Hitch Young, who died in 1759, when it passed to his grand-nephew, William Bouverie, afterwards Earl of Radnor. It was sold by one of that family in 1800 to Henry Townsend, who re-sold the estate to Thomas Mellersh, whose descendant, Robert H. Mellersh, is now lord of the manor. The old manor house is now a farm adjoining the church.

Chiddingfold is one of the many Surrey villages built irregularly round a large green. There are many picturesque cottages and a famous old inn, "The Crown," where there is a

fine chimney-corner and some other work dating back to late in the fourteenth century.

The church is interesting in construction, but much altered by enlargements and restorations; the oldest work appears to be thirteenth century, and considerable alterations were made about the beginning of the sixteenth century. Judith Young, mother of the author of *Night Thoughts*, was buried here in 1714.

There are some memorials to members of the family of Earl Winterton, but most of these are to dead-and-gone yeomen, whose names without exception have vanished from the parish. The Enticknaps were a Saxon family, who held Pockford Farm for eight hundred years; the Woods held Stone House for many generations, so the Childs did the manor land farm. Other old names are the Chalcrafts, Tewsleys, and Raswells.

There was formerly a three days' fair held here under a charter of 1300. This was probably a meeting of some consequence during the period when glass was manufactured; this industry was established here during the thirteenth century and continued to flourish until the middle of the sixteenth century; by that time there were eleven factories; probably these were worked by foreigners, as they are said to have been suppressed by Queen Elizabeth as a nuisance, on petition by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The iron trade also flourished here until a much later time, but no action appears to have been taken against that; the decay of woodlands and modern methods of smelting caused the industry to become extinct in the eighteenth century. The land was included in the manor of Godalming, granted by Henry II. to the Bishop of Sarum, but was broken up into smaller manors at an earlier date.

In 1304 Gostrode was held of Robert de Deol of Losely by Nicholas de Gras, whose descendants took the name of Gostrode, and they continued to hold the land for many generations; it afterwards passed to the Chalcrafts, and they held it until the end of the eighteenth century or later. Imbham was held by the de Deols from the fifteenth century to near the end of the sixteenth, and afterwards by the Coverts; it was then held for three generations by the Quennells. In 1677 it was sold to William Yaldwyn, and by his family sold in 1797 to George Oliver, whose descendants were owners in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Combe or Combe-Brabes was owned in the beginning of the sixteenth century by Thomas Purvoche, whose ancestors had held lands there a century before. William Hammond held the manor in the middle of the sixteenth century, and it was transferred several times before coming into the possession of Henry Welland, a yeoman, from whose family it passed to John Leech of Lea in 1764. It is now held by George H. Pinckard, Esq., J.P.

Prestwicke and Okelands is a small manor probably detached from some other. This, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was held by Thomas Smyth of Burgate and William Sadler; the latter name is still well represented in the district. The manor known as High Prestwicke is now held by William J. H. Whittall, Esq.

ALFOLD

The country towards Alfold is largely woodland, with here and there a farm, and the roads are very devious and difficult to follow, but with a good map it can be done, and is worth doing;

there is not much of historic interest, but the roads and tracks through the woods are very pretty.

Emerging from the great stretch of Knightons and Sidney woods, the derelict Surrey and Sussex Canal is crossed about a mile west from the village which has been almost entirely rebuilt, the only exceptions being the group of cottages by the church gate and one farmhouse. The stocks still remain outside the churchyard, and have been provided with a roof, not to shelter evil-doers, but to preserve the instrument of justice from the weather.

The church has been restored and covered with cement, and both north and south porches have been removed, though some of the old ironwork remains on the doors.

The building is small, with a square wooden tower and shingled spire, the timber work coming down to the floor of the church. The arcade on the south of the aisle has round columns and probably dates from the thirteenth century ; that on the north side has octagonal columns, and may be a century later. The tub-shaped font is eleventh-century work, with small sunk panels having semicircular tops and a cross in the centre of each, and a rope pattern near the base. The pulpit is of oak, with good carving and a canopy, it dates from about 1600. There are no mural tablets of general interest, but in the floor near the west end is a slab inscribed—

"Here lieth the body of
Samuel Diddlesfold
Who departed this life the 22nd day of January 1685."

At the other end, by the chancel steps, there is a stone inscribed

to the memory of the same man's wife; why they were laid so far apart is a mystery.

Alfold House farm, which I have drawn, is an interesting example of the methods of construction which continued until about 1600. Oak timber was plentiful and brick scarce and valuable; the only fuel was wood, and that required a large hearth, which was provided outside the timber walls, opening into the interior of the house at the base only; this is shown in the nearer chimney. The further one has been rebuilt on the old lines and is corbelled out to provide a fireplace for the floor above, a more unusual method of construction. The house is L shaped and the wing shown may not be quite so old as the other, but that is entirely obscured by fruit trees. Probably it was always a yeoman's house, as it is now; though the interior has been adapted by Mr. Barker to modern requirements, it is little altered and remains a charming old-world house.

Alfold Park was formerly part of the manor of Shalford. In 1413 it was held by Walter de la Pole in right of his wife, and by him the land called Rykhurst was granted to William Sidney and Agnes, his wife. Their name still remains in Sidney farm and Sidney wood, where at one time there were houses for making glass established by Frenchmen; probably these were among the factories abolished by Queen Elizabeth; the site retains the name of "glass house field." The estate afterwards belonged to the Dorrington family; there is a monument to one of these in the church dated 1693. The estate remained with them till 1729, when part, or the whole, was bought by Sir John Frederick.

There was formerly a manor house encompassed by a moat

at Alfold Park, surrounded by an enclosed demesne of three hundred acres, but this has long been broken up into agricultural land, and the farmhouse bears the ancient name.

About 1250 William Longespee (natural son of Henry II.) granted Alfold Park with the manor of Shalford to John Fitz-Geoffrey. It was held by his grandsons, John and Richard, in succession. The latter died in 1297, when the inheritance devolved on his sister Isabella, wife of Lord Vipont, who left two daughters—Isabella, who married Roger de Clifford, and Idonea, whose share was sold to Hugh le Despenser. Meanwhile the widow of Richard Fitz-Geoffrey retained the property and married Robert de Montalt. At her death in 1333 the attainders on the property of de Clifford and le Despenser came into operation, and the estates were escheated to the Crown. In 1344 Robert de Clifford obtained restoration, and Alfold Park remained in possession of the Cliffords until 1461, when John, Lord Clifford, was killed at the battle of Towton fighting on the side of Henry VI., and his estate passed to Edward IV., the winner in the struggle, who granted it first to Nicholas Gaynesford and then to Sir John Nevill ; but the accession of Henry VII. in 1485 changed all that, and the Cliffords were restored in the person of Henry de Clifford, whose youth had been passed in obscurity as a shepherd's boy, and now had all the estates and honours of his ancestors thrust upon him ; the old ballad of *The nut-brown maid* is the poetical version of the story. He died in 1523, and was succeeded by his son Henry, who was created Earl of Cumberland ; he died in 1542, and soon after his son sold Alfold Park and other lands to Sir Anthony Browne. In the following century it was owned by the Duncumbes of Weston. At the death of

George Duncumbe in 1719 it passed to his daughter, Mrs. Woodroffe of Poyle, and remained with her heirs until 1802, when the estate was sold to William Johnson of Petworth and afterwards held by several members of his family. It now belongs to Thomas Wharrie, Esq., of Sachel Court.

The manor of Wildwood belongs to the manor of Albury, and was probably transferred to that by some of the transactions of the Duncumbes. The present farm was the demesne lands.

The manors of Markwick and Monken Hood were owned by the monks of Waverley, and, with the rest of their property, granted by Henry VIII. in 1537 to William Fitz William, Earl of Southampton; they descended to Sir Anthony Browne, Viscount Montagu, whose grandmother was the widow of Lord Southampton; Anthony, the second Viscount, sold the property to Simon Caryll of Tangley. After the death of his son John in 1656 the property was held by his widow, and after her death in 1677 the estates were divided among his three daughters. These manors fell to the share of Margaret, wife of Henry Ludlow. Their only daughter was a lunatic, and died in 1749; her share was divided, and this portion came to Giles Strangeways, and was sold by his son Thomas to Edmund Boehm of Ottershaw. The manor courts of Markwick were held at Rickhurst, now in the possession of the Rev. R. H. B. Simpson.

DUNSFOLD AND HASCOMBE

Beyond Sidney wood on the north-west lies Dunsfold, another of these villages built irregularly round a very large green

or common. There are a few old houses, but nothing of great interest except the church, which is nearly three-quarters of a mile west from the village; the oldest parts of the building appear to have been erected about the beginning of the fourteenth century, when it was granted by Edward I. to the Austin Canons of St. Mary at Spital in London. The friars of that order usually erected buildings worthy of their reputation, and they did so here; there have been additions and alterations, but in the main the church is their handiwork and has many details of interest. Not least of these are some of the original seats, with boldly carved ends; these are of elm, not oak, as they are usually described. The south door with great hinges, and all its iron-work, including a lock two feet long by one foot high, is also original. The font and some of the shafts of three sedilia in the chancel are said to be of Sussex marble; it is probable they are of local stone precisely similar in character, which was still being worked here in the middle of the nineteenth century. Some traces of wall-painting are visible. The south porch and the belfry both date from about the end of the fifteenth century. There is some good modern stained glass, and in the churchyard a fine old yew about eight feet in diameter. Dr. Young is said to have composed his *Night Thoughts* in the rectory garden.

There has been considerable controversy regarding the derivation of the name "fold" which is so common in this district, opinion generally favouring the idea of a sheep or cattle fold; this is improbable; I think it rather means a fold in the ground, or little valley; this is always present where the name occurs—so far as I have seen—and here the name seems to explain itself; a little to the north on Hascombe Hill there is

an old fort or "dun" and a fold or valley beside the church, which probably existed before there was any village.

The manor of Burningfold—the name is probably reminiscent of charcoal—gave its name to a family who owned it early in the thirteenth century. In 1638 it was owned by Anthony Middleton; some time after it passed to Sir Charles Goreing, and was sold by Sir Henry Goreing about 1723 to John Tanner of Haslemere. About 1756 it was purchased by Viscount Montagu and sold by his son in 1768 to Edmund Woods, whose family held it for many years. It is now in the possession of Samuel Barrow, Esq.

The manor of Fylde or Field was owned by the Dean and chapter of Windsor in the middle of the sixteenth century. It afterwards appears to have passed into private hands, and was the property of Mr. Yalden of Blackdown, by whom it was sold to William Saddler and held by his descendants; it is now in the possession of Mrs. Bateson. The manor of Smithbrook formerly belonged to the Knights Hospitallers; it was granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1589 to Edward Wymarke, who sold it to George Austen of Shalford, and it has descended with that estate.

Graffham belonged to Waverley Abbey and was granted by Abbot Giffard to Walter de Graffham, who had previously held it from Roger de Clere. It remained with that family until 1445, when Thomas Graffham granted to John Provys and Thomas George all his estates; this passed to the Elyotts of Busbridge, subsequently to the Mellersh family, and afterwards to Richard Eager and to James Stedman.

A field-path from Dunsfold Green leads towards the road at Park Hatch, a finely situated modern residence with large grounds now in the possession of D. L. Beddington, Esq., this and Raswells

(Sir E. C. Cochrane) occupying the entire hillside. There are some fine modern cottages by the wayside in which the old styles and old beauty have been reproduced, and farther on, at Loxhill, a picturesque post office and some cottages of ancient date.

Hascombe is a very small hamlet with some old cottages and some new ones. The church has been entirely rebuilt, but this has been done with good materials and in excellent taste. The old font has been retained; this bears the inscription, "The gift of Richard Holland, 1690, Rector," and is probably of Dunsfold stone. There is a wall tablet to members of that family with the curious name noticed at Alfold, William Diddlesfold of Chiddingfold, 1785, and another, 1789. The old screen has been repaired and replaced, this work being done at Ober-Ammergau. The decorative work by an Italian artist is very elaborate, and the rector informed me the scheme includes representations of the patron saints of all the churches in the deanery. The west window—a memorial to Dr. Conyers Middleton, a former rector, who was presented to the living here in 1727 and died in 1750—is fine in colour and composition.

The village is entirely surrounded by woods, and, except for the one road beside it, is tucked away from the outer world; yet the history of the manor contains many distinguished names.

It is not known at what time it became a parish, nor when the old church was built, but in 1305 Henry Husee died seised of the manor of Hascombe. The manor was held by him and his heirs from Thomas de Braose and Thomas de Wintershull at a rent of forty shillings a year. The last of the Husees was Nicholas, who died in 1463, leaving two daughters co-heirs—

Catherine, wife of Reginald Bray, and Alice Lovel, a widow. The estate soon after became the property of the Coverts. William Covert held it when he died in 1494, and it remained with his descendants until the eighteenth century, when Anthony Covert sold it to Sir John Frederick, who died in 1755. His son died childless in 1757, and the estate devolved on his uncle, Sir Thomas Frederick, who died in 1770, leaving two daughters; one of these, Selina, married Robert Thistlewaite, who died in 1803, leaving one son. Sir Henry Edmund Austen, who subsequently came into possession of Hascombe, sold it to Joseph Godman of Park Hatch, whose descendant, J. Godman, Esq., is still lord of the manor.

A road up the combe, past a farm with a great range of old barns, merges into a bridle-path over the shoulder of the hill; this is thickly wooded, but from different points long-extended views can be obtained in every direction. There are some traces of a Roman camp, and an immense area of rhododendrons; in the spring-time the woods are carpeted with primroses and bluebells. Beyond the wood the track goes downwards past Nore Farm, set solitary on the hillside; this, in the early part of the sixteenth century, belonged to Thomas Mellersh, whose daughter and heiress married George Austen of Shalford, and it is still the property of the Austen family. This by-road is more easily found from the western than the eastern side, and comes out on the highway passing between the grounds of Rydinghurst (Frederick Greene, Esq.) and Nanhurst (John S. Gladstone, Esq.). The former of these in the thirteenth century belonged to a family named de Reddinghurst, and remained in their possession until about the middle of the fifteenth century, when the estate devolved

on two daughters, one of whom married John Byshe of Burstow. It afterwards belonged to the Cheynells, and to Mrs. Ayling, by whom it was sold to Henry S. Gill of Eashing; it was bought from him by Mr. Evershed, at whose death it devolved on his daughters. The road crosses the bed of the derelict Wey and Arun canal and comes out on the village green or common by the windmill at Cranleigh.

CRANLEIGH

The mill is still at work, but instead of the creaking sails the motive power is indicated by the erratic cough of a gas-engine.

In the drawing the distant hills are Hurtwood and Winterfold; nearer there is a turret or two of the great school opened in 1865. The red-brick church was erected in 1900 for the use of the parishioners in the northern part of the village, largely at the expense of Mr. Waller.

Cranleigh has been developed rather rapidly in recent years, and in consequence is suffering from growing pains. There are a few old cottages and one picturesque old beer-house, but most of the houses are modern and extend in a scattered way for more than a mile, with a new suburb laid out in streets at the southern end. Except the church there is not much of interest, but the place is blessed with a comfortable old-fashioned inn, the Onslow Arms, having one of the finest chimney-corners in Surrey. It stands opposite the railway station, and forms a convenient centre from which a large extent of beautiful country can be explored—a country where there is little accommodation for the wayfarer.

CRANLEIGH

For heraldic purposes the name of Cranleigh is derived from the crane, a heron-like bird which, perhaps, once frequented its little brook. More than likely its real origin was the cranberry, which once grew profusely on the high lands of this part of Surrey and was sent in great quantities to London, where certain shops made a speciality of cranberry tarts and pies; one of these existed in the Edgware Road within living memory.

The cottage hospital is the earliest example of these eminently useful institutions, being founded in 1859. There is also a village club and institute founded in memory of his wife by Sir H. W. Peek in 1885.

There was a church at Cranleigh in the middle of the thirteenth century, but the present building appears to date from the fourteenth or fifteenth century; extensive restoration took place in 1845. It is a large, handsome structure with a square tower and a small spire; a fine stone lych gate, erected by Mr. G. E. Street as a memorial to his wife in 1880, gives access to the beautifully kept churchyard where there are many monuments, but none of general interest. The interior of the church is fine and lofty, with a wide nave and chancel arch. The stone seats in the chancel were restored, and received new shafts of Sussex marble in 1845; at the same time the small east window was replaced by the present larger one. At the east end of the south aisle is the Baynards chapel where William Sidney was buried in 1449. A similar chapel in the north aisle belonged to the Knowle estate; the carving from the screen of that chapel was used to ornament the pulpit. The font with central stem and slender side shafts is fourteenth-century work.

There was formerly much old glass and several brasses in

the church, but these have disappeared. Several members of the Onslow family were buried in the chancel, including Sir Richard Onslow, 1664, Dame Elizabeth, his wife, 1679, and Sir Arthur Onslow, 1688.

The evil roads made Cranleigh a very secluded village until about a generation ago; about 1800 it is noted that a load of corn required six horses, and in living memory the canal was the best means of transport; there was no railway at Guildford, and men of middle age can remember driving to Woking as the nearest railway station, a distance of thirteen miles. Then there was a toll gate where the village fountain stands, and all the houses were concentrated near the church; but the advent of the railway has caused them to spread out in all directions.

Northwards it is a pretty country with nothing of great interest; at Shamble Lea or Shamley Green the post office is housed in a charming timbered cottage with some good chimneys. Smithwood Common has no history, a few small houses and one fine old farm on its boundaries; but it is prettily situated under the hills, and is one of the best types of Surrey common. The finest view is from the southern end, looking over a great expanse of old furze, but I found this only a collection of burnt stumps and blackened ground. The view given is a fairly characteristic one, showing the road leading upwards to Winterfold Heath.

This hill at the southern end is densely covered with scrub, beech, oak, and fir, and little can be seen; but a short distance northwards there are open spaces with solitary trees here and there among the golden bracken, and fine views of Clandon Downs, St. Martha's Chapel, and westward along the Hog's Back until it is lost in the distant haze.

As the road descends to Albury Heath and Shere the wood thickens again and shuts out all the world ; the path is a carpet of fir needles and gives forth no sound even under the tyres of an errant motor-car whose driver has lost his way. Here and there a squirrel flashes across and chatters from behind a tree trunk ; occasionally a wood-pigeon breaks the silence as it crashes through the thick-set branches, and when the sun begins to blink among the scrub at the edge of the open fields the ever-quarrelling jays scold at the intrusion of mankind into their solitude.

A little path running eastward gives some fine glimpses of the low land and the Downs above Shere and Gomshall, coming out on another road on the rising ground above Peaslake, nestling in its hollow among the woodlands—very pretty, but apparently all quite new ; so, turning southward again, the road follows the edge of a deep fir-clad combe ; the wayside is fringed with heather, bracken, and whortleberry bushes, and the ruddy tree trunks seem to swim downwards in a purplish haze to the deep blue of the bottom ; after more than a mile we come back once more into daylight near the bare headland of Pitch Hill.

EWEHURST

Between this and Coneyhurst the road descends towards Ewehurst ; an old windmill crowns the latter hill at an elevation of eight hundred feet, but it has lost its sails and only the stump remains.

A little lower down a comfortable inn bears the sign of the " Windmill," and here in the waning afternoon I came by chance on one of these exquisite distant views where the nearer earth vanishes into a dreamland and everything is enveloped in a

soft blue haze, transfigured, and yet clear enough to show faintly the glitter of the sunlight on the waters of the English Channel seen through Shoreham Gap, and all the land from Black Down to Chanctonbury Ring.

There are many of these views in Surrey, and they are something of a snare for the painter. One feels impelled to attempt them, though knowing quite well that the chance of success is small; it is better to look and turn away; if one looks long enough and has painting materials at hand, the beauty of the subject will goad them into trying, and then the troubles begin. Although these prospects are ethereal, yet to a large extent they depend on well-defined points and structure; while these are being rapidly indicated, the light changes and it becomes a new scene with entirely different points and colour, or the whole essence of it may vanish into the light of common day. Then comes patience and watching; every day for a week I walked four miles there and four miles back again and watched, foggy days, wet days, showery days, and days of abnormal clearness; every day except one—when it rained persistently—I did a little towards building up the drawing, sometimes only for a few minutes, and on the last morning started in pouring rain, determined to have one more try before giving it up; it cleared a little after midday, and in the afternoon I got the view which is given. This falls far short of the beauty that was there on the first day, but gives, I hope, a little of it.

A more widely extended horizon can be obtained from the ridge of Pitch Hill, which rises about two hundred feet above my standpoint, but for pictorial purposes the ground falls too suddenly, and the picture becomes all distance. This was painted by permission of Mr. Chase from the garden of the Wind-

mill Inn. A clever photographer living in the neighbourhood assured me that he had "stalked" the same view every day for six months, and I was glad he did not tell me so on the first day. The centre of the picture is towards the south-west, looking over Canfold and Cranleigh towards Alfold and the Sussex border.

A very pretty road runs westward through the woods to Winterfold, past a fine new house with a terraced garden on the hillside, the latest of many modern residences in the vicinity; most of these lie somewhat off the roads. "Winterfold" is the residence of Lord Alverstone, and "Wyphurst" that of Sir Charles E. H. Chadwick-Healey.

Another road drops rapidly down into the village of Ewehurst, past Ewehurst Place (W. Rigby, Esq.), Malquoits (W. Webb, Esq.), and several other residences all of modern date.

Ewehurst village has a fringe of cottages round a small green, and scatters along on both sides of the road to Ewehurst Green, one and a half mile to the south; in one or two places the village is pretty, largely owing to its situation; one of these spots is the view given, looking up towards Coneyhurst Hill; another is at the south end of the village, with the church tower showing above the trees and the weather-stained roofs of the cottages in the hollow.

The church had to be rebuilt owing to an accident in 1837. Workmen were then engaged underpinning the thirteenth-century tower, when, through some miscalculation, they let it down; the north-west angle gave way, and in falling did much damage to the chancel and the north transept. The tower was rebuilt in a pseudo-Norman style, but has nothing of the beauty possessed by the ancient one; the difference may be studied from

engravings of the old and new work hanging in the church. The font is square, with cross-carving of curious design ; there is a good Norman doorway on the south side, and a timber porch at the west end, dating probably from the fifteenth century, of quite unusual design and workmanship.

The joints of the stonework are decorated by the insertion of small black flints in a manner similar to that used in several other churches in this district.

The church and churchyard are almost entirely hidden from the roadway by a row of cottages and tall trees. Near the gate, but now converted into a post office, is the fine old inn where, in 1823, Cobbett relates that "I treated my horse to some oats, and myself to a rasher of bacon" ; while he ate he was regaled with stories of the awful roads between him and Ockley, but, having seen tracks of waggons, he comforted himself with the thought that where these could go his horse might. Nowadays one might think the stories of these roads were romantic, but future experience proved to me that even now there are places where the descriptions are only cold truth.

At that time, and for long afterwards, this was the "Bull" Inn ; the sign is the cognizance of the Clares and thus shows the antiquity of the house. It is now, I think, the most charming of the post offices in Surrey, though it is not improved by the coat of pink distemper which covers all the walls and gables ; however, that will wear off in time, and perhaps no more will be put on the tiles.

There are various fine old farmhouses in the vicinity of Ewehurst, some of them entirely hidden from the outer world. I stumbled on one fine old stone-built house all alone on the top

of a hill while searching for a path through Canfold Wood. It appeared to be occupied by cottagers ; chickens were all about, but no answer came to my knocking—not an unusual experience at these solitary houses. So, taking my bearing from Pitch Hill, I turned to the wood again. A Roman road is marked on the map crossing the wood towards the camp on Farley Heath, and after a time I found a stone-built track, which was probably a section of it, near the north end of the wood ; and farther on among the dense coppice wood I came upon an ancient industry. A tall, lithe old man was plying a billhook with strong, nervous hands, making hurdles, turning and twisting the stout hazel sticks as if they were hempen ropes. Greeting me pleasantly, he explained that he was very deaf and had difficulty in conversation ; a drop of claret remained in my flask, and this we shared and became good friends ; there was no difficulty in conversation ; he did the talking while I rested my tired bones on a faggot and smoked. He spoke quietly and without a trace of slang or awkwardness. Was I staying down to Cranleigh ?—a quiet old place, right enough in summer-time, but dull when autumn falls and the days get short. Come spring and summer he had his garden and his flowers, "but dark days when I goes home there's only my old wife and myself a-sitting by the fire in the cottage up in the wood." Once a week he had a little outing, when he went to practise ringing at the church ; perhaps, like many deaf people, noise increases his power of hearing. These copses were like home to him ; boy and man his life had been spent in the woods since 1858, when he started to work for twopence a day. Food was so scarce that his mother fed them on a mixture of rough flour and acorn meal, sometimes swedish turnips for supper, but,

living in the woods, they never lacked firing. "Young folks nowadays don't know what 'tis to live." The price for hurdles used to be two shillings a hundred, now 'twas four shillings; but few sheep were kept, and the demand was not great. He was a thatcher also, and could get work near and far, but his deafness made him awkward, and home was best. None of his sons would stay to follow his trade. They had all drifted into towns; one was in London. You live there; do you know a place they call Shorts? I nodded, as in the quiet woodland a vision of the roaring Strand arose before me. "Ah! they sell a very good glass of wine there, I have been in it with my son." It was getting twilight, and he shouldered his rush basket and tools. "We've had a very pleasant talk. I believe that drop of wine has done me good." So we shook hands and parted.

One day I started to search for Vachery pond, thinking that a lake of that size, so near the road, would easily be found, but it was not so easy; even by trespassing nothing could be seen through the dense coppice wood. Working round the southern side by paths and by-roads, the pond was still invisible, and would have remained so if a kindly gamekeeper, who was starting out to feed his birds, had not taken me in hand. Shooting had not commenced, and the pheasants came running as he tossed handfuls of greaves across the grass in the fields; tiny paths through the undergrowth led to the margin of the pond, where a whistle and the call of "Jeuky, jeuky!" brought the fluttering of many wings, and the wild duck scrambled among our feet for their share of the same dainty. This work finished, he guided me round on the raised embankment, which must be a paradise of primroses, anemones, and bluebells in the spring; the wood and coppice

were so dense that no satisfactory picture was possible until the west end was reached, and the view which I give opens out. This shows almost the entire length of the pond, with Leith Hill at a distance of about five miles.

The name given to this sheet of water has been explained in various ways, mostly in relation to dairying and cows, and introducing the name of King John to make it more unreasonable. Probably it is nothing more or less than the same name as the Italian Vacherie, a fountain or washing-place, and, if so, it points rather to a place for washing sheep or wool in the days when fleeces were the great source of England's wealth and cattle of small account. It belonged to Shere, and Aubrey's tradition that the parsonage house there was built by a tax on wool-packs points in the same direction.

The earliest notice appears to be a grant made in 1244 by Roger de Clare to John Fitz-Geoffrey, when Vaccarie and Cranlegh are mentioned as part of the manor of Shere. After the death of Richard Fitz-Geoffrey, about 1297, a survey was made in which Vaccaria is said to comprise a capital messuage, garden, fish pond, and a park with 120 acres of arable land, besides meadows, pasture, woods, etc. The estates were divided among the sisters of Richard Fitz-Geoffrey, and Vachery fell to the share of Joan, wife of Theobald le Boteler (the fourth, chief Butler of Ireland), whose descendants became Earls of Ormonde. James, second Earl, called the "Noble Earl" on account of his being great-grandson of Edward I., died in 1382, and his will, dated at La Vachery in 1379, directs that if he died in England his body should be buried at Shere; he died in Ireland, and was buried at Kilkenny. The lady Joan died at La Vachery in

1303, and the estate remained with the Ormondes until 1461, when the fifth Earl was attainted and beheaded at Newcastle, his estates being forfeited. In 1468 Edward IV. granted Vachery to John Touchet, Lord Audley, who resided here; dying in 1491, he was buried in the chancel of the church at Shere. His son James, engaged in insurrection against Henry VII., was captured at Blackheath and executed on Tower Hill. But some years previous to that event the mansion and park at Vachery had been obtained by Sir Reginald Bray by a grant from Thomas Butler, brother of James, the fifth Earl, who was beheaded at Newcastle. Thomas succeeded as seventh Earl, but was also attainted, and, though restored in 1485, Sir Reginald Bray appears to have retained Vachery, which perhaps was easier through his friendship with the king and the forfeiture of Lord Audley's estates.

Sir Edward Bray died seised of Vachery in 1558, and his son, Sir Edward, sold the mansion and part of the park to John Reade, from whom, or his heir, it was purchased in 1605 by Sir Edward Onslow of Knowle. It was sold by George, first Earl of Onslow, to Thomas Day of Anningsley, Chertsey, who died in 1789 and devised this with other estates to Mr. Lowndes; it is now owned by David Henderson, Esq.

During the latter half of the eighteenth century, when the canal craze was at its height and waterways were being constructed in every direction, Vachery pond was acquired by the makers of the Wey and Arun canal and a huge reservoir constructed for the purpose of impounding the large quantity of water necessary to work the locks. A great wall of clay was thrown across the western end and the embankment formed all round, the circuit being over two miles, with an overflow ditch

outside; the feeding channel, and the overflow, being carried into the brook which rises near Ewehurst, flows through Baynards Park, and joins the canal north from Bookerslee Farm.

As the canal fell into disuse, so with Vachery pond; it was well stocked with coarse fish and much resorted to by anglers, though the growth of reeds, rushes, and water plants, with the annual showers of falling leaves, caused silting and somewhat decreased the water area. At a later time some enterprising people tried to turn it into a trout lake, cutting a channel through the bank to drain the water off and allow the coarse fish to be netted and removed. Trout were introduced, but in a short time it was found that they had all been eaten by pike. More drastic measures were then tried; the lake was again drained, netted, and limed; trout were again introduced, but there were still enough pike to consume most of them, and the project was abandoned, leaving the coarse fish to hold sway as before.

Only the lawns of Vachery House break the close circle of the woods. As I worked a quarrel was in progress between a pair of swans and a solitary bird, which they continued to drive away from the feeding-ground; though the solitary swan appeared in good health and plumage, he never put up a fight on his own behalf, and was pecked most ruthlessly. Owing perhaps to fear, his beak was ashy grey in colour, while the beak of the other was always a lively orange tint. Hour after hour the quarrel went on at short intervals; as soon as the solitary put out from the shore there was a splash of wings and honk! honk! honk! as the persecutor returned to punish his victim once more. Once the solitary bird dived as neatly and quickly

as a coot, coming to the surface a hundred yards away; ultimately the field of action approached me and the birds became a nuisance, driving the midges out of the rushes in clouds and splashing water over my sketch; I then took a hand in the game and gave the aggressor a few sharp cuts with a switch, much to his surprise and disgust; he sailed away, and the other bird stayed near me for a long time, until his opponents vanished towards the far end of the lake; then he stole quietly round the bed of reeds, and silence fell upon the scene. Dragon-flies of all sizes and colours came and devoured the midges, and a king-fisher took his post on a branch about ten feet away, where he spent the afternoon diving like a little fragment of rainbow, returning with his prey, which was killed with great deliberation by rapping it several times on his perch; fish almost as long as himself were swallowed in a most business-like way, and almost immediately afterwards when he had given his jewelled plumage a shake, he was ready for the next—a more interesting neighbour than the quarrelsome swans, but rather gluttonous.

Near the south-west end of Vachery pond a moat remains, which marks the site where stood the house of the lords of Shere; but nothing else is now visible; if any walls were left after the place went to ruin the materials were probably used in the construction of the dam.

END OF VOL. I.

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